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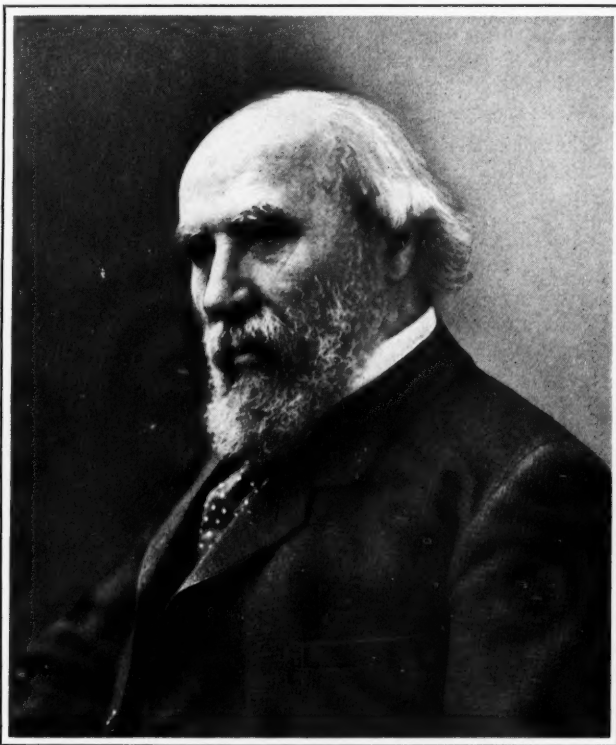
OUR AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

WHO ARE THEY, AND HOW MANY ARE THERE OF THEM?

BY ARTHUR REED KIMBALL

ONE day in September, 1852, when the ship that brought the late Carl Schurz to America was sailing up New York Harbor, Mr. Schurz chanced to notice some "charming dwell-

ings" on the shore of Staten Island, then a favorite watering-place. He turned to a fellow passenger, a home-coming American, and asked who were the owners of these pretty houses.



JAMES J. HILL, THE RAILROAD KING OF THE NORTHWEST, WHOSE FORTUNE IS ESTIMATED AT SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, THE RICHEST MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS NEW YORK FAMILY, WITH A FORTUNE ESTIMATED AT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

"Rich New Yorkers," was the laconic reply, as Mr. Schurz himself recorded it.

"And how much must a man have to be called a 'rich' New Yorker?" Mr. Schurz inquired.

"Well," was the answer, "a man who has something like a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, or an assured income of ten or twelve thousand a year, would be considered wealthy. Of course there are men who have more than that—as much as a million or two, or even more."

"Are there many such in New York?"

"Oh, no, not many; perhaps a dozen."

How many such are there in New York to-day? Nobody can tell with exactness. I recently put the question to an active member of one of New York's most important banking and promoting houses.

"Oh, five thousand," was his reply.

"There are twenty-five hundred millionaires I could count up, and there must be twenty-five hundred more, many of whom are absolutely unknown to Wall Street."

There are in New York a host of un-

known millionaires who drift there from provincial homes. The unknown millionaire is, in Mr. Howells's view, the opportunity of some novelist of the future, a pathetic figure of modern metropolitan life, though the pathos is often unrecognized by himself. He goes through the motions of doing what the rich and fashionable do around him—keeps an establishment, dines at expensive restaurants, attends the opera; but in reality he and his family live detached lives so far as social relationships are concerned. Even the reporter does not invade their lonely privacy.

WEALTH IN A SMALLER CITY

In 1852, the year in which Schurz came to America, Arthur Hugh Clough visited Cambridge, Massachusetts, and expressed his pleased surprise at finding there social standards which absolutely ignored both wealth and poverty. Cambridge society of that day, as Charles Eliot Norton describes it, was unmarked by "artificial distinctions," its households being "homes of thrift without parsimony, of hospitality without extravagance." And President Eliot adds his

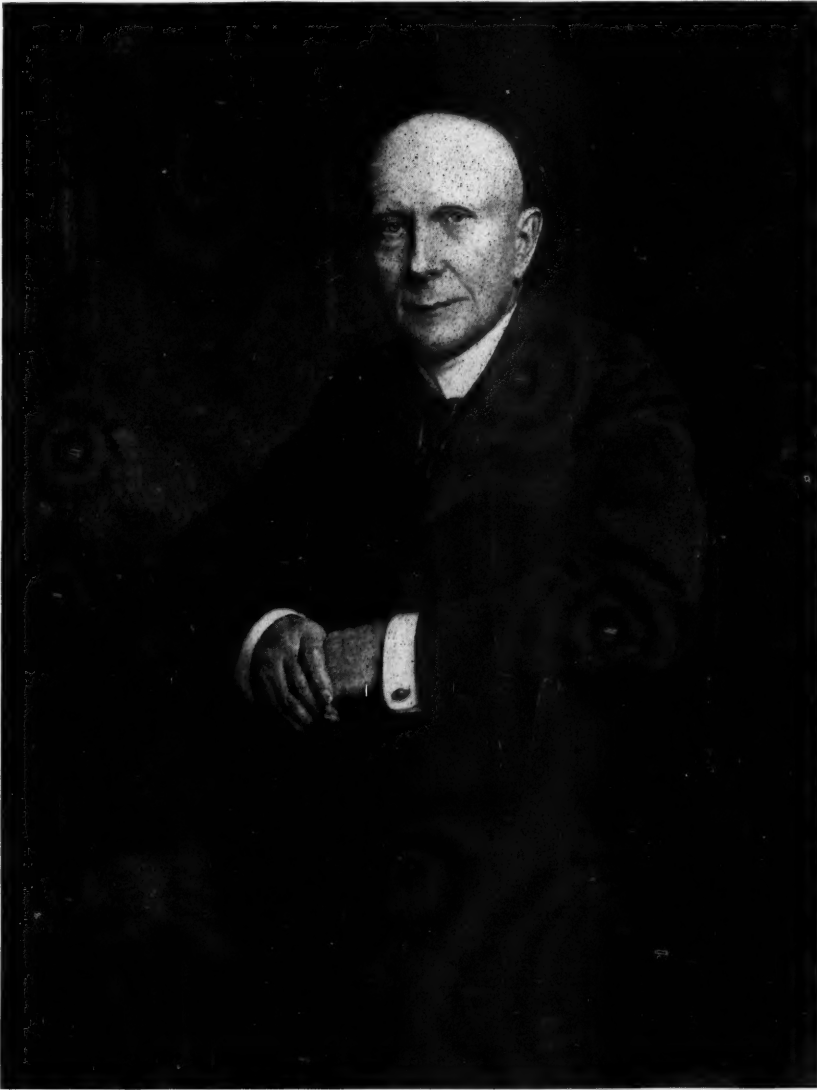


ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, WHO INHERITED ABOUT FORTY MILLION DOLLARS FROM HIS FATHER, THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

testimony that the tradition still persists.

In 1907, says Dr. Eliot, the standard of living in Cambridge "remains simple

well-to-do, but not one rich man!" Yet in a financial publication I find Dr. Eliot's fellow townsman, Alexander Agassiz, a distinguished scientist and son



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, OWNER OF A FORTUNE
ESTIMATED AT SIX HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

From the portrait by Arthur de Ferraris

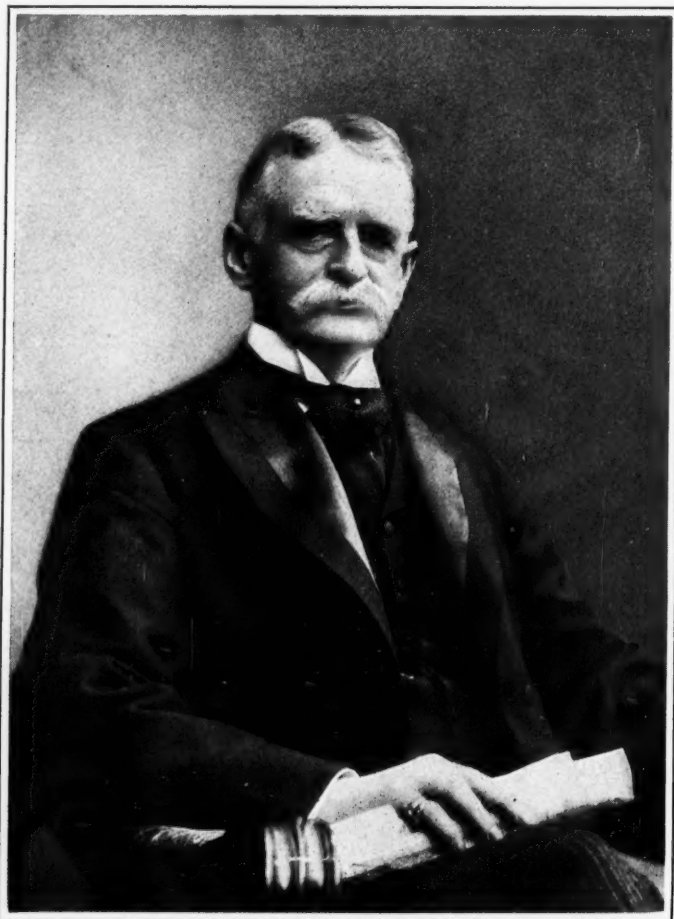
and moderate—substantial, if you please, but plain." There is not a rich man in Cambridge to-day "according to the standard of the time—not one. Plenty of people in comfortable circumstances,

of Harvard, listed as the third largest stockholder of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, having five thousand shares, worth, by a recent quotation, one thousand dollars per share. In other

words, Professor Agassiz's copper investment alone has, or recently had, a selling value of five million dollars. We have here either a remarkable instance of forgetfulness on President Eliot's part, or an even more remarkable estimate of what, in his opinion, does *not* constitute wealth at Cambridge in 1907.

York, whose estate is reported as about three million dollars. Yet Mr. Higgins was never charged, so far as I am aware, with "buying his way" to political preferment.

This general indifference to wealth in itself, strange as it may seem in a land that is supposed to worship the almighty



HENRY H. ROGERS, THE STANDARD OIL MAGNATE, SAID TO BE WORTH ABOUT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

Illustrations of the sort might be multiplied indefinitely. The United States abounds in millionaires whose wealth, as in Professor Agassiz's case, is not their distinction, is not the first thing one involuntarily associates with them on hearing their names. A well-known example is the late Governor Higgins of New

dollar, finds expression in the popular vernacular. We talk about the "local millionaire," as in England they speak of the village squire; or about the "vulgar millionaire," a more recent and picturesque phrase being the "wallower in wealth"; or, most significant of all, about the "mere millionaire," meaning

either a person who is a millionaire and nothing else, or a person who is only a millionaire when he might have been far richer, perhaps a multimillionaire.

When a man's wealth places him in that class, and near its head, as in the case of Andrew Carnegie or John D. Rockefeller, the fact awakens a natural curiosity about the size of his fortune. When Mr. Rockefeller's secretary states that he is worth only three hundred millions, as against a popular estimate of six hundred millions or more, the implied challenge perhaps justifies a serious financial publication, like the *Wall Street Journal*, in giving up nearly a column to an analysis of the value of his holdings, ending with this aside from a friend:

"Mr. Rockefeller is not a speculator, but an investor. For years he has been placing his income in gilt-edged securities. The space he maintains with safety deposit companies is said to be larger than that of any individual in the world."

THE "HATED" MULTIMILLIONAIRE

It takes only a little sober observation and quiet reflection to find convincing answer to much loose talk about "popular hatred of wealth and millionaires." In point of fact, people do not know how



JOHN JACOB ASTOR, THE "LANDLORD OF NEW YORK," WHOSE ESTATE IS VALUED AT ABOUT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

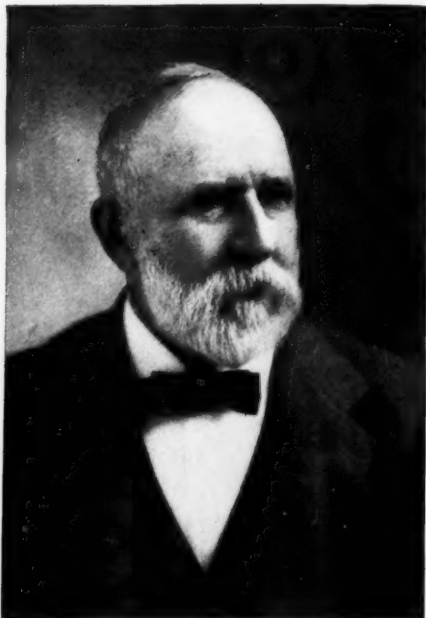
many "hated" millionaires there are, or who they are. It is not the size of individual fortunes which has aroused whatever criticisms there may be of the possibilities of accumulation under modern conditions, but the unfair appropriation of other people's accumulations, as in insurance companies or railroads. It is the suspect financier, disregarding the obligations of a trustee in his control of the savings of the many, not the possessor of wealth, however large, legitimately acquired, who arouses that supposed popular antagonism to the millionaire of which so much is made in certain quarters.

The many ingenious and extravagant estimates of individual wealth and its power have proved confusing to the popular mind, because of failure to distinguish clearly between ownership and control. Among the best trained economists, even the most independent of the younger men—as Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale—there is a marked disposition to fight shy of such estimates. The latest is that of Henry Laurens Call, whose contention in his paper on "The Concentration of Wealth," read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is that one per cent of

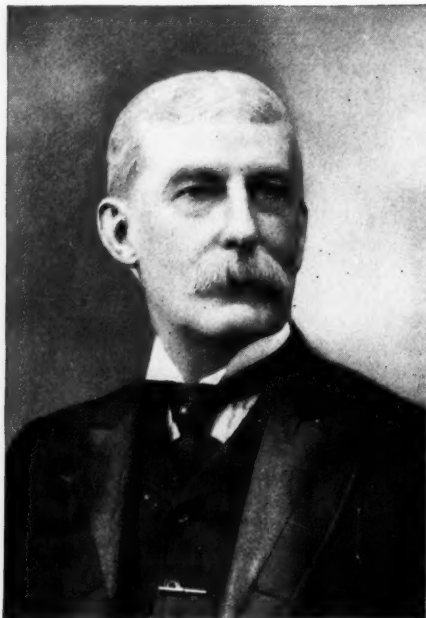


WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S BROTHER, WHOSE FORTUNE IS ESTIMATED AT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

From a photograph by Gessford, New York



FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER, THE LUMBER KING,
WHOSE FORTUNE IS ESTIMATED AT A
HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS



HENRY M. FLAGLER, WHOSE OIL INTERESTS AND
FLORIDA RAILROAD AND HOTELS ARE VALUED
AT ABOUT SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS

the population of the United States "now own practically" ninety per cent of the entire wealth of the country.

The population of the United States is estimated at eighty-four millions and its wealth at \$115,000,000,000. Therefore, according to Mr. Call's estimate, eight hundred and forty thousand persons "now own practically" \$103,500,000,000, leaving to the rest of the population, more than eighty-three millions in number, only \$11,500,000,000, or the remaining ten per cent of the total wealth. This at its worst, taking practical ownership to mean actual ownership, only gives the eight hundred and forty thousand property holders \$123,200 on the average. In other words, there are in the United States eight hundred and forty thousand persons worth an average of \$123,200 apiece—not a startling contention, certainly.

MEN WHO CONTROL THE MONEY OF OTHERS

But this is not exactly what Mr. Call means, as his "practical ownership" stands rather for control than for ownership. For example, about a fifth of

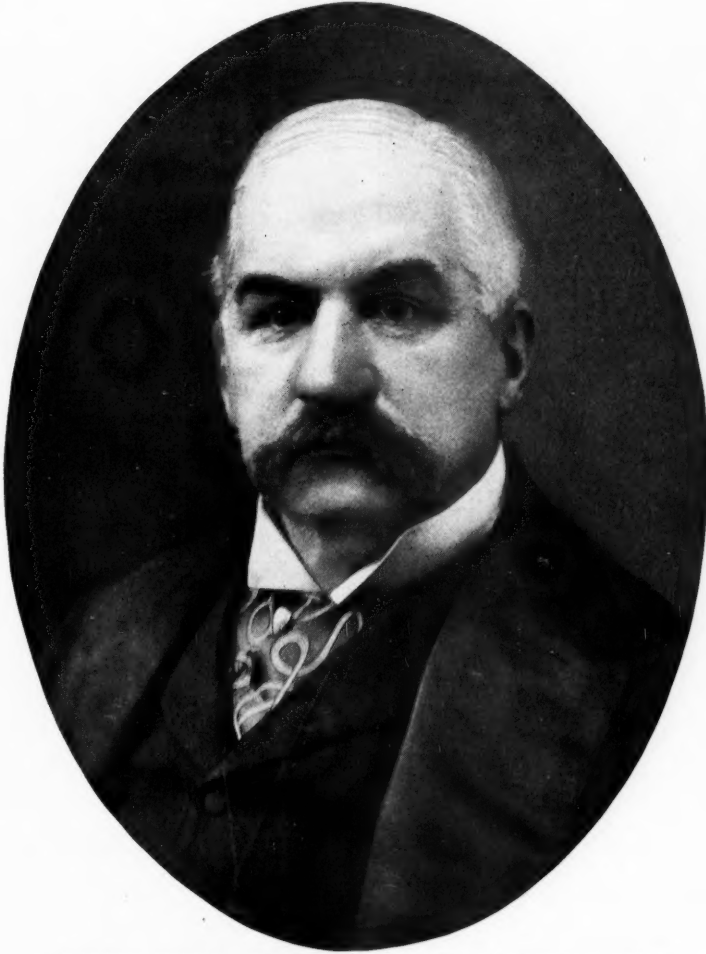
the wealth of the country, or in round numbers \$25,000,000,000, is represented by industrial corporations, such as railroads and manufacturing concerns, while about a seventh, or \$15,000,000,000, is represented by financial corporations, such as banking and insurance companies. Now, a large part of the ownership of the \$40,000,000,000 thus invested is scattered among thousands upon thousands of people of all degrees of financial condition, from riches to poverty. Obviously, then, it is not Mr. Call's concentration of ownership in such forms of wealth that constitutes a possible menace to society, but concentration of control.

The distinction came out clearly in a concrete case when E. H. Harriman was recently examined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was general public interest in the questions which Mr. Harriman refused to answer—on the ground that they invaded his private affairs—in regard to his profits from the reorganization of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. This interest was not due to any special curiosity to "get a line" on the size of Mr. Harriman's fortune. It was rather due to a desire for information as

to the effect that such a reorganization might have on the investment of minority stockholders, or on the profits of purchasers of new security issues under such reorganization, or on the cost to

growth of individual fortunes, but so far as they affected, through an almost one-man control, the other parties in interest—broadly, the rest of us.

In short, it is not the man of millions,



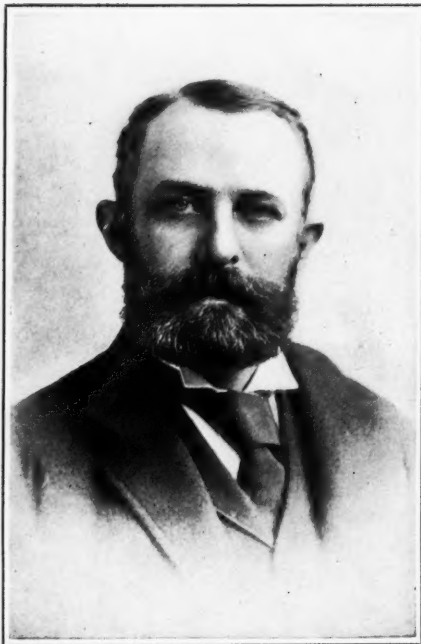
J. PIERPONT MORGAN. THE NEW YORK BANKER AND FINANCIER, WHOSE FORTUNE IS ESTIMATED AT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

the public under the little understood relation of capitalization to rates.

When during the same examination of Mr. Harriman it came out that within six months of 1906 the Union Pacific had bought more than a hundred million dollars' worth of outside railroad shares, public interest again was not concerned with the personal side of these colossal transactions, so far as they affected the

but the man in control of millions, largely the millions of other people, who challenges aggressive public criticism. Such a man, like the late John A. McCall, may be the head of a great insurance company, and yet die a poor man. The most powerful man in New England today is probably President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, and yet he is generally credited



HENRY C. FRICK, WHOSE COKE, STEEL, AND RAILROAD INTERESTS ARE VALUED AT ABOUT EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS

with the possession of no more than a modest personal fortune.

In order to recognize the millionaire of actual life it is worth while to be at some pains to clear one's mind of the caricaturist's millionaire, a picture itself as yellow as the dollar-marks with which it is bespattered. The real millionaire is apt to average up very much as does the non-millionaire. A cynical poet said of Nero:

But then,
He had his faults like other men.

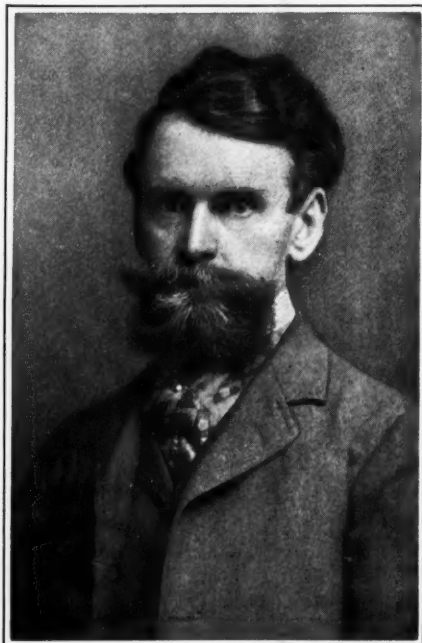
So, too, the millionaire of to-day may have his virtues. Oftener than not he is a decent fellow, a fair family man, a good citizen, a square business man, perhaps public-spirited and generous in proportion to his means, it may be even a philanthropist. On the other hand, of course, he may be a skinflint and a financial cutthroat.

HOW MANY MILLIONAIRES HAVE WE?

How many actual millionaires are there among the eighty-four million people of the United States? The well-informed financier quoted at the begin-

ning of this article put the total in New York at five thousand. A large proportion of these only do business in New York, while they live and are taxed somewhere else, perhaps in Connecticut, New Jersey, or Rhode Island. Again, residence in New York, even if such millionaires have a technical residence there, is often merely nominal. An allowance for the millionaires who are only incidental New Yorkers must appreciably reduce the number of resident millionaires, as the phrase would be applied in a provincial city. On the other hand, to any one strolling up Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive on a fine afternoon, and noting the costly houses and the well-appointed equipages, the estimate of five thousand millionaires as representing all this show and lavishness seems probably too small.

Of course this leaves out of account the numberless men whose capital is in their brains, the interest on which is a millionaire's income, though they do not own a millionaire's safety-deposit box filled with securities. There are count-



WILLIAM A. CLARK, THE COPPER KING, WHOSE FORTUNE IS ESTIMATED AT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

less professional men in New York—lawyers, doctors, and engineers—and men at the head of financial, manufacturing, and mercantile enterprises, who while they live keep the pace of the richest, but when they die, to everybody's surprise, leave comparatively insignificant estates.

Again, we must remember that many business men are heavy borrowers. Their apparent assets are known and read of all men; but their liabilities—that is a different story. A recent noteworthy case was that of the late Montgomery Sears, often described as "Boston's heaviest taxpayer." Mr. Sears's fortune, before his death, was generally rated at twenty million dollars, or more. The latest estimate, coming from the probate court, is that the estate is under four millions.

SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS

How is one to make even a guess at the total number of millionaires? I have at hand some rather significant statistics, secured for a business purpose, covering the annual incomes of the families in the United States. There are in this estimate 2,694,000 families, or seventeen per cent of the whole number, enjoying incomes between twelve hundred and three thousand dollars a year; and 583,000 families, or three and a half per cent of the whole number, with incomes between three thousand and six thousand dollars. Continuing up the scale, we find it stated that 811,000 families, or five per cent of the whole number, have incomes above six thousand dollars.

Compare with this Mr. Call's estimate that 840,000 persons "practically own" ninety per cent of the country's wealth, with \$123,200 each, representing an income of a little more than six thousand dollars at five per cent. It will be seen that these two independent estimates of the distribution of wealth work out to a surprising closeness.

The table from which I am quoting gives forty-two thousand families with annual incomes above fifteen thousand dollars. This, of course, gives us no basis for a precise calculation of the number of millionaires. As the most secure investments—outside of certain government bonds on which, for special

reasons, the interest is abnormally low—yield a yearly return of at least three per cent, a millionaire should have an annual income of at least thirty thousand dollars. On the other hand, there are people who earn thirty thousand dollars a year, or more, but whose financial status is far too insecure for us to class them as millionaires. On the whole, however, and though only a rough guess is possible, the estimate of forty-two thousand families with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars or upward may be taken as indicating from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand as the total number of millionaires.

Such an estimate compares interestingly with fourteen thousand, the approximate total in 1902, according to a careful computation made in that year by the *New York World*. There has of course been a considerable increase during the five years. In Connecticut, with whose financial conditions I chance to be familiar, competent judges put the State's total of millionaires at from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty to-day, as against seventy-five to a hundred in 1902. This gives a fifty-per-cent rate of increase, or better. In Connecticut capital enjoys the advantage of being largely invested in active enterprises with an exceptional rate of growth. If, allowing for this, the country at large in five years has gained thirty per cent in the number of its millionaires, it has to-day more than eighteen thousand as against fourteen thousand in 1902.

THE CONSTANT SHIFTING OF WEALTH

All speculation on this subject must recognize not only the constant shifting of the distribution of wealth as a whole, but similar uncertainties in the case of individual millionaires. When one is dealing with statistics in the large, it can be assumed that these uncertainties may to a great extent be balanced against one another. But when it comes to the individual, we all know that actively invested capital is constantly menaced by chance of loss, however unconvincing may be the paper losses and gains of Wall Street, by which millions are made to-day and wiped out to-morrow. The number of the wealthy whose money is

invested in inactive and secure form, as government bonds, is comparatively small, almost negligible. Hence it is the elusive nature of wealth, the danger that it may slip away while the possessor's back is turned—for instance, when the owner of a railroad finds himself "held up" by a secretly secured right to parallel it, as happened to the late William H. Vanderbilt—which gives to the possession of millions the fascination of mystery.

IDEAS THAT HAVE MADE MILLIONS

Or the chance may be the other way. One happy happening has first suggested possibilities that have opened many a road to fortune. A drummer persuaded a country customer in a Michigan town that by ordering a lot of cheap, attractive articles, mixing them with goods on his hands unsold, and advertising a special bargain-counter sale, he could work off his all but discarded stock at a profit. That idea finally developed into the chain of five-cent and ten-cent stores that has made a millionaire of F. W. Woolworth.

More than half a century ago, an immigrant German lad, coming from a district where knowledge of forest craft is an inheritance, took with him to the lumber region of Wisconsin an understanding of its possibilities for exploitation. He began modest purchases of timber-land, which he has since extended through associates, partners, and allied corporations. That policy has placed millions of acres in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Mississippi Valley, Oregon, and Washington, under the control of Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the "lumber king" of St. Paul, whose wealth, it is claimed, rivals that of Rockefeller, unfamiliar as is his name in the East.

A young man who, in the early sixties, became active through inheritance in a minor manufacturing industry in a small Ohio town, was obsessed with the idea that any industry, however small, might be made immensely profitable, given labor-saving machinery that no competitor could duplicate. Dogged persistence in applying that idea made O. C. Barber, the "match king," head of the Diamond Match Company.

At about the same time a New Eng-

land doctor decided to abandon his home and profession. With savings of five thousand dollars in his pocket, he settled in Chicago to take up the business of selling large tracts of land to farmers, and "to make a fortune," as he told his incredulous neighbors. In ten years Dr. D. K. Pearsons, now famous as a benefactor of small colleges, was worth his million by dint of a capacity for inconceivable detail, his system being to insure each transaction personally, and thus to win the confidence of land-owner and land-buyer alike.

These instances, chosen at random, illustrate what to the observing has long been obvious, that there is no formula for making a millionaire. Of the eighteen thousand millionaires in the United States to-day—if that be their number—outside of the comparatively few who have "held on" to an inherited fortune in gilt-edged securities or land, each has for himself caught "the skirts of happy chance" at the psychological moment, often more by inspiration than by foresight.

Beginnings to a like ending may be as contrasted as the circumstances of birth. Of the two most commanding figures to-day in the world of railroad control, J. J. Hill began in a Northwestern steamboat-office and E. H. Harriman in a New York broker's office. Hence, though millionaires may be roughly classified as manufacturers, merchants, railroad magnates, financiers, and so on, such classification is vitally defective, because it ignores the degree to which the genius of an individual millionaire is administrative more than financial, or mercantile more than either.

A MANY-SIDED MILLIONAIRE

The casual observer sees one side of a millionaire and labels him by that. To the public, for instance, the late Marshall Field was the Wanamaker of Chicago. To financiers, he was the wise counselor and able administrator, being director at his death in corporations whose capital totaled five billions of dollars. To himself and his close associates, he was also a far-seeing investor in land, as he was carrying at his death an investment of more than five million dollars in Chicago real estate, of which

nearly half was unproductive, being bought for the future.

It is this quality of secretiveness in the art of investment which enables so many a modest millionaire to go his way to death unrecognized, like that canny leather-merchant, Daniel R. Fayerweather, of New York, who left five million dollars for education, to the astonishment of his old business associates in "the Swamp." For instances of a like unadvertised status of wealth, one does not have to wait for the probate court, for they are everywhere. Few in Connecticut, outside its financial circles, if called upon to give the State's richest man, would be likely to name J. H. Whittemore, of Naugatuck, a dominating factor in the malleable iron business of the country. The United States Steel Corporation is famous as the biggest

industrial in the world. Yet who, if called upon to give its actively controlling millionaires, would name James Gayley, its first vice-president, whose colossal task it is to direct the shipping of forty million tons of raw material a year?

It is here in the work of life, applying his brain—from self-interest, no doubt, like the rest of us—to the evolution and furtherance of far-reaching enterprise, that we see the representative millionaire, the type known locally to so many communities. He it is, not the distorted image in the press, who should pass before us when we read the Autocrat's admonition, never more needed than to-day:

Pause for a moment, for our eyes behold
The plain, unsceptered king, the man of gold,
The thrice-illustrious, threefold millionaire!

THE GIRL IN CALICO

I CALLED on a friend, and his sisters were there—

A bevy of beautiful girls.

There were Maud with a rose in her tresses of gold,

And Madge with a necklace of pearls;

And Milly, a beauty with melting black eyes,

And Myra with ringlets of brown;

And apart from the rest, in a seat by the door,

Sweet Ruth in a calico gown.

There were satins and velvets, and chiffons and silks,

And laces and ribbons galore,

But I looked at the maid who was youngest of all,

And the neat frock she modestly wore.

It spoke to my soul of a cottage afar

From the worry and haste of the town,

And lo, to preside o'er the coffee and cream

A girl in a calico gown!

It was patterned all over, that calico dress,

With sprays of most delicate pink;

And the waist—oh, so trim and so slender!—was bound

With a plain satin ribbon, I think.

I could tell you the number of ruffles it had,

For I boldly marched up and sat down,

With a thrill of delight, on a chair by the side

Of the girl in the calico gown.

A look and a word, and a blush and a smile—

A meeting next day on the street—

A call and a question, a kiss and a ring,

And my happiness soon was complete.

I married in haste, but shall never repent,

For love is my scepter and crown

In the rose-embowered cottage of which she is queen—

The girl in the calico gown!

Minna Irving

THE GREATEST AMERICAN ORATION

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MEMORABLE REPLY TO SENATOR HAYNE.
A SPEECH THAT BECAME A NATIONAL WATCHWORD AND A
GREAT UNIFYING FORCE AT THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD
OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

IN 1830, Daniel Webster had for nearly three years represented Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States. Already his career had been a very great one. As a lawyer he had risen to the foremost rank in his profession. Before the Supreme Court he had conducted successfully and with infinite tact the famous Dartmouth College case, in which he had ventured, as no advocate had ever ventured, to bring into play before that austere tribunal the resources, not merely of legal learning, but of a moving eloquence, employed ever so delicately yet with such effect as to stir the judges' hearts, no less than to master their understanding. Never before and never since has the spectacle been seen of a gaunt and stern Chief Justice of the United States bending forward with tears welling to his eyes while he listened to a legal plea.

As a statesman, Webster had served several terms in the House of Representatives, and had left a mark upon constructive legislation. As an orator, he had gained fame by three extraordinary orations—one at Plymouth, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims; another at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill; and a third to eulogize the two statesmen, Adams and Jefferson. Each of these orations was a masterpiece of manly eloquence, and did much to win for Webster an election to the Senate.

There was dire need at that time of a great leader to marshal the somewhat

scattered and ineffective forces of the North in Congress. The forces of the South had been organized and disciplined by two wonderfully able men—John C. Calhoun and Robert Young Hayne, both from the restless State of South Carolina.

THE SOUTHERN CHAMPIONS

Calhoun was then Vice-President of the United States. He represented intellect pure and simple. His mind was one of infinite subtlety, lucid, logical, and swayed entirely by reason. His conclusions followed from his premises with resistless certainty. His mental processes were absolutely without a flaw. He had developed with remorseless ingenuity the doctrine that a State might nullify any act of the central government, if, in the opinion of that State, the act was unconstitutional. He held that the Union was only a compact from which the several States might practically withdraw at will. He believed that the founders of the republic had viewed it only as an experiment, to be cast aside if it should prove to be unworkable.

Calhoun was gaunt and spare of frame, devoid of all emotion, and trusting, when he spoke, to the closeness of his reasoning and the perfection of his logic. Hayne, on the other hand, was a born orator. Handsome, graceful in manner, and sensitive to impressions, he had all the popular qualities which were lacking in Calhoun. His temperament and his imagination made his oratory

not only brilliant but persuasive. He had grown up under the influence of Calhoun and was saturated with the political theories of that great statesman; and he was able to expound and defend those theories with a fire and a fascination which Calhoun did not possess. These two leaders had compacted their followers into a formidable phalanx, and by their genius for political warfare had hitherto been masters of the Senate.

THE CHALLENGE TO BATTLE

The champions of nullification were striving to strengthen it by argument and debate, before venturing to put it into practise. In the Senate, both Calhoun and Hayne constantly reiterated their beliefs. They felt a bitter hatred of New England, for whose sole benefit they believed the tariff law had been enacted. On January 9, 1830, a harmless resolution concerning the public lands was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Foot, of Connecticut. Calhoun and Hayne both chose to see in it a partizan and sectional significance. Hayne therefore delivered a very eloquent and powerful speech in which he opposed all legislation which should tend to consolidate and strengthen the Federal government. On the next day Webster answered all Hayne's arguments, and he did it in such a manner as to leave no doubt that, so far, the honors of the debate lay with the new Senator from Massachusetts.

Hayne was stung by his defeat. On the following morning he rose to renew the attack before an audience which crowded the Senate Chamber to its utmost capacity. Webster had an engagement before the Supreme Court, and a friend of his moved that the debate be postponed. To this Hayne earnestly objected. He said:

"I will not deny that some things have fallen from the gentleman which rankle here, from which I would desire at once to relieve myself. The gentleman has discharged his fire in the face of the Senate. I hope he will now accord me the opportunity of returning the shot."

There was a moment's pause, and then Webster slowly rose and said in his deep tones:

"I am ready to receive it. Let the discussion proceed."

Then, following upon a short interval which was occupied by Senator Benton, of Missouri, Hayne began an oration in which, until darkness fell and candles had to be lighted, the brilliant South Carolinian poured forth a torrent of impassioned oratory, mingling argument, invective, sarcasm, and irony in so masterly a manner that those who listened were enthralled. He repeated once more the syllogisms of Calhoun against the paramount authority of the government. He attacked New England in accents of superb disdain. And finally, he assailed his great opponent's speech of the preceding day with all the weapons at his command.

It was a marvelous intellectual and emotional exhibition. Those who were present felt that no answer could be made to it. The Southern auditors went out from the Senate Chamber at nightfall with a look of triumph on their faces. The men of the North were downcast and dismayed.

Through all this storm of hostile eloquence Webster had sat impassive, giving no sign of what he felt. Now and then he made a note or two; but his look and manner were lion-like in their repose. Even those who most admired him read in his demeanor the tokens of defeat. They interpreted his apparent apathy as springing from a consciousness of enforced submission.

THE NIGHT BEFORE VICTORY

On the evening of that day, Edward Everett called at Mr. Webster's house, anxious for the morrow and fearful lest Hayne's triumphant oratory should have crushed the spirit of the Northern champion. He found, however, Webster lounging comfortably on a couch and chatting at his ease with various friends. Everett at first was much relieved; but presently he began to doubt whether Webster realized the greatness and deep significance of the occasion. He asked:

"Do you reply in the morning?"

"Yes," said Webster. "I don't propose to let the case go by default and without saying a word."

"Did you take notes of Mr. Hayne's speech?"

Webster took from his pocket a little slip of paper, and then said:

"I have it all. That is his speech."

A little later in the evening, Justice Story, of the Supreme Court, another Massachusetts man, entered Mr. Webster's room. Story was deeply learned in constitutional law, and he offered to place his knowledge at Webster's disposal. The latter smilingly put aside the offer and began to chat upon casual subjects.

Justice Story felt, as Mr. Everett had felt, that Webster was taking the thing too lightly. With much earnestness he continued to press upon the Senator his offers of assistance. Just for a moment Webster's countenance changed. Raising himself slightly from the sofa, he gave Story a swift and searching look and then said in his full, strong voice:

"Do not give yourself any concern. I shall grind him to powder."

There was no arrogance in this. It was the consciousness of power. Indeed, the theme of that debate was no new one to Webster. He had turned it over in his mind for many years. The facts, the arguments, the illustrations, were all absolutely clear before him. He knew the ground as no other living American knew it. His whole public life had been a preparation for the morrow's speech. And this is why he afterward remarked to a youthful clergyman who complimented him on his extemporaneous gifts:

"Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition."

All that Webster left to chance was the form in which his reply to Hayne should be given. For the words, the sentences, and the periods that should give his argument full utterance, he trusted wholly to his native powers and to the inspiration of the moment when it should arrive.

All through that night strangers kept pouring into Washington by stage-coach, on horseback, and in private vehicles. The debate as a whole had already lasted for many days, and thousands wished to be in Washington at the climax. Every dwelling in what was then little more than a rambling village was packed with people. Men slept on sofas, on tables, and even on floors, while some sat up throughout the night. Politics

in those days were something more than a temporary stimulus to public interest. They were a universal passion. Already the fierce excitement which later lit the fires of civil war was thrilling through the veins of all Americans. Upon a battle of giants such as this the entire nation gazed with an intensity that was almost terrible.

THE DAY OF THE GREAT SPEECH

When the doors of the Senate Chamber were opened on the next morning, almost in an instant every available place in it was filled. The galleries were packed to suffocation, including the spaces reserved for the President's family and for the diplomatic corps. Ladies were admitted even to the floor. So many members of the House of Representatives came over to the Senate as to leave their own Chamber without a quorum. And the whole assemblage sat there in strained, expectant silence, with nerves strung to the highest tension.

As Webster made his way through the crowd which parted respectfully at his approach, an old friend, who had been his companion on many a hunting expedition, leaned forward and whispered:

"Are you well prepared?"

"Five fingers," was Webster's laconic answer, referring to the full charge of powder with which huntsmen loaded their guns when about to shoot large game.

When the Senator from Massachusetts at last rose to speak, the hush was deepened at sight of his magnificent presence. Physically no such figure ever again dominated the halls of Congress. Of majestic mold, Webster impressed upon every mind a sense of overwhelming power. Some years afterward, when he visited England, Carlyle, who in general disliked Americans, wrote of him:

As a logic fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the world—the tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face, the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like anthracite furnaces needing only to be *blown*, the mastiff mouth accurately closed.

Carlyle had seen Webster only in repose. As the great orator now faced the Senate, his eyes were no longer dull, but gleamed with a light reflected from

the fires within. It is an interesting fact that while Webster was a man of only middle height, every one who saw him bore away the impression that he was of unusual stature; so extraordinary was the dominance of his personality, so complete the union of physical strength and intellectual power. Never did these two attributes loom forth so wonderfully as on the day of this memorable speech.

THE REPLY TO HAYNE

Webster possessed the tact of the born orator. He felt instinctively that the intense feeling of those about him was dangerous to his cause at the beginning of his reply. It was keyed to a perilous pitch, and could not possibly be maintained. He must restore to his auditors a normal state of mind in order that he might later produce his great effects. Therefore his first words were uttered in quiet, level tones, and voiced a request for a reading of the resolutions before the Senate. The resolutions were read by the clerk in a monotonous singsong drone; and when the reading was completed, the great assemblage had settled down into a usual mood. Then, beginning his argument, Webster proceeded to speak for four whole hours, pronouncing an oration which when printed occupied seventy-two large pages of close-set type.

Webster's voice was one of his most marvelous gifts. It possessed a range perhaps unequaled by that of any parliamentary orator in any age. When raised, it was like the clear notes of a silver bugle. When it sank, in passages of deep emotion, it had the vibrant, sonorous richness of a mighty organ. He never paused for a word. His sentences framed themselves as if by magic into absolutely cadenced and harmonious periods. And what he said was worthy of the utterance which it received.

It is unnecessary here to analyze the structure of that superb oration. One by one he took up his opponent's arguments, restating them far more ably than Hayne had brought them forward; and then, with the force of a trip-hammer, he smashed them into atoms. Close-knit and sinewy in its essential parts, his appeal moved on with the overpowering

rush of a mighty torrent, diversified now and then with bursts of moving and stately eloquence which stirred the hearts alike of friends and adversaries.

There was no gainsaying the resistlessness of his victory. No man or woman who heard that speech doubted for a moment the overwhelming character of its completeness. In it the still vague sentiment of American nationality, of American imperialism, and of inseparable unity became crystallized and took on concrete form. It was his great good fortune that he had upon his side not only his own glorious physical and mental equipment, but also the hidden forces of the future, which were then, as afterward, working steadily against particularism and for the consummation of true national supremacy.

WEBSTER'S FAMOUS PERORATION

As he neared the close of this epoch-making speech, Webster seemed to gain new majesty of presence. There was infused into his language a white-hot glow of eloquence, until at last he flung out with all the magnificent music of his marvelous voice those sentences which have thrilled millions of his countrymen, and which never can be read by any true American without profound emotion:

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, and bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the

sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

As Webster uttered these last words his listeners remained speechless, riveted to the spot as if turned to stone under the sway of some great enchanter. The intense silence continued for at least a minute. Then the presiding officer, who was one of Webster's political opponents, half dazed and half incensed by the effect which had been produced, scrambled to his feet and, seizing the gavel, began pounding on his desk, with the cry of "Order! Order! Order!"

Thus the spell was broken, and the great audience broke forth into a tumult of acclamation. Friend and foe alike pressed around the orator. So perfect was his triumph as to blot out heartburnings and jealousy even in his adversaries. It is pleasant to remember that Senator Hayne, with a noble generosity, never allowed his overthrow to affect his personal relations with Mr. Webster. Afterward he was Webster's guest at Marshfield, and the two men entertained for each other an unbroken friendship and respect.

In those days news traveled slowly and irregularly. The report of Hayne's speech preceded that of Webster's by many days; and for a time the whole country felt that the champion of the South had ridden on to victory. The story is told of how one sturdy New England yeoman, a great admirer of Webster's, after reading Hayne's oration in the newspaper, became so deeply depressed that he lost interest in life, fell ill, and finally took to his bed, declaring that he had not long to live. After a while his daughter brought him a newspaper containing Webster's speech.

"Take it away," groaned the invalid; "it's no use. Even Webster couldn't answer such a speech as that."

His daughter begged to be allowed to read him Webster's answer, but he turned his face to the wall despairingly. Nevertheless, she sat beside him and began to read. As she went on, her father turned around and looked at her intently. Presently he raised himself in

bed, straightened up his form; and as she proceeded, he punctuated the reading with exclamations, and pounded on his knees with his huge fists. As she finished, he threw his pillow across the room and roared aloud:

"Bring me my boots! I am well again!"

WEBSTER'S PLACE IN HISTORY

It is not merely as a piece of eloquence that Webster's reply to Hayne is so remarkable; though as a piece of eloquence it is perhaps unmatched in history. Two foreign critics who had no special interest in the subject of the speech gave it the highest meed of praise. One was Dr. Francis Lieber, the well-known authority on international law, who said that Webster's reply was fully comparable to the immortal oration of Demosthenes, "On the Crown." The other was a lord chief justice of England, the late Baron Russell, who declared that on the whole Webster was the greatest master of eloquence of whom the world has any record.

But the importance of this oration is something quite apart from the perfection of its form. Historically it is interwoven with the growth of our American Union. When the Civil War broke out, President Lincoln ordered a million copies of Webster's peroration to be printed and to be scattered far and wide throughout the country, because its words were like a trumpet-call to stir the patriotism of Americans in defense of their nationality. Yet this was scarcely necessary; for the magnificent peroration had already become part and parcel of American tradition. As one writer has expressed it:

"The words of Webster, committed to memory and declaimed by generations of American children, sank down into the hearts of his countrymen until his closing sentence became the very watchword of the republic, and until the great principle for which he spoke had been learned so thoroughly that, when the years of storm and stress arrived, a million men stood ready to pour out their blood like water, and a million mothers sent forth their sons with gladness to die in its defense."

THE HONEYMOON

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "TYKE," "THE SACRIFICE," ETC.

AND so they were married. The rain of the rice had scarcely ceased upon the roof of their carriage, and the echoes of the gay laughter behind them had scarcely died away, when Ralph Huntington turned to his bride with a boyish laugh and clasped her hand.

"At last, at last!" he breathed, and bent forward to place a kiss upon her lips.

"Wait!" she commanded, turning her face away and putting up her hand.

The man drew back, shocked.

"I must tell you something first," she went on, her voice lowered almost to a whisper and her face pale. "I feel it my duty to let you know just what you have bought."

"Bought!" he cried. "Grace!"

"Yes, bought," she answered; "purchased like any other expensive work of art. You knew this when I agreed to marry you, although you were not told quite so plainly; but I have seen, as the days have gone by between our engagement and to-day's mockery, that you have been more and more inclined to forget it."

"I did, almost," replied the man evenly. "I hoped against hope until I almost began to believe."

"It is your own fault," she retorted. "You knew that I favored Gilbert. You knew that he had not a friend to plead his suit. You knew that he was poor, and could not afford me. You knew that every one interested in seeing that I had a luxurious future brought me lying tales of him—tried to prove him unworthy."

"Absolve me, please," the man broke in. "I never raised a voice against him."

"No, you were too clever," she charged cruelly, not caring to notice

that he winced under the stroke. "Instead of that, you bought me. You helped my father out of his crisis and set him upon his feet again. You—"

"Purely in the way of business," interrupted the man. "It was no more than I might have done for any other friend of mine."

"Indeed!" she replied. "And was it purely business that made you secure my brother Will his appointment? that made you get Lon out of his college scrape? that made you—oh, your favors have been too many and too lavish to enumerate! They were part of the price you paid for me, calls upon my gratitude which I could not ignore. Well, I married you; I paid my debt and my family's debt to you, but I have made the whole transaction plain. There is no question of false pretense between us. My conscience is clean upon that score; but since the bargain is concluded, I will be 'game,' as Lon calls it. Now, I will take your kiss," and she held up her pallid lips.

The man laughed, but the laugh was not a particularly jovial one. He had to moisten his lips before he replied to her, and there was a trace of huskiness in his voice.

"Mrs. Huntington," he replied, "the only kiss I ever bought before was at a charity fair, and I did not even then accept the goods that I had paid for. The cheek that was held out to me was a beautiful one, but, in the circumstances, it repelled me. I have never been able to see the joke in these things. They—they are too sacred to me; so you must continue to remain in my debt."

"And so they were married and lived happily ever after." The old, old commonplace ending to the fairy-stories recurred to him with crushing mockery.

This, then, was the end of his day-dreams; this the end of the impetuous wooing into which Grace Harding's beauty had drawn him. He knew of other marriages like this where the bargains were more coolly sealed, where the conventions were better observed and the hideous truth better glossed over, but he shuddered to think of them. This, after all, was better.

His wife presently complained of being chilly. He reflected grimly that the chill which had suddenly filled that carriage was one that no fire could drive out, but nevertheless he adjusted her wrap tenderly about her, touching her as gently as if she were some beautiful, fragile thing that must not be clumsily handled or rudely breathed upon, lest it crumble before his very eyes. He tried to be strictly impersonal, and he was almost angry with himself to find that, in spite of the cold dash she had given him, the mere touch of her garment thrilled him.

In the train his first impulse was to surround her with magazines and retire to the smoker, but even in his deep disappointment he could not forget what was due to her. With those white ribbons, tied by prankish friends to their luggage, flaunting their new estate to the world, he could not leave her to seem as one neglected, even though it might be much more pleasant for her to be alone; so he sat beside her and gave himself up to the task of entertaining her. He could do that. He had traveled much, had seen much, and had read much, and now he set himself deliberately to interest her. He knew the things that she liked best—he had studied them long enough, and, Heaven help him! earnestly enough—and all through that long, tiresome ride he exerted himself with a success that surprised her. After all, if she had sold herself, she had gone to a pleasant market.

It was not until they had reached the city and the hotel where he had secured accommodations that the full sense of her loneliness and of the vast change that had come into her life flooded over her. At the door of the pretty suite he paused.

"My own apartments," he informed her, "are just across the hall there,"

and he pointed to the door. "The number is one hundred and two. Kindly telephone me when you are ready for dinner. I have ordered a maid sent right up to you."

Ten minutes later, when a maid knocked at the door, she was still standing looking blankly out of the window. She had not removed her hat nor her gloves.

Conventionality came to her rescue. She took pains, for the maid's benefit, to observe the dainty fittings of the suite, the flowers that he had ordered, the cheerful open fire that had been built against her coming. Books and magazines had been provided, even to a pretty diary, which was a reproach to her now, and stationery lay invitingly arranged upon the pretty desk. The flowers and the fire and the books and all were thoughtful of him—but—they only went to show what money could buy. It had even—she thought with bitter self-scorn—bought her.

There followed a tastefully ordered dinner. There followed gorgeous roses for the theater-box, the play itself, a supper where soft music and tinted lights created a fairy world for the country-bred girl, and then a comfortable carriage-ride back to the hotel. These were material pleasures to which Grace Harding had looked forward. She was of a family that had "skimped and scraped" most painfully, and she was starved for luxury; but now that it was hers she took no pleasure in it. She cried herself to sleep that night, and she dreamed of Gilbert. When she remembered the dream in the morning she was shocked. She had not meant to be dishonest or unfaithful even in her dreams. Oh, not that!

II

THERE was to be a week of shopping before their steamer sailed, and it was a busy week—one that, in other circumstances, would have been a happy week to any woman. There were fresh flowers in her room every morning; there was a carriage always at her disposal; there was a slave—wealthy, devoted, and, yes, handsome—ready to dance at her every caprice, to satisfy her every whim.

As the days wore on she began to pity him. She had been so burdened with her own grievance that she had overlooked the fact of his deep hurt; and she began to admire the cheerfulness with which he took up his burden. He was always the same, he was always devising amusements and interesting side-trips to keep her busy and to keep her from brooding; but he never, since that first ride with her alone in the carriage, presumed upon his conventional rights.

The last day before their sailing was the only one in which he left her absolutely to her own devices.

"I shall be engaged all day," he explained. "There are business matters that I must straighten up before I go away, and I have had no time for them as yet. You will find the carriage ready for you, and I am quite sure that you can make your way about now to clean up the little shopping that you have left."

She was surprised to find herself lonely. Of course, though, business could not be neglected. In fancy she followed him to his offices. She had met his business associates. Some of them treated him with positive affection—all of them with respect. One could not see him in that environment without recognizing that he was a man of great ability, and a man of rigid uprightness, too. She was proud of him for that—naturally.

The forenoon was a slow one. She had suddenly lost interest in shopping, and she finished it up hastily, coming back to the hotel in time for luncheon. She seemed more at home there. Later in the afternoon a card was brought up to her room, and she turned quickly from the light lest the boy who had brought it should see her face.

"Where is the gentleman?" she asked the boy, struggling for her self-possession.

"In Parlor A, mum."

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said calmly, but when she had closed the door she dropped into a rocking-chair and buried her face in her hands.

When she arose she looked about the apartments curiously. It seemed as if she had never seen them before, to appreciate them—the flowers, the books, the

crackling wood-fire, the many little evidences of care and thoughtfulness with which she had been surrounded; and when, after a while, she stepped out into the hall and closed the door, she seemed to be shutting in a world that was in some way suddenly different from any that she had known or dreamed of before.

Down in the parlor an eager young man sprang to his feet when she entered.

"Grace!" he cried, and caught her hand.

"Gilbert! What brings you here?" she asked, releasing her hand.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he replied. "Grace, I couldn't. I understood that you were to sail to-morrow, and I had to see you. Thank God, my good luck came in time!"

"Good luck?" she repeated, groping confusedly for a solution to the strange new problem that she had suddenly become to herself. "I do not quite understand."

"No," he said, "nor I. I can scarcely realize it yet. Grace, dear, I have been left a legacy. I just got word of it last night and came right on. I am rich, girl, as rich as the man you married, and now this miserable mistake can be undone!"

He held out his arms to her and took an impetuous step forward, but she held up her hand and stopped him, as she had stopped her husband once before.

"I am so glad you came, Gilbert!" she said with the ring of a great new joy in her voice. "So glad! Otherwise, as you have pointed out, my miserable mistake might have gone on and on; but it is not the mistake you have in mind. I have spent a week with an honorable man, a man who, for all his thoughtfulness and all his devotion and all his love—his love, Gilbert!—has had not one caress in payment, not even gentle words other than those that formal courtesy would bring from any one.

"I have seen him morning, noon, and night, and, without knowing that I was doing it, I have studied him well; and I know, sir, that under no circumstances could he have done this unworthy thing that you have done to-day; nor could he have offered to any woman, least of all the one he loved, the insult that you

have offered me. *His* only thought would be to shield me.

"Why, when I tell him of this, as I must, so that no shadow may fall between us, I know just what he will do. He will attach weight only to the fact that I have told him, and then he will never again refer to it—never. So good and kind and generous he is, and so made of honor. I don't think that I can make *you* understand the sort of man he is. I did not realize it myself until now. And to think that I might not have known! For this awakening I thank you; oh, Gilbert, how I do thank you! And good-by!"

Turning, she swept from the room, and when she had gained her own apartments and had closed the door behind her, she caught up the roses that *he* had provided for her and buried her face in them.

When she presently raised her head there were tears upon her lashes, but she was smiling, and as she went about dressing for dinner she found herself singing for the first time in many, many days. There was a flush upon her cheeks, too, that did not go away.

III

THAT was a long, long afternoon, but she had a splendid joke—oh, a grand, good joke!—to keep her company; one that made her laugh aloud time after time, but that nearly always brought the tears springing to her eyes.

It was not a joke, though, to be lightly frittered away at the first opportunity. Ah, no, it was one to be nursed and jealously guarded for the very joy of it, and when Ralph came to take her to dinner she was as gravely reserved with him as usual, though he thought her more beautiful and more vivacious in appearance than ever. That rich flush upon her face was becoming, too.

Throughout the dinner she preserved her grave formality, except that once or twice she startled him by breaking into happy chatter, apropos of nothing; but when he strove to seize upon this boon she grew reserved again and hid her eyes. She carried her calm graciousness through the performance at the theater, though once or twice he fancied that he detected her turning to him with

twinkling eyes. Through the supper she was composed and primly formal, but when they had got into their closed carriage and were on the way home she turned to him with a question as to his own day.

"Did you conclude your business satisfactorily?" she asked him. It was elaborately prepared, this exquisite joke, and she was carrying it off splendidly—only she was afraid that he could hear the beating of her heart.

"Quite," he assured her.

"I don't feel exactly satisfied about that," she replied. "I think that some one ought to oversee your contracts, for really I'm afraid that you are a very poor business man."

"Indeed," he answered, smiling. "What makes you think that? I assure you that I have a very good reputation in that way among the people who know me."

"Well," she retorted, and now that the supreme joke was coming to its point she could hardly keep down that foolish flutter in her voice, "that may be, but I am quite certain that any man who buys expensive things and does not take them must have flaws in his business methods."

He turned in her direction with perplexity, but in the dim light that came through from the street he could not see the wonderful look that she turned up to him. He made no reply.

"Don't you think it is about time to collect that kiss?" she tremblingly asked.

"Please, Grace!" he remonstrated, with more pain in his tone than she had ever heard there. He could not dare to believe, yet, could not allow himself to catch at that wild hope that had suddenly sprung up within him.

She had intended to tease him a little longer, to have him perplexed, possibly half angry, but she could stand no more.

"Do take it," she pleaded. "As a gift."

The brief instant of his dazed joy that followed she took for hesitation.

"Oh, don't you see? Won't you see?" she cried. "Ralph, I—I love you!"

Her arms circled up around his neck, and she pressed her head, sobbing, upon his shoulder as he clasped her to him.

TO THE READERS OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

BY MR. MUNSEY.

A GREAT big change has happened to THE SCRAP BOOK. I want to tell you about it, and to explain my theory of issuing a magazine in two parts.

In a word, there isn't room enough within one cover to make a magazine big enough, and strong enough, to satisfy the reader of to-day. It doesn't afford quantity enough—doesn't afford variety enough. The Sunday papers give us such an enormous tonnage of reading that we have come to look for tonnage, and tonnage means variety, something for all tastes, and a good deal of it.

Now and again we wake up to the fact that we have outgrown old things. We are sweeping on at a tremendous pace. Our habits change, our tastes change. We demand more and always more. The best thing of yesterday is not good enough for to-day. This is the age of specialization, the hot-shot age, the fourteen-inch-gun age.

The conventional magazine, with its smattering of illustrations, its smattering of fiction, and its smattering of special articles, is about as much like the fourteen-inch gun as a cat is like a locomotive. There is not enough of any one thing to make it convincing. The All-Fiction Magazine has the conventional magazine beaten to a standstill. It is convincing. It is big and bulky and satisfying. The reader who wants fiction gets fiction, and enough of it. That is why he likes the All-Fiction Magazine.

It was ten years ago that I created the All-Fiction Magazine. Now I have created another distinct type, the All-Illustrated Magazine. There has never been an All-Illustrated Magazine brought out before; but there are a good many logical reasons which suggest that it may be as successful as the All-Fiction Magazine, and we all know that the All-Fiction Magazine has cut out a very big place for itself in the publishing world. And we know, too, that two strong magazines, each really strong in itself, necessarily help each other when joined together as a unit. Together they make something unique, invincible.

The two-section magazine idea is brand-new to the world. It is not quite new with me, however, as I have given it, at odd times, four or five years of thought. It first came to my mind in response to a desire to couple, in some way, the strength of the All-Fiction Magazine with the illustrated features of the conventional magazine. I also had the further desire *to meet the increased cost of magazine publishing with the least possible increase in price to the magazine-buyer.*

In order to give you a clear understanding of the situation, I must say something about the magazine business of the last dozen years. And in this glimpse of the work that has been done I must necessarily speak a

good deal of myself, for the reason that it happened to fall to me to do most of the new things which have contributed so largely to the tremendous upbuilding and wonderful expansion of magazine publishing.

THE BEGINNING OF REAL EXPANSION.

Real expansion in the magazine world had its beginning with the launching of the ten-cent magazine. That was thirteen years ago last October, and the initial plunge was made with MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. At first the venture was not looked upon seriously by other publishers, by the various news companies and newsdealers, and by the public generally. No one believed it possible to issue successfully a first-rate magazine at such a ridiculous figure. It was two or three years before the advertisers of the country could be brought to recognize the merits of a magazine selling at this price. They fancied—or stubbornly maintained, at all events—that no publisher could issue a really good magazine at ten cents a copy, and furthermore, that the readers of such a magazine would not measure up to their requirements in culture and in cash of the realm.

THIS TEN-CENT PRICE HAS DONE A GREAT WORK IN THE WORLD. IT MAY BE, HOWEVER, THAT NOW ITS WORK IS WELL-NIGH FINISHED.

When the old prices of twenty-five cents and thirty-five cents for a magazine were smashed down to ten cents, there were probably about a quarter of a million regular magazine-buyers in the United States and Canada—not more, I should say. To-day there are well-nigh two million regular magazine-buyers—ten million readers—an empire created primarily by the ten-cent price.

But MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE not only smashed the price down to a popular figure, but it smashed conventionality in magazine-making as well. It came out as an entirely new type of magazine, a magazine of human interest, a magazine giving the people what the people wanted as closely as we could interpret their wants, instead of giving them, as had been the custom among magazine editors, what they themselves, the editors, thought the people should have.

This new-priced new type of magazine instantly swept into an enormous success, its circulation bounding forward by forty and fifty thousand, and sometimes a hundred thousand gain one number over another. Then came competition, old magazines coming down to the new price, and new magazines created everywhere.

AND NOW ANOTHER EPOCH.

It was about ten years ago, three years after MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE began its pioneering, that I worked out the idea of an entirely new type of magazine—an All-Fiction Magazine, which should be free from illustrations and so big that it would carry an enormous cargo of stories. I tested the idea on THE ARGOSY, which immediately began to plunge forward in circulation. But the magazine was so utterly different from anything that had hitherto been issued that other publishers looked upon it for a number of years as a joke. In fact, THE ARGOSY had the field to itself for four or five years before competition appeared. During this time it was the common belief and oft-repeated statement

that I was constantly losing money on THE ARGOSY, but that I kept it up merely out of pride.

* * * * *

These are the two chief epochs in magazine-making in the last dozen years—the launching of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at its new price and on its new lines, and the creation of THE ARGOSY on its new lines. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, both in price and in character and get-up, has been copied all over the world. And THE ARGOSY likewise has become a model for a good many publishers, just how many I don't know. This is the age of specialization. It is the fourteen-inch gun that does the work. The piece that scatters is no longer effective. The ARGOSY type of magazine—the All-Fiction Magazine, is the fourteen-inch gun.

The standard magazines composed of illustrations and articles and fiction haven't the striking force of the ARGOSY type. The All-Fiction Magazine, strangely enough, is sufficient unto itself. It is independent of illustrations. Its pictures are word pictures, and they get a hold on the reader which is never equaled by the artists of the brush or of the camera. The standard magazine, on the other hand, is not independent of the fiction element. Its very existence, judging from the records up to date, rests largely upon the fiction that it carries. BUT AN ALL-ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, IF BIG ENOUGH AND GOOD ENOUGH, MIGHT WELL PROVE TO BE A HANDSOME SUCCESS. The idea has never been tried. It is being pretty thoroughly tried now, however, in the first section of THE SCRAP BOOK for July, which is now on sale.

STILL ANOTHER EPOCH.

And now we have reached another epoch, if really an epoch it be—the epoch of issuing magazines in sections. An All-Fiction Magazine, as such, has little standing in the community or in the magazine world, for the reason that it means entertainment alone. It is the magazine with important articles, illustrated or unillustrated—articles on current topics, or on events in the world's history—which attracts recognition and represents something more than mere entertainment. And it is the illustrated magazine which appeals most strongly to the advertiser, who not only helps to furnish sinews of war, but who presents, from month to month, facts which are most valuable, and I believe most interesting, to the reader.

Moreover, the constant demands for a better, and better, and yet better magazine have carried the grade up so high, and increased the cost so heavily, that most publishers have already raised their price to fifteen cents a number, finding it impossible to do business successfully at the old figure of ten cents a copy.

This change has been brought about not only by a great increase in the merit of publications themselves, but by the tremendous increase in the cost of magazine-making and of the general conduct of business. The price of labor has well-nigh doubled in a dozen years, and in the business office, in the editorial rooms, in the art department, and in fact everywhere, prices have also about doubled. As a result, an advance in selling prices seems to have become a necessity.

With our system of money there is no stopping-place between ten cents and fifteen cents, and fifteen cents is akin to a way-station. Ten cents and twenty-five cents are express stations. And so I have fixed

upon what in fact amounts to an advance of only two and a half cents a copy for THE SCRAP BOOK, instead of the advance of five cents a copy which has been put in force by most other publishers. By issuing two magazines as a unit, and selling the two at twenty-five cents—which means twelve and a half cents a copy—we are making the slightest possible increase, half that of publishers who have advanced to fifteen cents a copy.

Every new idea is an experiment until it has been tried. And it is to try this idea, and try it right, that I am making THE SCRAP BOOK the standard-bearer, with which I have combined three other magazines—WOMAN, and two magazines on which the creative work had already been done, but which had not yet taken concrete shape. The experiment will cost perhaps half a million dollars. If it proves as successful as I think it should, it may well be worth to me many times five hundred thousand dollars—perhaps five or ten millions of dollars.

This statement will make it pretty clear to you that I thoroughly believe in the idea. There is only one weak spot in it, and that is the price—the psychological effect on the buyer of twenty-five cents at a throw. It may well be that two magazines, with independent names, costing fifteen cents each—a total of thirty cents—would seem to certain buyers to cost less than two magazines under one name at twenty-five cents. The mind sometimes gets mixed up with an erroneous impression from which it is difficult to disentangle it.

It is just this psychological effect on the mind that may wreck the idea, but I don't believe it will. I am satisfied that with a population of nearly one hundred millions in the United States and Canada, out of which there are two million regular magazine-buyers, most of whom buy anywhere from two to a dozen magazines—I am satisfied, I say, *that there are among us mathematicians enough, wise heads enough, to realize that buying two magazines as a unit for twenty-five cents means buying them at twelve and a half cents each, instead of buying them at thirty cents when issued under different names.*

These two magazines, under the title of THE SCRAP BOOK, are, in character and contents, as wide apart as any two magazines in the world. Except in name, and except that they sell as a unit, they are two distinct, independent magazines, each with its own table of contents and its own cover. Moreover, they are very big magazines. The illustrated section starts off with nearly three times the quantity of purely illustrated articles that can be found in any other magazine anywhere. And the fiction section consists of at least one hundred and sixty pages of fiction, all fiction, not an illustration in it, not an article in it, nothing but stories—a complete novel, four or five or half a dozen serial stories, and a dozen or so short stories.

THIS NEW SCRAP BOOK IS A VERY WONDERFUL MAGAZINE. I AM GOING TO ASK YOU TO DO ME THE FAVOR TO BUY THE JULY NUMBER AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT IT IS LIKE. I BELIEVE THAT ONCE IN YOUR HOME, IT WILL BE A CONSTANT MONTHLY VISITOR THERE. AND I AM GOING TO VENTURE THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL HELP ME TO MAKE IT A GREAT BIG SUCCESS. I ASK YOU NOT ONLY TO HELP ME INDIVIDUALLY BUT TO HELP ME BY TELLING YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE SCRAP BOOK—THIS NEW CREATION IN MAGAZINE-MAKING.

NOW READY ON ALL NEWS-STANDS.

QUEBEC—A LAND WITHOUT TRUSTS

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THE VAST UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF THE PROVINCE THAT STRETCHES FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY NORTHWARD TO ST. JAMES BAY—ITS FARM-LANDS, FORESTS, AND MINES, ITS INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES, AND ITS FUTURE AS A GREAT AMERICAN PLAYGROUND

IN that picturesque Canadian country called Quebec there are practically no trusts. It is a land without a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Morgan, or a Harriman. It is the idyllic home of the small farm and the small factory. The railway octopus has practically no grip on this northern Eden. In natural wealth it surpasses New England. Its

hills are packed with buried treasure; and its boundless forests reach to Labrador and Hudson Bay.

Yet—such is the riddle which I am about to write—this land of freedom and equality is one of the least developed regions in the world. The mass of its people are poor. In their little independent factories they are earning, on



WINTER TRAVEL IN QUEBEC—A TYPICAL FRENCH-CANADIAN FARMER DRIVING HIS WOODEN SLEIGH HOME FROM MARKET

an average, ninety cents a day; and the value of their farms—buildings, live stock, and all—was found to be only thirty dollars an acre when the last census was taken in 1901. One-half of the people of this immense land of Quebec, seven times larger than the State of New York, have been driven to seek employment in the mills and factories of trust-ridden New England.

Now that the drums of an antitrust campaign are being beaten in almost every section of the United States, and that railroads and corporations are being pilloried as the enemies of progress and prosperity, it is a striking fact that up in this strange land of Quebec the whole swing of public opinion is in the opposite direction.

"What we want," say the men of Quebec, "is more capital, more railroads, more corporations, more captains of industry. Millionaires have no terrors for us. In fact, our country has lagged behind for lack of them. If you Americans wish to do us a good turn, send us a Frick or a Gates to organize us and to develop our limitless resources, and we will show you a spectacle of prosperity that will surpass the wonderful progress of Manitoba and the Northwest."

Such is the general opinion of Quebec people, rich and poor, as I have found by interviewing several scores of them—bankers, mechanics, writers, socialists, members of Parliament, and farmers. From the driver of a Montreal sleigh-cab up to the matchless Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, premier of the Dominion, all unite in saying that the urgent need of Quebec is for capital and industrial leadership.

A LAND OF SMALL INDUSTRIES

The inhabitants of this trustless province are, in the one matter of business, an army without generals. They are a brilliant rank and file. While they have produced artists, orators, poets, journalists, and statesmen of the highest ability, they have failed, for some inscrutable reason, to create industrial organizers and financiers. With scarcely any exceptions, the few large enterprises now in existence among them have been established either by Americans or by a handful of Scots who settled in Mon-

treau. The average French-Canadian clings to the old ways of hand labor and small production. He is an ideal employee—quick, tractable, moral, and fond of hard work; but only in the rarest instances will he ever become an employer or promoter on his own account. There is not a lazy bone in his lithe body, but some one else must lay the plans, take the risk, and invest the capital.

If labor created all wealth, Quebec would be a country in which every family had a cornucopia of its own. Instead of the little half-furnished wooden cabins, there would be modern houses of brick and stone. But the French-Canadian works alone. He seldom dreams of coordinating a hundred of his fellows into a corporation, so that their united product shall be increased. In fact, as the thin strips of farms along the St. Lawrence show, he is far more inclined to divide up his property than to enlarge it.

Naturally, the French-Canadian is proud of his country as it is, without the smoke of factories or the clamor of mills. Where else, he asks, is there a river as majestic as the St. Lawrence, or as impressive as the Saguenay, that stupendous chasm of water and cliff? Where is there a city like Quebec, that storehouse of American history? It was here—in this walled city of the north—that the final duel was fought between England and France. Here fell, at the same moment, Wolfe and Montcalm—the one victorious and the other vanquished. It was here that the British bugles silenced the beat of the French drums in the New World; and yet there is no other place that has remained so wholly and unalterably French.

The French-Canadian is proud of his Montreal—the stately island city which belongs more to the British Empire than to Quebec. In Montreal, too, there are memories of the days of Cartier and Champlain, of Marquette and La Salle, of Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, and Thomas Moore.

THE FIRST CITIZEN OF CANADA

Most of all, perhaps, at the present time, he is proud of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was born the son of a poor French-



A TYPICAL FARM OF THE LARGER AND MORE PROSPEROUS SORT IN THE LUMBER COUNTRY OF QUEBEC

Canadian notary, and who is now the premier of Canada. Sir Wilfrid is a statesman whom Great Britain has on many occasions delighted to honor. He is now a veteran of sixty-five, highly esteemed by Canadians of all nationalities.

When I met him in his Ottawa home—a comfortable brick residence given to him by the members of his party—he was recuperating from his official labors by reading an American magazine. He manifested the keenest interest in American affairs, both in relation to finance and politics. Incidentally, he called attention to the many American books in his library—a “Life of Grant,” for

instance, Blaine’s “Twenty Years of Congress,” and eight biographies of Abraham Lincoln.

But though the French-Canadians are justly proud of Laurier as a statesman, they have as yet produced no such genius in the sphere of business. They have shown little aptitude for handling large enterprises; and so, for lack of industrial leaders, the whole northern area of Quebec is still a trackless wilderness. Indeed, half of her land is still half forest—only one-twenty-fifth of it settled; and two-thirds of it unexplored. From 1871 to 1901, her increase in population averaged a little more than one per cent a year. All told, she has



A CALÈCHE, THE OLD-FASHIONED PUBLIC VEHICLE OF QUEBEC—IN THE BACKGROUND IS A GLIMPSE OF THE FORTRESS CITY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE



PICTURESQUE AND PRIMITIVE QUEBEC—AN OLD THATCHED BARN AT CAP À L'AIGLE, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

only one family for every square mile of her field and forest.

The fault, if there be any fault, is not in the country itself. It is no farther north than the prosperous States of Montana and Minnesota. Apples, plums, cherries, pears, and even tobacco can be grown easily enough. The soil is fairly good; yet the number of farmers is decreasing, and the total product of the average farm is worth very little more than two dollars a day.

Within the past five years, the influx of American capital has greatly improved the general condition of the people. Farmers are now using harvesters and modern plows. But all through the nineteenth century there were thousands of them who knew no better way to escape the Harvester Trust than by using the sickle and the scythe, or to dodge the Beef Trust than by living on bread, salt pork, and pea-soup. Even yet, in the back counties, a tree with jagged branches is often used as a harrow, and grain is separated from its chaff by the flapping of a palm-leaf fan.

THE LAURENTIAN TREASURE-HILLS

In her Laurentian Range, Quebec has a veritable department-store of minerals; yet beyond a little picking and scratch-

ing, nothing has been done to tear the metals from their rocky beds. The output of all her mines would scarcely give each of her people two dollars a year. Just across the boundary, in Ontario, the rich silver mines of Cobalt have recently been developed; but Quebec's buried treasures are still unexploited.

There is iron in Quebec. A recent report, made by a government surveyor, declares that the country in a certain region is "a mass of magnetic ore," and that the rocks are red with iron-rust. Yet this region is still a roadless, mineless wilderness. There is a small furnace at Three Rivers, which makes twenty-five tons of iron a day—a mere spoonful, from a Pittsburgh point of view. Although the Canadian government gives a bounty of three dollars a ton for iron made from Canadian ore, no one has opened up the iron lands of central Quebec; and it is actually true that the rolling-mills of Montreal are now importing steel billets from Belgium.

There is gold in Quebec. Eighty years ago the glint of the yellow dust was first seen; and nuggets that meant the price of a house have been picked up from time to time. But no energetic search for gold has ever been set on foot,

and the undoubted wealth of the Laurentian Range still remains practically unclaimed, waiting for some future John W. Mackay or Adolph Sutro to bring it to light.

There is copper in Quebec, too; waiting for a Clark, a Daly, or a Guggenheim. There are ochers and lead and mica and petroleum and many valuable clays. There are mineral springs that might be as famous as those of Carlsbad.

"We have granite of exceptional

The fierce blaze of a furnace has no more effect upon it than a ray of sunshine; and we are therefore using it for theater-curtains, firemen's uniforms, furnace-coverings, stove-linings, and innumerable other purposes. Quebec is now producing eighty per cent of the world's supply of asbestos. Most of the thirteen small plants now operated in Quebec belong to Americans; and the whole industry is less than thirty years old. For two centuries the asbestos



LUMBERING IN QUEBEC—A RUN OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND LOGS, WORTH TWO DOLLARS APIECE IN THE RIVER

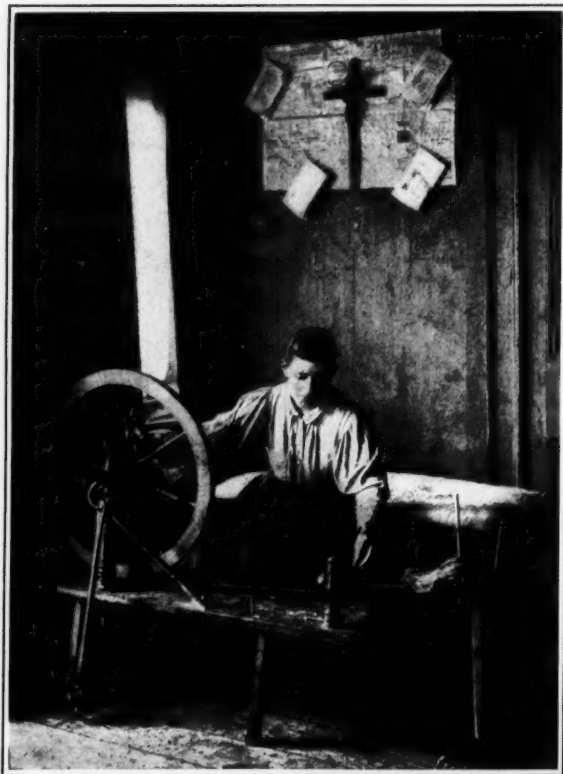
quality," said M. Rivet, the member of Parliament for Hochelaga. "I have seen a whole mountain of it, untouched by pick or drill." In the new Bank of Montreal, designed by the late Stanford White, the most imposing feature is an array of thirty-six granite pillars, fit for an Olympic temple; but they were imported from Vermont and Tennessee; not one was quarried in Quebec.

THE ASBESTOS INDUSTRY

There is one rare and valuable mineral, found in Quebec, and nowhere else in America—asbestos. This strange salamander of minerals is now indispensable.

region was surrounded by farms and crisscrossed by roads; yet not one pound of it was dug up and sent to market.

The fisheries of Quebec, in spite of a government bounty of thirty-five thousand dollars a year, are dwindling. Ship-building is a memory of long ago. The most extensive spruce forests in the world—vast enough to make Quebec the future home of the paper trust—have stood practically untouched until the last five or six years. To-day there are a dozen small paper-mills in Quebec; but the greater part of the spruce is still made into pulp and shipped as raw material to the busy mills of Maine.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL STILL SURVIVES IN THE MORE REMOTE DISTRICTS OF QUEBEC

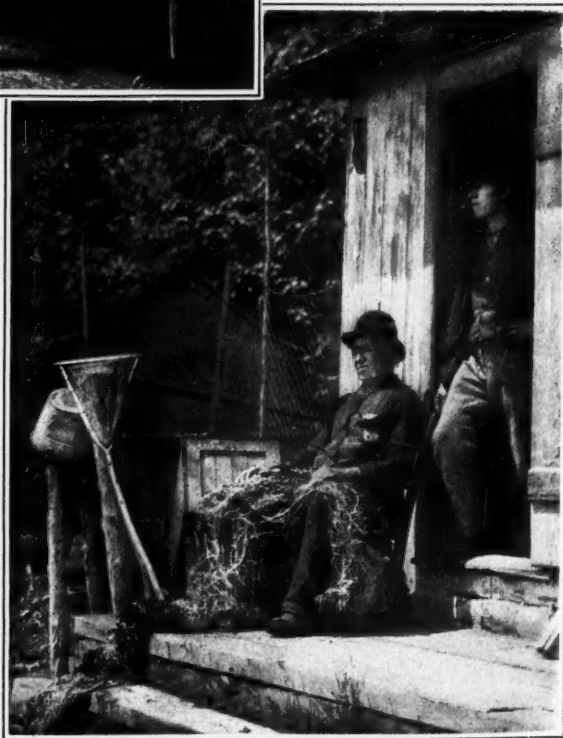
When I asked a Montreal member of Parliament about the northern part of Quebec, he threw up his hands with a French gesture, and replied:

"The north! I know nothing about the north. No one knows about it. It is the great unknown!"

After consulting with a number of public officials at Ottawa, however, I discovered some extraordinary facts about this "unknown" region. On the northern slope of the Laurentian Range—a vast tract without a town or a railway—the land is as fertile, the climate is as mild, and the snowfall is as light, as on the southern

side. For more than two centuries the French-Canadians have huddled together on their narrow farms along the banks of the St. Lawrence, while north of them lay the treasure-hills of the Laurentians, and hundreds of thousands of acres that can be had for the asking. For lack of pioneers and empire-builders to lead them, one half of the population of Quebec have emigrated southward into the New England States, instead of northward into a wide, rich country of their own.

The most urgent need of Quebec is a railroad from the St. Lawrence northward to St. James Bay. This would open up seventy million acres of land,

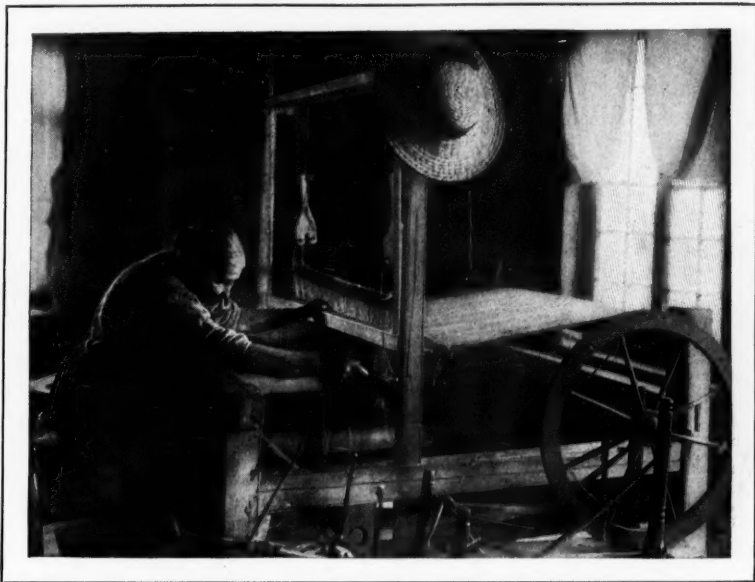


A FRENCH-CANADIAN FISHERMAN MENDING HIS NETS

and connect Quebec with Hudson Bay—that inland sea which is greater than ten Lake Superiors. The summer travel alone would probably enable such a railway to pay dividends, as the whole region is a paradise for sportsmen. Here are wild geese, snipe, plover, otter, beaver, mink, deer, marten, and bears in large numbers. At one camp an Indian

Instead of being a frozen waste, as most Americans believe, this northern region has a lighter snowfall than the prosperous cities of Ottawa and Montreal. It is in the latitude of England and Denmark, and farther south than any part of Norway.

"I have bathed in the waters of St. James Bay as late as the 3d of October,"



ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE—A FRENCH-CANADIAN WOMAN WEAVING HOMESPUN CLOTH

hunter recently shot eighteen bears. And as for fishing, there are a thousand lakes and countless rivers in this northern wilderness, all populous with trout and salmon.

AMERICA'S FUTURE PLAYGROUND

"We caught ninety-seven trout in one haul," reports a government surveyor. "In the far north," he says, "we found the pike so tame that we killed them with our paddles."

For those who wish to hunt big game, there are the white whales of St. James Bay. In the good old days of the New Bedford whalers, these monsters were worth a hundred dollars apiece to the ships that caught them. It is said that in forty voyages to St. James Bay the whalers harpooned a million dollars' worth of the blond leviathans.

said one of the few enterprising woodsmen who had made the journey by canoe.

There is a lonely bishop on the shores of this bay, who has devoted his life to the service of the Indians. For many years he has made gardening his summer hobby; and a surveyor who paid him a recent visit reports that the worthy prelate has succeeded in growing tomatoes, celery, carrots, cauliflower, cabbages, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, parsnips, beets, peas, beans, and red currants. Yet up to the present time the bishop and his garden are more than three hundred miles from the nearest railway.

This unmapped land will yet be the playground of the continent. Here is the Nottaway, a river two miles wide and four hundred miles long, but not nearly as well known as the Congo. Here is Lake Mistassini, with an area of

a thousand square miles, where the plash of the white man's paddle has seldom been heard. And here are the falls of the Hamilton River, which have broken the silence of this wilderness for ages with a wild plunge more terrible than that of Niagara.

To do full justice to Quebec, it should

There is no hostility to capital in this undercapitalized country. In fact, the most puzzling aspect of the whole situation is this—that while the greater part of Quebec is an undeveloped wilderness, its chief city, Montreal, is the financial center of Canada, and one of the richest cities of its size in the world.



RUSTIC LIFE IN QUEBEC—A FRENCH-CANADIAN HOUSEWIFE AT HER OUTDOOR BREAD-OVEN, WHILE HER HUSBAND STANDS NEAR BY, SCYTHE IN HAND

be said that a railway has been begun, from Quebec to the north, and constructed for a distance of two hundred miles to Lake St. John. The magical effect of this railroad is at present the talk of Quebec. Sixty thousand people have trekked northward and settled upon the fertile land around Lake St. John. They are raising wheat and all manner of vegetables. Hotels are being built for American tourists; and a tract of land as large as Vermont has been added to the map of civilization in a surprisingly brief space of time.

Montreal is the headquarters of the largest Canadian corporations. The oldest is the Hudson Bay Company, foremost of fur-trading aggregations. The first railway into Montreal was the Grand Trunk, which located there and built a line to Portland, Maine, more than half a century ago. Later came the Canadian Pacific—that world-girdling system of railways and steamships by means of which a Londoner can now cross the Atlantic Ocean, the American continent, and the Pacific Ocean on a single ticket. Here, too, is the famous



TRAVEL IN A REGION WITHOUT RAILWAYS—A PORTAGE, OR CARRY, ON A WATERWAY OF NORTHERN QUEBEC

Bank of Montreal, whose total assets reach to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

CANADA'S COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS

Montreal has capital—hundreds of millions. She has millionaires—forty-two of them, all told, it is said. She has mills and factories—nearly four hundred of all sizes. But the vast bulk of her wealth is invested in enterprises that lie outside of the Province of Quebec. Her capitalists are at present building a railway in Cuba. They hold two million dollars' worth of United States Steel stock; and they have placed large amounts at the service of the Wall Street banks. They are the principal pioneers in the development of electric power in Mexico. They control the street-car companies in Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Akron, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Havana, Trinidad, Jamaica, and Rio de Janeiro.

Two notable Montrealers—Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen—hold a thirty-million-dollar interest in James J. Hill's railways. It was their help, in fact, which gave Hill his first

start as a railway-builder, by putting the Bank of Montreal behind his ventures. And it is understood that the late John W. Mackay was strongly supported in his cable enterprise by these fur-clad financiers of St. James Street, Montreal.

All this brings money to Canada. It builds turreted graystone palaces on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But it does not develop the resources of Quebec. The total manufacturing capital of Montreal is still less than seventy-five millions; and the average Quebec factory can be bought for thirty thousand dollars. The almost unlimited possibilities of water-power at Montreal might make her a manufacturing center with a world-wide commerce; yet not more than one-twentieth of this power is now being utilized. Instead of making their great river run their factories and keep them warm, the people of Montreal import soft coal from Nova Scotia and anthracite from the hills of Pennsylvania. There are, of course, several local establishments of the highest rank, such as the new Singer Sewing-Machine Works and the Ogilvie Flour-Mills; but, generally speaking,

there are few industries in Montreal that are worthy of so rich a city.

THE HISTORIC CITY OF QUEBEC

In the city of Quebec, which is to be the eastern end of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, there are twenty-seven small factories with four thousand workmen—less than will be found in any one of several of the mammoth cotton-mills of New England. On the river-front not one ship has been built for eleven years; and the rugged old fortress city seems content to stand guard and meditate upon the tragic scenes of her earlier days.

In this attractive land of romance and mystery, nothing is lacking except the man with the business brain, who dares

to carry out large enterprises and to organize his fellow men into productive regiments and armies. And so, while the story of Quebec is a poem—an epic—a tale of heroism and adventure, it is also an economic sledge-hammer against those who believe that the captain of industry is unnecessary to the growth and prosperity of a nation.

Sooner or later the great leaders will arise in this land of boundless possibilities. Several are now on the spot who show promise of coming greatness; and it is quite possible that this generation may live to see the vast Quebec wilderness tamed by railways, the northern farmlands settled, and the rocky lid lifted from the treasure-chest of the Laurentian Range.

THE CITY

Who once has known the city's lures
May cast them off in vain;
Its clangor on his ear endures,
Its lights are in his brain.
The freedom of the open seek—
Canoe, and camp, and shack;
But there the city's voice shall speak
To bid the wanderer back.

The steeps we court, and solitudes;
We follow some far trail;
We plunge amidst the thickening woods,
In desert bide, or vale;
But when, returned, again we tread
Where human torrents roll,
Tight grips the hand, up lifts the head,
And sudden swells the soul.

There's something in the ringing heel
Upon the city's pave
Which with a thread as strong as steel
Enchains both prince and slave.
The old primeval strife it sings,
Of fang and craft and claw—
The lust of brave adventurings
Breathes from the city's maw.

'Tis man to man in ruthless zest,
'Tis one against the throng,
The prize to him who battles best,
And bears that battle long.
To icy plains, to torrid climes,
To sea, and cañon wall,
By night, by day, shall come, betimes,
The city's strident call!

Edwin L. Sabin



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Washington*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHOSE REFUSAL OF A THIRD TERM HAS
LEFT THE FIELD OPEN TO THE OTHER CANDIDATES

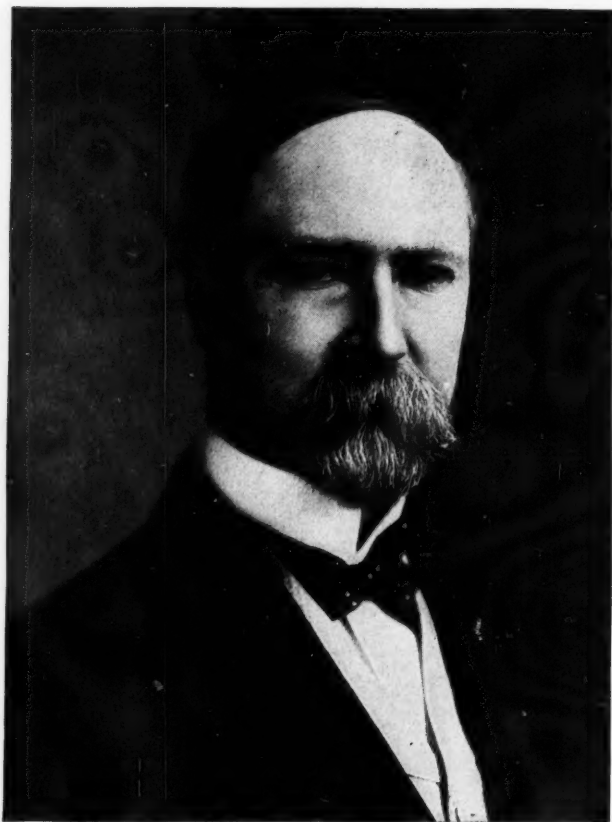
WHO WILL BE THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE?

BY JUDSON B. WELIVER

THE MOST INTERESTING QUESTION OF THE DAY IN AMERICAN
PARTY POLITICS—SECRETARY TAFT NOW LEADING THE
FIELD, WITH GOVERNOR HUGHES A DANGEROUS "DARK HORSE"

A PRESIDENTIAL campaign is being waged, promises to be more like commonly to be compared to a football game. horse-race. That of 1908, whose There was a political horse-race in preliminary skirmishes are even now 1896. Each side had a horse—its plat-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article was written by Mr. Welliver, one of the political writers of the *Washington Times*, at the beginning of May, and represents the situation at that time. It should be remembered that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE must necessarily go to press several weeks before the date of issue, in order to print its large edition.



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, OF INDIANA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE TO WHOM THE VOTE OF INDIANA IS CONCEDED

From a photograph by the Harris-Ewing Studio, Washington

form. The game was to get to the wire first. In 1908 the two great parties will be for practically the same platform. Their general ideas are so much alike that if the babies' labels ever get mixed the proud parents will never cease to have misgivings as to whether they carried away their own offspring or somebody else's. Both parties want to curb the trusts, both are for ample regulation of carriers, both object to the overcapitalization of corporations, both will say something more or less definite about revising the tariff.

"I don't just see where they are going to differ enough to make two whole platforms from their output," quizzically observed Mr. Allison, Nestor of the Senate, anent a recent announcement of a joint debate between a leading Repub-

lican statesman and the foremost Democratic publicist.

His remark went exactly to the point. What are these two big parties to disagree about? And if they can't disagree, how are they to arouse public interest in the campaign, and induce voters to go to the polls?

THE FOOTBALL GAME OF 1908

Here, I suggest, the metaphor of the gridiron, rather than that of the race-track, is the appropriate one. The two sides seem to be fighting for the ball, and for the privilege of carrying it to the goal. The ball represents the issues involved. As there is only one set of issues, so there is only one pigskin in a football game. The contest is first to get the ball, and second to carry it to the

goal. It's a right popular November sport, too.

In this game, the initial advantage will be with the Republicans. They have

the ball. They have been doing things; passing laws, making issues, giving guarantees of their purpose to do more if they get the chance. They are in



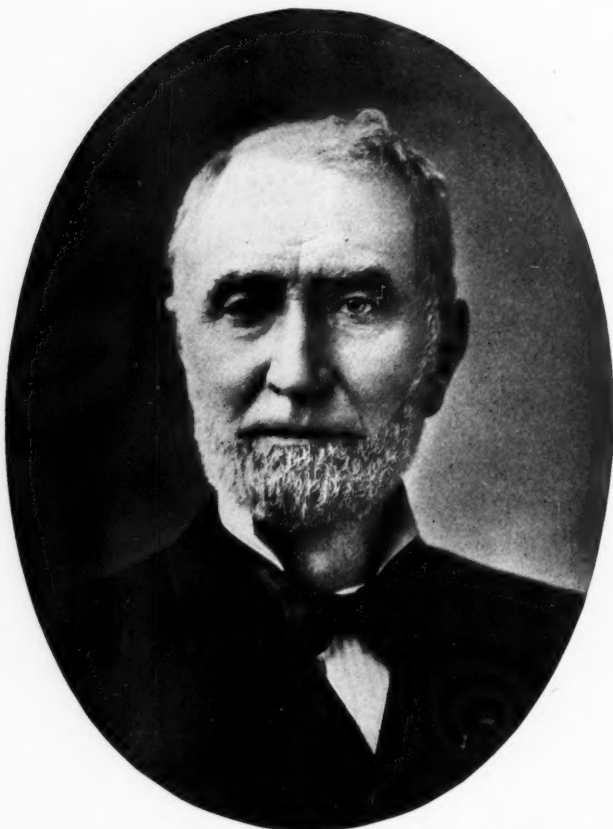
WILLIAM H. TAFT, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF WAR, THE INHERITOR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LEADERSHIP, AND AT PRESENT THE FOREMOST CANDIDATE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION IN 1908

From a stereograph—copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

better training. Their men are in fine condition, while too many of their opponents have been out of the playing since about 1896, and are under the sad handicap of poor form.

Yet the game will not be altogether one-sided. The Democrats have the

were not forced to lose Captain Roosevelt. He graduates before the next championship game, and unless there is a change of rules under which he may be permitted to play a post-graduate series, his institution will have to choose a new leader. He has given assurance



JOSEPH G. CANNON, THE VETERAN SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND A FAVORITE SON OF THE INFLUENTIAL STATE OF ILLINOIS

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

advantage of knowing who their captain and manager will be. They know that he, at any rate, is a veteran of the game, trained to the minute always and endowed with unparalleled staying quality.

ROOSEVELT, THE GRADUATE COACH

In the preliminary practise the interest centers largely in the squad at Republican training-quarters. There could scarcely be any question about the Republicans winning the game if they

that he doesn't intend to don the red, white, and blue jersey again; though he has, on the other hand, confessed a hearty willingness to coach his outfit into condition. For once, there seems to be no serious opposition to the graduate-coach plan.

Having served the purpose of explaining how it may be possible to fight a political campaign without any definite issue in sight, the gridiron simile may be abandoned without elucidation of its

other applications to this contest of 1908. The point on which public interest now centers is the question whom the Republicans will nominate.

President Roosevelt has been insisting, with characteristic frankness, that he wants to see his policies indorsed, and

may here be essayed with some profit. They seem to pair off in this fashion:

Secretary Taft and Governor Hughes, first favorites of the progressive element whose ideal is Mr. Roosevelt.

Speaker Cannon and Senator Foraker, of Ohio, prime favorites of the faction



JOSEPH B. FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, AND A
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION TO PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

some candidate nominated who will in good faith carry them forward to further fruition. He has indicated that he has in mind as the ideal inheritor of his leadership a large, blond, good-natured man who hails from Ohio, though a good part of his public life has been spent in our dependencies beyond the sea.

THE LEADING CANDIDATES

Perhaps a grouping of the men whose names appear on all the Presidential lists

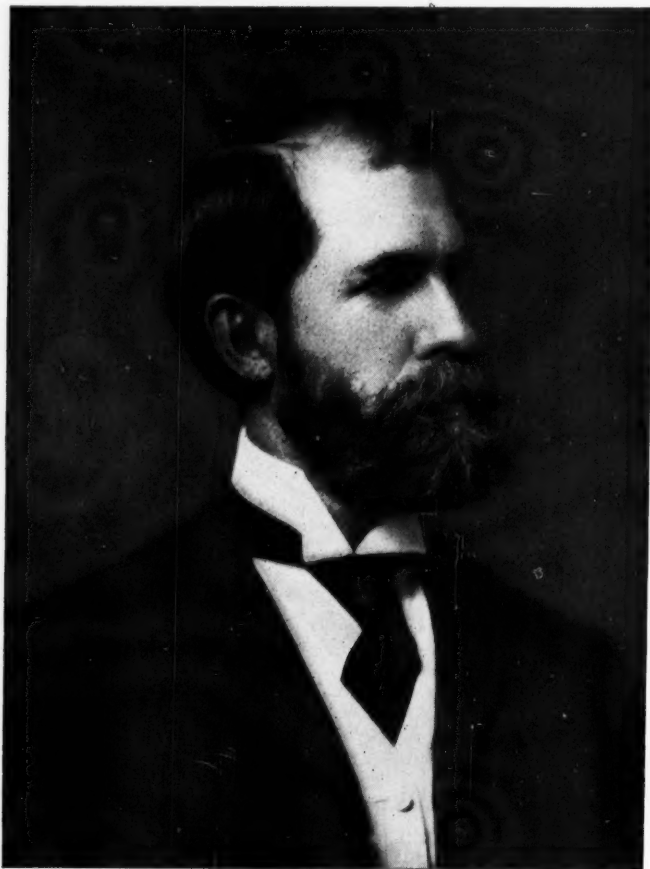
to which Roosevelt and his works are anathema.

Vice-President Fairbanks and Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, good, promising, compromise possibilities between the two extremes.

Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Governor Cummins, of Iowa, champions of the ultraprogressive group which would be willing to describe itself as "radical" rather than just calmly "progressive."

Secretary Taft, despite the opposition of the State organization in Ohio, is the leading candidate in the race as it stands to-day. He has been a faithful supporter of Mr. Roosevelt, and is declared by his opponents to shine chiefly by reflected light. He proved himself

duct an administration better than a campaign. Yet he is a good hand at meeting men and at managing them. There is nothing weak in his genial character, as sundry men might testify who have had sharp differences with him and have had a taste of his seasoning.



CHARLES E. HUGHES, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, WHO LOOKS LIKE
A DANGEROUS "DARK HORSE" IN THE RACE FOR THE
REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

From a photograph—copyright, 1907, by Pach, New York

an excellent administrator in the Philippines, in Cuba, and at the War Office. As proconsul he has represented his chief in every difficult situation that has presented itself, and always with credit to both.

Taft has never run for an elective office, has never had legislative experience, and has little taste for politics. He is of the statesmanly mind. He could con-

The Secretary of War might have been an easy winner but for a multiplicity of statesmen characteristic of Ohio. While Taft has been away from home, working for the Filipinos who can't vote for him, Senator Foraker has been at home, cultivating his fellow Buckeyes, looking after their pensions and their post-offices, talking to them, organizing them, making alliances, placing friends under

obligations. He has outlived Sherman, Hanna, and McKinley, and has come to be by seniority the head of the local scheme of things.

THE MILITANT OHIO SENATOR

Foraker disagreed with President Roosevelt; frankly, squarely, openly. Nobody charges that he was anything but manly and courageous about it. But he disagreed, and in doing so he took his political life in his hand. He opposed the railroad legislation; he won, by sheer boldness and ability, the leadership of anti-administration Republicanism. The idol of that rather uncertain interest, he was pressed into the Presidential contest. He was in the way of Taft, and would not yield. The challenge was issued and accepted. It was agreed that the twain should fight it out.

The Ohio contest is a picturesque and engaging one. Taft stands as the representative of the President and his policies. Foraker stands on his own long service and ability as a politician. Nowhere else is the line between the supporters and the opponents of Mr. Roosevelt so sharply drawn. Taft is the chosen representative of the President's program, Foraker is its arch-enemy.

If Secretary Taft carries Ohio, as he seems tolerably sure of doing, he will inevitably hold a foremost place before the national convention. Not so much can be said for Foraker. His nomination would still be no more than a remote possibility. Between the twain a promising compromise is offered by Fairbanks, of Indiana—the latter-day Tall Sycamore. He is not too much of a Roosevelt man to be satisfactory to the "antis," and he is not too much of an "anti" to have a chance for the support of the administration's friends. He is the only leading candidate to whom is conceded the vote of his home State without opposition. Taft, Foraker, Hughes, Cummins, La Follette—all have risen on the shoulders of factions in their respective districts.

THE TALL SYCAMORE OF INDIANA

Besides having a State behind him—and one of the classic group of doubtful States, at that—Fairbanks has been de-

voting himself with tremendous energy to visiting around the continent, overcoming a tradition that he is a distant, gloomy, frigid person. His record of speeches to date is the largest extant. He has declined to talk politics, but admits that he is in the hands of his friends. He recently expressed his opinion that "it looked like a contest between East and West," in which he opined that the West would win. This was taken to indicate a desire to cuddle up closer to the Great Middle West—it spells its name with capitals—and to discourage the notion that he is Western only by geography, but Eastern by sympathies. A man who hails from east of Pittsburgh has need to apologize for the fact, nowadays, if he would concern himself with our country's politics.

The Vice-President is rated as highly acceptable to "interests" which are widely supposed to have selfish purposes in politics. He was a railroad lawyer before he became a Senator; a good one, too. His supporters say that if he should take the United States as a client, he would serve it well. He is credited with a fine prospect of strength in the East, a chance for Illinois, and a following in the South.

CANNON, THE VETERAN FROM ILLINOIS

Next-door neighbor to the Vice-President, just across the State line in Illinois, and only a few miles away, is Uncle Joe Cannon, presiding officer of the House. Benevolent despot of the "popular branch," uncle to the whole country, seventy-one years young, worth some millions, arrayed in homespun, the picture of unaffected simplicity, and the essence of engaging guile—such is Joseph G. Cannon. To a certain extent he has been a partner in the Presidential policies, for it is he who has jammed through the House as much of them as has found its way into the statutes; yet he is accounted highly acceptable to interests that deem Mr. Roosevelt dangerously radical. He is the idol of all stand-patters, the prince of practical politicians, and the proprietor of a vocabulary which occasionally makes the proprieties blush, even as he himself blushes when it is suggested that seventy-three is none too great an age for a

President to take up the duties of his office.

Our national uncle has no illusions, about the availability of a man of his years. He takes his "boom" less seriously than his friends wish he might. Yet he is a factor that must have its due weight in any consideration of the possibilities. Far stranger things have happened than his nomination; far stranger things may happen at the next convention.

THE DARK HORSE FROM NEW YORK

Governor Hughes is leading the battle of progressivism in New York. So long as no issue is reached between him and the determined opposition that confronts him, his chances cannot be accurately appraised. If he wins—wins picturesquely, dramatically, effectively—he will be a political personage of the first caliber. The careers of Tilden, of Cleveland, and of Roosevelt in the executive chair at Albany point the way for Hughes to a Presidential nomination. He is leading, ably and courageously, just such a fight as each of them led and won, and as made each of them a Presidential nominee.

Hughes is the dangerous man in all calculations just now. He is attending strictly to his task of governing New York, and in it he finds ample occupation. If Presidential aspirations are in his mind, they are not for an instant diverting his attention from the business in hand. At the time when this is written, he is beset by the difficulties of one of the most complicated situations presented by Empire State politics in many years; and it seems extremely probable that sooner or later—this year or next year—he will win. With the freshly written record of victory as his credential, and the loyal support of the premier State's delegation, he might easily be the man of the hour.

THREE OUTSIDE POSSIBILITIES

Of all the Presidential possibilities, after the leaders in the race, Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, has been named by some wise judges of political situations to be the man in the best tactical position. He has no bitter opponents. He has the record of a popular piece

of public service—the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company. He is liked by the conservatives for his conservatism, and trusted by almost everybody for his loyalty to his duty and his convictions. He is altogether likely to enter the convention with his State's support—though this may be upset by local conditions incident to the administration's fight against Senator Penrose, the Pennsylvania boss. With Pennsylvania at his back, and with Hughes eliminated by a defeat in New York, Knox would stand first chance to get the votes of the great group of States north and east of Pennsylvania. With that support, the conservatives of the South and the West might bring him enough ballots to nominate. There is, indeed, a decided prospect that the Fairbanks prediction of East against West may be realized. If so, it is not at all impossible that Knox may play a leading part in the struggle.

La Follette and Cummins are the most conspicuous of that striking group of men who, as Governors of Western States leavened by the leaven of the new political thought, have made national reputations as organizers, leaders, and constructive statesmen. Senator La Follette has especially associated his name with advanced policies regarding railroads. Governor Cummins has also represented this idea, and has voiced the demand for an effective revision of the tariff along protective lines. Each has redeemed his State from a powerful machine of interests and office-holders. Each has led in the passage of reform legislation calculated to perpetuate the popular control for which they have been fighting.

La Follette has been promoted to the Senate, and there has been making a further record for efficiency. Governor Cummins is tolerably certain soon to join him in the upper chamber of the national legislature. Recently there has been quite a wide-spread demand from tariff-revision Republicans that Governor Cummins should be put upon the ticket in second place, as a hostage to the revision sentiment within the party—a guaranty that the platform pledges which are certain to be made will be carried out in full faith. As Presidential possibilities, however, both he and La Follette belong strictly to the "dark-horse" class.

THE WORLD AND THE WOMAN*

A STORY OF WASHINGTON TO-DAY

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF A GIRL"

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Mrs. MACROSS, widow of "Fighting Bob" Macross and daughter of Franklyn Lindsley, a statesman of the preceding generation, is living quietly at the home her father bequeathed her in an inland town. By teaching she supplements the slender pension paid her as Bob Macross's widow. But the dull life of the town irks her, particularly as she feels the lack of social opportunity for her daughter, Lindsley.

Unexpectedly Bob Macross, who was not killed by the Indians as reported, turns up—a maudlin prodigal. The hopelessness of her daughter's and her own future with such a husband and father gives Mrs. Macross courage to send him away—the finer quality in the man asserting itself by the sacrifice of his personality. He does not let his daughter know who he is, but talks to her as one of her father's old friends.

Mrs. Macross now determines to play a great game. She sells all her property and goes to Washington, prepared to reenter social life there and to give Lindsley every opportunity. She gets into touch with former friends—Mrs. Beauchamp and others—and begins her campaign by renting the house which her father formerly occupied.

One of Mrs. Macross's first moves is to seek the acquaintance of Senator Denby. He is unmarried. His interest in the accomplished woman and her attractive daughter quickly develops into friendship. Through him they are invited to the White House reception of diplomats, where they do much to establish their social standing. Then Mrs. Beauchamp gives a reception in their honor. Thus begins a round of gaieties.

Major Fordyce, an old friend of her husband's, calls on Mrs. Macross. He tells her that he is proprietor of a society paper, *Chats*, which has a rather unsavory repute, and that he pays well for authentic gossip. She determines to eke out her dwindling capital by writing paragraphs about her acquaintances. Then she worms out of Senator Denby the fact that the government does not intend to oppose the policy of the King of Iberia—who is at this time a central figure in international politics. Armed with this knowledge, she goes to New York with what money she can scrape together, to speculate in stocks which will be affected by the coming announcement of the government's decision. Lindsley, meantime, is left in charge of a friend, Mrs. Wilson, and the succession of receptions, dinners, and dances goes on.

XIV

AT three o'clock Wendell presented himself at Mrs. Macross's door.

The carriage was ready, and Mrs. Wilson did not keep him waiting.

Socially speaking, the afternoon was just beginning. At this street corner and that heretics were setting down ladies muffled in cloaks, delicate skirts carefully held off the pavement as they hurried to assist their hostesses of the day. Carriage-windows flashed glimpses of shimmering silks and furs, silks that would be swept over the pavement without a pang to

their wearers, silks that had never seen the inside of a hired vehicle. The streets had the effect of a stage as the actors hurry to their posts before the curtain rises.

As the carriage drew up before the legation door Mrs. Wilson caught sight of a woman, an early caller, mounting the steps of a house across the street. At the door the stranger drew out her handkerchief and protected her white glove with it as she rang the bell, hastily replacing it before the door opened. Mrs. Wilson sighed in sympathy. There had been a brief time in her girlhood when the soil-

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ing of a glove was a calamity. She had never drawn on a fresh pair since without thankfulness.

Wendell, presenting himself at the legation door, had scarcely time to tell his errand to the servant before the Baroness Barinsky, dashing out from the drawing-room, had pushed the man aside.

"Come in—come in," she cried, seizing his arm. "Miss Macross told us you were coming. We are all waiting to see you. Come in."

Wendell protested. Mrs. Wilson was waiting. He had come merely to fetch Miss Macross.

"Oh, bother your Mrs. Wilson!" said the baroness, dragging him in. "Let her wait. It is good for her."

Wendell went, shamefacedly, and a shout of laughter greeted him as he entered the drawing-room. Lindsley was sitting with downcast eyes, but sitting as were all the rest of the half-dozen luncheon guests at a card-table. Jessie Hurd, a cigarette between her fingers, was thumping on the board.

"I say it is right," she cried. "My father always plays it that way. Ask Mr. Wendell. He'll say I'm right."

Fifi Moulton banged her small fist down beside Jessie's larger one.

"I say you're wrong," she shouted. "You're wrong and Lindsley's right. I'll bet you anything she knows. She's from the West."

"I am not," protested Lindsley. "I've never been west of the Mississippi in my life. Let Mr. Wendell judge—"

"Judge!" cried the baroness. "Here, judge."

She pushed Wendell into a chair.

"I don't know what on earth you want me to judge," he said, bewildered.

"Why," said Fifi, "Jessie had the joker, and she said"—laughter choked her for a moment—"she said you could call it anything you liked."

"You can, too," said Jessie.

"Lindsley says you can't!" Fifi protested.

Wendell made himself heard above the din.

"The joker takes anything in euchre," he announced.

"But this isn't euchre," Fifi cried. "It's poker. Do you play poker with a joker?"

"Do you play poker with a joker?" the countess chanted.

"I never did," said Wendell. "I've heard of its being done, but I never saw it in a straight game."

"Then Lindsley was right," said Fifi.

"No, I was right," cried Jessie.

"We are all right," said the baroness.

"We are all right, so I take the stakes." Protest broke out at this.

"Oh, come on, let's go," Lindsley said, rising. "They've been arguing it for half an hour. Now you've muddled them so they never will quit."

"Oh, must you go?" asked the baroness, assuming instantly her most decorous manner. "We were having such a lovely time! It was so good of you to come!"

She gave her hand graciously to Wendell.

"We will play bridge now," Wendell heard her say as she turned back to her guests. "That's something we know."

Lindsley looked sidewise at Wendell as the door opened before them. There was a hint of appeal in her glance.

"Weren't they noisy?" she said. "You see, I don't know bridge, so they played poker to please me. I don't know it very well, but of course we played at school with beans. It was a lovely luncheon. The baroness is such fun."

"I'm sorry we kept you waiting," she went on, speaking to Mrs. Wilson. "We were—we were playing poker for real money. I lost forty-nine cents, but maybe I'd have won if Jessie hadn't called the joker an ace."

Mrs. Wilson permitted herself a Pineapolis expression.

"For goodness' sake!" she said. "What will your mother say?"

"The shock will kill her. Mr. Wendell is suffering from it now. Mother doesn't care to have me play bridge. That's serious. Jessie Hurd lost fifty dollars to the baroness last Sunday, Fifi says."

"Was Miss Moulton there?" Wendell asked. The word Sunday had jarred on him. Lindsley looked honestly surprised.

"Of course she wasn't," she said. "Is it customary in your part of the country for young girls to play cards on Sunday?"

"I didn't know—" Wendell murmured apologetically.

Lindsley eyed him severely.

"Oh, I like people from out home!" she went on. "Let's go to Secretary Brown's first. She's more Western than the setting sun."

The figure was ill fitting. The setting sun is undoubtedly Western, but experience has given it poise and authority. Mrs. Brown possessed neither.

In her over-upholstered drawing-room Mrs. Brown was obviously ill at ease. The folds of her crimson-velvet gown distressed her. She could have entertained the sewing-circle or the minister out home with simple friendliness and perfect ease. In quite another sense of the word she entertained Washington, and entertained it hugely. Lindsley's heart went out to her, seeing her standing, uncomfortably, at the head of her receiving-party. They were marshaled as stiffly as soldiers on parade.

"We were just talking about Western people," Lindsley said, "so we came to your house first of all. Mrs. Wilson's from Wisconsin, and Mr. Wendell's from Montana, and I'm Western, too."

"I'm pleased to meet Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Wendell," said Mrs. Brown, shaking hands. "Mrs. Wilson, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Senator Dodge."

Mrs. Wilson and Wendell passed on, shaking hands with Mrs. Dodge and the rest of the dress-parade, but Lindsley stayed where she was.

"Is Mr. Secretary at home?" she asked.

Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"He's down at his office," she said. Her husband was her one topic of conversation, and she poured into Lindsley's sympathetic ear her worries concerning him. Mrs. Senator Dodge had given her no such an opening, and Mrs. Senator Dodge had oppressed her from luncheon-time on.

"I think he's the splendidest man in the Cabinet," said Lindsley, meaning what she said, for the moment. "I wish I could stay all afternoon. You're going to have a great crowd, I know. Everybody likes to come here."

Mrs. Brown beamed.

"I hope you'll come again," she said. "I wish you'd come to dinner, you and that nice young man—just to one of

our family dinners, some time. Just drop in."

"What we call taking pot-luck out home."

Mrs. Brown laughed at the familiar phrase.

"I declare! I ain't heard that since I come to Washington. I must tell it to father."

"Here comes Mrs. Warburton," Lindsley whispered. "Oh, Mrs. Brown, do please freeze her! They say you're the only woman in Washington she's afraid of."

A do-or-die look flashed into Mrs. Brown's face. She greeted Mrs. Warburton with dignity and self-possession. Lindsley, at the door, chuckled as Mrs. Warburton passed on after the briefest salutations. Mrs. Brown had turned her attention to the next comer.

"Poor lady!" the girl said to Wendell. "I'd like to slap all the people who make fun of her. She's just as good as gold."

"It's a pity she doesn't get somebody to teach her things," said Mrs. Wilson.

"She hasn't found out yet that she doesn't know," said Lindsley. "She's just uncomfortable without knowing why. She did her own work and brought up seven children. She told me so herself. Money came to her too late."

The speech surprised Wendell. He had delighted in Lindsley's chatter, but he had not guessed that she saw more than the surface anywhere.

"Some people never do find out that they don't know," she continued. "There's Mrs. Easterfield—why, she had a white velvet table-cloth at her last dinner. Even prayer wouldn't do any good in a case like that."

"I wish you'd tell me some of the things I don't know," Wendell suggested.

Mrs. Wilson and Lindsley exchanged smiling glances.

"It's his Montana pose," said Lindsley. "He wants us to think he's a cowboy just off the range. A man who buys his clothes in London knows everything he needs to know, Mr. Wendell. And, thank goodness, you do look English. Mrs. Walter feels so pained when anything American is forced on her attention, and we're going there next."

Secretary Walter's house was one of the beauties of the capital. On all of its

four sides a strip of green sward separated it from its neighbors. One felt that as a house conscious of its perfection, it would have suffered acutely at contact with walls less faultless of design.

The Walters owed nothing to their official position. Mrs. Walter was Mrs. Walter first and the wife of a Cabinet officer second. Her drawing-room had none of the Brown air of being decorated for the occasion. The chairs stood in their accustomed places, proudly aloof from the passing crowd. Only to invited guests could they offer hospitality. Callers on Cabinet day were merely the unpleasant incidents of official position.

Mrs. Walter, stately and exquisitely gowned, was receiving with several women whose names she did not consider it necessary to mention. Duty and a tinge of boredom were in her irreproachable manner. It was her duty to receive the public on Wednesday, and she never shirked. She was credited with the belief that these things were managed better in Europe, but no faintest criticism of Washington customs had ever been traced to her. Absolutely correct she was, as a Secretary's wife, but the public was not at ease in her presence.

Lindsley's manner was faintly languid. She spoke only the words of formal salutation. Genuine kindness beamed from the eyes of the Secretary's wife. This Wendell and Mrs. Wilson disputed when Lindsley spoke of it a little later.

"She was bored," Wendell insisted.

"Of course she was," said Lindsley. "She hates receiving anybody and everybody; but she's kind, for all that. She can't help disliking people who aren't in her set. It's her nature. I'm sorrier for her than I am for Mrs. Brown. She feels exactly as we should if a lot of stray cats came in and we had to be polite to them."

"I think she's a snob," said Mrs. Wilson.

"She is," Lindsley admitted, "either that or naturally an aristocrat; and whatever she is, she was born that way and can't help it."

"Oh, but we can help things," said Mrs. Wilson in the Pineapolis manner.

"Can I help having eyes like my father? Yes, and traits like my father?"

Mrs. Wilson felt suddenly a little dizzy.

"You are more like your mother than your father," said Wendell carelessly.

Mrs. Wilson's heart gave a leap. She looked at Wendell quickly, remembering his words about the old man who had called himself Colonel Macross. She read dismay in his eyes, and a lurking something which vexed her. Was it necessary to have warned her? Could no man ever learn that a woman's discretion was sometimes to be trusted?

"Everybody says so," Lindsley said lightly, "but then—if father were here—you see, there's only mother to compare me with now."

"I know," said Wendell. "People always said I was so much like my father, but they'd never seen my mother. She died when I was born."

Mrs. Wilson forgot her pique. She laid a hand on his arm impulsively.

"You poor motherless boy!" she said, blushing instantly at her boldness.

Wendell could not recall a pleasanter day. He had not a care in the world, and the fête-day feeling of Washington on a winter afternoon communicated itself to him.

His experience had been limited. He had had a glimpse of London and Paris, but he knew American cities of the East and West. None of them was in any way like Washington. Gaiety was in the air. A laden cart would have been an anomaly on these wide asphalt stretches. They were made for carriage-wheels. This was a city of leisure, not a mart of trade, and it was cosmopolitan, heterogeneous.

Here, in the fashionable avenue, a wooden house, half gone to destruction, leaned against the red brick wall of a smart dwelling. There, in the circle, General Scott on horseback glared stonily at a Brobdignagian Webster in bronze. Down the vista of an intersecting street he saw General Thomas, neutralizing the discourtesy of turning his back on Luther by baring his head. There was no uniformity of architecture, but every house had its brief approach of lawn, still somberly green under the assaults of the frost.

Mrs. Wilson seemed to him much younger than he had guessed at their first

meeting, and Lindsley more mature. Lindsley, he thought, was a girl a man might blow his brains out for, and Mrs. Wilson was the woman to whom the man would assuredly go to have the shattered head bound up. The absurdity of the fancy made him laugh.

He could not have told how many houses were on the Cabinet list. They were all much alike to him, and he did not perceive shades of differing social qualifications. In one house the manservant announced him as Mr. Kendell, in another as Mr. Hendell. Except for that, there was no difference. Each hostess stood smiling, and each house he found vaguely elegant. He felt a little out of place, nevertheless, for it seemed to him that he was the only American man making Cabinet calls. He had met many attachés, and neither understood nor liked them. It was woman's work, this calling, but new and delightful to him, for all that.

At the last house on their list, Mrs. Burtis's, they came upon Beauchamp, with other acquaintances, in the picture-gallery, and stayed for half an hour. Wendell knew little of pictures, but he overheard with pleasure the intelligent comments of a handsome octoroon, who was attended by the son of the house. There was an evident desire in the faces of the other women to treat her presence there as a matter of course. She was the wife of an envoy, admirably educated and gracious of manner, but she alone of all the company seemed at ease.

Wendell spoke of her to Beauchamp afterward. Lindsley had suddenly remembered a dinner-dance at which she was expected, and had whisked Mrs. Wilson away, leaving Wendell to walk back to his hotel with Beauchamp.

"She really has negro blood, hasn't she?" he asked.

Beauchamp nodded.

"In London or Paris she'd never be questioned," he said. "She'd be a social success. Here she's only officially tolerated. We're extremely provincial, Bob."

"Oh, but, you know, we can't get over it. She's colored."

Beauchamp laughed.

"We must preserve the integrity of the race," he said. "Nature herself has fixed a gulf between black and white.

We must protect our kind. We're a beastly set of hypocrites, Bob, and we've got to pay for our father's sins."

Wendell had never heard him speak earnestly. Beauchamp caught his surprise.

"You didn't expect it from me, did you? I'm—I'm the man whose mother always did dress him well. I'm a Washingtonian, a dancing-man, one of the leisure class."

"Oh, shut up," said Wendell. "Let's go take a drink. If you hate it, why don't you come out West, where—"

Beauchamp slashed savagely with his stick at a bit of paper that lay on the pavement.

"Did you ever hear my mother talk about me?" he asked. "She's so glad I have some sort of a fad so I won't be under foot all the time. My father was on Lee's staff."

"Why didn't you go into the army?" Wendell asked. Beauchamp's unaccustomed bitterness made him uneasy. "Why don't you go West and get into politics?"

"I beg your pardon for talking like an ass. I'm going to tell you the truth, Bob. You like me, but you—well, you think I'm the man 'whose mother always did dress him well.' I'm going to squeal to you like a baby. I know she didn't mean to cut, but she said it was so lovely to find men who hadn't anything to do but have a good time. And I think she expects more of a man than that. Every woman does."

"Miss Macross?" asked Wendell, suddenly enlightened.

"She expects a man to be—well, to be worth while. My father was, and hers was."

"Hers is a—" Wendell began and stopped. "Macross would have been hanged in the natural course of events if he hadn't had the war to break out in."

"Lots of them would, but they did break out, and they amounted to something."

"If it will do you any good," Wendell said abruptly, "I'll tell you what Mrs. Wilson said about you. She heard it over in Virginia. Your father made you promise that you'd never leave your mother alone. Once you wanted to go to Annapolis, but she couldn't spare you.

Mrs. Wilson said she could see it in your face."

"Good Lord!" said Beauchamp. "And I suppose she chased off to congratulate mother on having such a dutiful son."

Wendell was offended.

"Mrs. Wilson isn't the sort of woman to do that. She told me after that beastly thing came out in *Chats*. If you care to know it, she's a woman who can keep anything to herself that she chooses to keep."

"So can any woman," said Beauchamp, returning to his usual manner. "I never met one who couldn't keep a secret or who did. Where are you going after dinner?"

Wendell looked a little embarrassed.

"A friend of mine and I have a supper engagement after the theater."

"McGrath?"

Wendell nodded.

"Some very pretty girls in that company," said Beauchamp. "McGrath has taste. What are their names?"

"Miss Vera Carlisle and Miss Gladys Vivienne," said Wendell. "McGrath had them up to the Capitol yesterday. That's where I met them."

Beauchamp grinned.

"And you've been with Miss Macross and Mrs. Wilson all afternoon. Well, old man, don't let them pull your leg too hard."

He said good-by and turned toward home.

XV

WENDELL went to his hotel a little ill at ease. There had been no half lights in his life. He had divided women into two kinds, and only one kind did a man take about with him—a man like McGrath. He had thought Miss Carlisle and Miss Vivienne extremely reserved in the dim Capitol corridor where they had met. Why not sup with them? He had no other engagement for the evening. Miss Macross was going to a dinner-dance and Mrs. Wilson was dining out.

Life in Washington, Wendell said to himself, had made Beauchamp narrow, and Beauchamp was out of temper, anyway. Certainly, Miss Carlisle and Miss Vivienne were less boisterous in manner than the Baroness Barinsky. It was like

Beauchamp, for all his good qualities, to sneer a little at young women who worked for a living. Beauchamp was an aristocrat. For the moment he was near disliking Beauchamp.

The two boxes to the left of the stage were empty when McGrath and Wendell entered the theater midway of the first act of the comic opera. The tenor was singing a love-song, when the sound of mingled laughter caught Wendell's ear. The empty boxes were filling with a party in evening dress. He recognized Mrs. Winton, Fifi Moulton, and Garda Briggs in the proscenium-box, against a background of men in somber black.

In the other box the Baroness Barinsky was throwing off her white cloak and disputing audibly as to who should take this seat and that. Da Pinna was laughing with her, and presently Lindsley slid into the seat nearest the stage. Wendell saw her from time to time smiling at the piece. Once he caught her laughter. When the soubrette sang to a man in one of the boxes Wendell was glad it was on the side farthest from Lindsley's party. Several times he tried to catch her eye that he might bow, but at each falling of the curtain she turned to talk with her companions. She was in white, with a coronet of tiny white rosebuds in her hair.

There was no mistaking the fact that Miss Vivienne was reserved in the extreme. "I never go out to supper after the show unless it's with a gentleman I know very well," she said as Wendell handed her into the cab. "I'm awful particular that way, but of course you're a friend of Captain McGrath's. A girl has to be terrible particular in the show business."

Her voice had a slight drawl, and she gave the "r" of "girl" a sound strange to Wendell. He thought her extremely stylish, though the ermine about her throat seemed to him not quite white.

"I'm tired to death," she complained. "We had to rehearse all morning, because we've got an amateur to take the place of the girl that stands next me. Her friend wrote to her to come back to New York. He's awful generous to her."

"Don't you find it hard work?" Wendell ventured to say.

"Hard work!" said Miss Vivienne.

"Don't talk! And that stage-manager ready to fine a girl if she so much as looks at a friend in front! He's got a wife in the company, and she's a regular cat. Tell me, did my make-up look all right?"

"I thought you looked very pretty," Wendell replied.

She gave his hand a squeeze.

"I told Miss Baldwin she was knocking. She said I looked a sight, but I said I knew I was all right from the front, and I had a friend out there who I was going to ask. She's a cat. Everybody tells her she ought to wear skirts, but she says she's had friends out in front who said her legs were simply grand."

Wendell was relieved when the cab drew up in front of Gaspard's. He had never visited the restaurant before, but McGrath had assured him that there alone could one find French cookery at its best. It was a low, two-story building, one in a row of similar houses in one of the older streets of the town, and nothing distinguished it from its neighbors. They entered a stuffy, narrow hall, and were shown into a room which had been the parlor of the house in an earlier day.

"What'll you have?" McGrath demanded.

"Now, Jim, you know I never drink," protested Miss Vivienne. "I always let the booze go by me."

"Oh, quit that," said McGrath. "We want something for a starter. Four Martinis," he said to the waiter.

"Make mine a Manhattan," corrected Miss Vivienne. "I'll take just one. I'm tired."

Wendell's back was toward the door. His limited view of the place showed him no familiar face. The air was heavy with smoke. He remembered Beauchamp's smile.

Miss Vivienne leaned her elbows on the table and began to talk. There was no trace of rouge or powder on her face; it had the look of a Madonna beneath her parted soft brown hair. Her eyes were dewy and childlike.

"I don't know when I've let a gentleman take me out before," she said. "Of course, I wouldn't have gone now if there hadn't been another lady and gentleman in the party. Ain't that Miss

Baldwin over there with that red-headed dub? And her pretending she never lets gentlemen buy for her!"

Wendell turned his head. In the far corner, quite alone and bent over his glass, he saw an old man, white-haired, indefinably seedy, with a lingeringly military look. The waiter came to bring the man another drink. He smiled with a dazzle of white and prominent teeth.

"What an awfully quaint place! What fun!" he heard a laughing voice behind him. The accent was only faintly foreign, but Wendell sprang from his chair. The old man in the corner started suddenly, dropping his glass. In an instant he had crossed the room, his arms outspread, fairly forcing the party out into the hall. His voice, in a roar of anger, came back, mingled with expostulations in broken English.

"Excuse me," said Wendell.

"Oh, don't let them fight!" cried Miss Vivienne, covering her dainty ears.

Wendell caught the old man's arm and saved Da Pinna a blow.

"But American young ladies go everywhere," Da Pinna was expostulating.

"It was a lark," cried the frightened baroness.

The old man wrenched his arm loose and pointed at Da Pinna.

"That infernal hound brought her here—here—" he pointed to Lindsley. "I'll kill him!"

Wendell caught him as he lunged forward.

"Get away, quick!" he said to Da Pinna.

Da Pinna moved toward the door.

"You, too," Wendell said to Lindsley. She stood where she was.

"Go!" he said. "Good God, you don't want anybody to see you, do you?"

Her face was absolutely white.

"You've seen me," she said. "Colonel Richards has seen me. They didn't tell me where we were coming. I thought the others were coming. I"—she began to sob—"I won't go with them."

"But American young ladies can go anywhere," Da Pinna persisted at the door. He was plainly more puzzled than frightened. "Mr. Wendell, I assure you I meant—"

Wendell released the old man and strode toward him.

"Go before I kick you out, you—you beast!" he said.

The guests crowded into the hall. The proprietor came running, shrieking in Gascon French. Wendell caught Lindsley's arm and turned her toward the door.

"I want to thank Colonel Richards," she sobbed. "I—"

The old man towered behind them.

"Go back," Wendell said. "Go back. I'll take her home."

The old man was shaking as with a palsy. Lindsley was sobbing so now that speech was impossible. Wendell flung the door open. The old man staggered toward it, but before he could touch Lindsley, Wendell thrust himself between and the door closed behind them.

They walked half a block and Wendell found a cab. Lindsley clung to him.

"Take me home! Take me home!" she moaned, like a terrified child.

XVI

It was late when Colonel Macross awoke.

He lay for a while looking vaguely at the cracks in the discolored ceiling above him. The room was small and dingy, a narrow room, scantily furnished. It had been a servant's bedroom, perhaps, in the earlier days of the old house. Dirty lace curtains hung at the window. The bed on which he lay might by day be turned up into the fair semblance of a curtained bookcase. A screen, covered with gay but soiled muslin, concealed the washstand. After the slatternly chambermaid had made her round the room would not be patently a bedroom; it would be a bed-sitting-room, as were all the other rooms in the house. The elderly Pension-Office widow who had occupied it before him received her friends there. A boarding-house parlor outraged her sense of gentility.

The cheap oak bed creaked as the colonel raised himself. His brain was not yet quite clear, but he remembered Gaspar's and he remembered the purpose which had formed in his mind there.

He dressed with trembling hands. From the lower floor he heard the chambermaid singing. Except for that the house was still. His fellow boarders, the colorless, elderly automata of govern-

ment service, had gone to their treadmills long ago. The Southern widow with the war claim had already trudged off to call on the wife of a Congressman's secretary and ask her influence. The ex-consul on the floor above, who had been seeking re-appointment for months, had gone to the Capitol to haunt the corridors.

For the time this forlorn by-water was clear of its flotsam and jetsam. The stale smell of many breakfasts came up the stairs. The house was full of it. The walls exhaled it.

Colonel Macross came down the steps with the air of one having an important engagement—it was the air common to the dwellers in that house. Except for the clerks, whose hopes were bounded by the limit of salary increase—elderly, spineless men; elderly, deprecating women—people set off briskly from that house. They needed nothing but a little more influence to realize their dreams, and there was always the promise of that. Congressman Such-a-one had almost promised to give the claim his early attention. Senator Such-a-one had spoken almost definitely of mentioning the matter to the President. No one could be quite without hope, for influence accomplishes everything in Washington.

Colonel Macross's step was firm, not because he followed the false fire of hope. He walked as one with a duty to perform. He had left his daughter with Marian, sheltered safely in the home nest. Manfully, unselfishly he had turned from them and gone his way.

A vivid picture of the old home sprang up before him. There he had hoped to end his days in peace, in happiness. And Marian had failed him. She had not guarded their daughter from the dangers of the world. He was grieved, but even in his grief he was magnanimous. He had left Lindsley to Marian, shirking his duty—because Marian had begged it. He had never been able to withstand a woman's pleading. He sighed, and held his head at a more jaunty angle.

The great pearl-gray mass of the Capitol blocked the end of the street. Against the deeper gray of the cloudy day it looked like a thing of fairyland, vague, silvery. It seemed less to be lighted by the dimmed sun than to give out from itself a soft glow.

The colonel stopped at the entrance to the plaza and looked up at the long façade. A burst of sunlight pierced the clouds and bathed the pillars in a sudden golden glow. The old man bared his head. He had stood on such another cloudy morning before the Capitol, the plaza black with listening thousands, and on such another day the sun had burst through the clouds to touch the tall, gaunt figure, to transfigure the face of the man taking the oath of office. And there had been cheering, and waving colors, and when the long procession passed down the hill Bob Macross had marched—marched where the cheering was loudest.

"Drunk," he heard a passing man say to his companion.

The colonel's head sank. Aye, this was the way they spoke of an old soldier now. This was the taunt they flung at the man their fathers had cheered. This was his reward. Alone, poor, forsaken.

The coachman of a passing carriage yelled at him. Colonel Macross turned and shook his fist. The world had reviled him. In such a carriage as that, the wife who should have stood with him was riding now. What did she care what came to him, if she had her luxuries, her carriage, her lackeys? She had been proud once to be chosen of Bob Macross, the hero. Now, she sneered as she passed. She had taught his daughter to forget him.

Rage shook him. Why should she have everything and he nothing? What had she been but the daughter of a politician till he married her? He was a Macross. He looked down at his shabby clothes, his broken boots. She had begrudged him any share in her luxury, and for her he had left his comfortable home in Mexico, his friends, his life of ease—torn himself away to comfort a woman who had never given him anything but a false pretense.

In his days of greatness she had been proud of him. In his poverty, his loneliness, his old age, she passed him coldly by. No more. He knew his rights. He meant to claim them.

The noise of the avenue hummed round him as he walked. He had only to cry out, "I am Bob Macross," and a hundred hands would be outstretched to bid

him welcome, a hundred heads bared to do him honor. There was Rawlins's statue. Had he not been a greater than Rawlins? There was—he walked on, raging. More from instinct than through any definite plan, he came to the house where Franklyn Lindsley had lived. His hands were clenched as he waited for an answer to his ring. It seemed a long time to him, and he trembled. He had eaten nothing that day. The door was a blur.

"Mrs. Macross is in New York, sir," he heard the maid say.

The door closed. For a moment he thought of breaking it down. Then the tone of finality in the maid's voice pierced his clouded brain. Marian had escaped him this time, but he could wait. He flung down the steps, and out the gate, strong in his rage once more. Outside the gate he came face to face with Wendell and Beauchamp. They stepped aside to let him pass, but he clutched Beauchamp's arm.

"Look at that house!" he screamed. "Do you know who lives there? My wife. The woman who promised—she sent me away—I am Robert Macross!"

Wendell put out an arm to check him. Macross flung it off.

"I am Macross!" he cried again, and his rage burst from him in a torrent of words, incoherent, hideous, mad. Beauchamp and Wendell stood silent.

"Good God!" said Beauchamp after a pause. "Is this true?"

Wendell's eyes answered.

"They don't know in there," he said.

The old man's ravings ceased suddenly. He seemed on the point of collapsing, but again he flung off their hands. He was muttering to himself now, as he turned and walked steadily down the street. Following, they saw him enter a lunch-room.

The colonel's hands were steadier after the cups of strong coffee. He came out, head erect, but walking blindly. The need for rest was strong with him. He walked toward the south, on and on, and seated himself on a bench. A party of young girls and men came chattering by. He caught a resemblance to his daughter in one of them, and followed aimlessly.

His brain was clearer now, and he recognized the Medical Museum. The

warmth of the building was grateful to him, and he forgot the young people he had followed. The Medical Museum had an association he could not quite recall. Here were gruesome relics, ghastly in alcohol. He read the label on a jar here and there.

"1692. A preparation of the thumb of the right hand, amputated through the metacarpal bone for gangrene, probably due to the obliteration of the interosseous artery."

"6862. Finger. Lacerated by a circular saw."

He heard the young people laughing at the sick horror in the face of one young man.

"Oh, come on," one of the young girls cried. "These are only scraps of people. Let's go look at the lovely cancers. Here's a perfectly fascinating hand mashed by a hay-press."

The colonel moved out of ear-shot and went up the stairs to the gallery. The place was growing more familiar. What did it recall? At last he found it. There was the surgeon's name on the jar, "C. W. Acton, Surg. U. S. A."

"Part of little finger torn off by a horse pulling violently at a halter wrapped around the hand. From a soldier."

The dim walls faded. He saw again the sun blazing down on a peach-orchard in bloom. He had noticed a fallen branch, red-stained, lying across his lieutenant under the tree. He had ridden forward when he saw Rankin fall. He heard the scream of his horse as a bullet flicked its flank, felt the terrible wrench on his bridle-hand. But he had carried Rankin back. He remembered how far the ride had seemed with his back to the gray firing-line.

"Torn off by a horse pulling violently."

And it was his finger—a part of him, a part of his glory, his courage, his honor, ghastly gray-white in that jar of alcohol. A part of the Bob Macross who had ridden where the fight was hottest and afterward where the cheering was loudest—the Bob Macross whose name rang like a bugle-call. He lifted his maimed hand and looked at it curiously. It seemed less his than the severed finger. That was Colonel Macross. This was the

hand of a coward, a threatener of women, a drunkard.

Something long dead in him woke to life. That was what he had been. This was what he was. He recalled his portrait in Marian's drawing-room, clear-eyed, proud, fearless. He heard the long-silenced cheering. The men had gone mad when he rode back with Rankin. He was looking at his own monument of spotless, purest marble, and the corruption in him could not face it. So had he shamed that finger!

Grotesquely the fancy crept into his brain—the finger accused him. It had been sacrificed for his glory, sacrificed to his honor, and how had he repaid? He bowed his head, and his shoulders shook. That was the finger of Bob Macross, and how had he deserved the honor of it? The world had not been unfair. It had expected of him only the standard of that morning in the peach-orchard, and how far short had his fulfillment fallen? A coward, a broken old man, creeping back to torture the woman who had endured so much. He remembered Lindsley's glow when she spoke of her father—the father of the sacrificed finger, not the—he could not think of Lindsley.

He looked at the finger now without seeing it. He was standing at the bar of judgment, and the Macross of the peach-orchard, the Macross who had left an unsullied honor, an untarnished name in his keeping, was his accuser. He had no defense. Guilty on every count—long guilty.

He bared his head. His bent shoulders straightened.

"So help me God!" he said.

XVII

BEAUCHAMP and Wendell watched Macross till he had crossed Pennsylvania Avenue and disappeared to the south. An instinct of defense made them retrace their steps to Mrs. Macross's door. It was merely an instinct. They had no definite plan, and the suddenness of the blow had left Beauchamp bewildered.

"How long have you known this, Bob?" he asked.

Wendell told the story of his meeting with Colonel Macross on the train in Montana.

"He told such a cock-and-bull story,"

he said, "I don't believe I really took any stock in it at the time. I was thinking of other things, anyway. Everybody in the West knows the story of Macross's last fight. The Apaches got the whole command. There was a body brought in and buried as Macross. Nobody for a moment doubted that it was he. That's nearly twenty years ago. He told us he'd been in Mexico."

"Us?" said Beauchamp.

"Mrs. Wilson. It was on that train that I met her."

"But she's known he was Macross?"

"I suppose so," said Wendell. "I told her the man must have been insane, but—his daughter's like him."

"Good Lord!" said Beauchamp under his breath. "She is like that—that drunken beast. We've got to keep her from knowing. It would kill her. She idolizes the memory of her father. Why in the name of common sense couldn't he keep away?"

Wendell shook his head hopelessly.

"He's her father."

Beauchamp shuddered.

Mrs. Wilson met them in the drawing-room. Her face was placidly expressionless, but color burned in her cheeks.

"I am so sorry Miss Macross isn't well enough to see anybody to-day," she began in her usual voice. "She has a headache. I'm afraid she's been overdoing."

Wendell came to the point at once.

"We were at the gate when Colonel Macross went away a little while ago," he said. "Did he see his daughter?"

Mrs. Wilson rose to her feet and began to walk about nervously.

"No," she said. "He didn't give any name. He went away as soon as the maid told him Mrs. Macross was in New York. I—I saw him. I rather expected—"

She broke off suddenly, meeting Wendell's eyes. He recalled for the first time Lindsley's words at Gaspard's. She had recognized the old man—called him Colonel Richards. Mrs. Wilson's blind loyalty enforced silence before Beauchamp.

"I've always expected he would come some day," she finished. "And I think—the shock would kill Mrs. Macross."

"How will you explain to her?" asked Beauchamp.

"She wrote to-day that she would be detained a day or two longer."

She paced the floor a moment in silence. Then she laughed.

"You men," she said hysterically—"you men—you can't think what to do. I'm going to take Lindsley out to Fairfax County to Cousin Louisa's. I'll send word this afternoon. We've got to get her away, haven't we?"

"How will you explain to her?" asked Wendell.

Mrs. Wilson sat down. Her hands were trembling, but her laughter had ceased.

"I sha'n't explain. It will be just a week-end party. I'll ask Miss Moulton. You have an automobile, haven't you? She's tired. She'll be glad to go for a day or two."

She sketched her plan hurriedly. For the moment it seemed the only possible one. At least Lindsley might be kept in ignorance till her mother's return.

"Will you carry a note to Miss Moulton?" she asked of Beauchamp. "We can't spare any time, you know. Mr. Wendell will wait here."

When Beauchamp had gone she turned to Wendell.

"I want to thank you for bringing Lindsley home last night," she said. "She told me all about it."

Wendell's face flushed.

"I have to settle with Da Pinna yet," he said.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"I've been thinking of that. Don't you see you can't? Lindsley says he kept saying that American young ladies go everywhere. It was the baroness's suggestion, she thinks. Don't you see you can't—you can't do anything? I don't think Mr. Da Pinna will talk about it. Lindsley asked me to beg you to do nothing. Does—does Mr. Beauchamp know about it?"

"Certainly not," said Wendell, offended. "Why should I tell him?"

"He knew you were there, though." Mrs. Wilson's eyes blazed. "You and Captain McGrath and your two—two sweet little friends. Lindsley saw them. And Captain McGrath—"

"I saw him this morning. He didn't see anybody with Da Pinna but the baroness."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilson. "You

ought to be ashamed of yourself, Bob Wendell. Lindsley said you were with some ladies. I didn't tell her what sort they must have been."

Her anger bewildered him, but she stopped her reproaches as suddenly as she had begun.

"I will go tell Lindsley now," she said.

"Wait a minute," said Wendell. "Did Miss Macross tell you that her father was there?"

Mrs. Wilson hesitated.

"She called him Colonel Richards."

"Then she's seen him before. He did go home."

"I don't know—I don't know!" she protested. "She merely called him an old gentleman who used to know her father. We didn't talk of him."

She came suddenly nearer him.

"If you understand, you needn't speak, need you? She doesn't know who he is. It can stop there with you and Mr. Beauchamp, too, can't it? It isn't our affair, is it?"

She seemed about to add to her appeal, but, turning abruptly, she left the room.

For the twentieth time she reassured Lindsley.

"I have talked it all over with Mr. Wendell," she said. "There's nothing for you to worry about. Mr. Da Pinna merely made a mistake. Nobody is ever to speak of it again."

"I must tell mother," Lindsley said. "I couldn't bear not to have her know. And there was Colonel Richards—"

Mrs. Wilson walked to the window.

"I have just had a note from Colonel Richards," she said sturdily. "He understood the whole matter. He asks particularly that you will not disturb your mother with it. You see, you couldn't tell her without letting her know that he was in a—not quite a nice place. It would hurt her to know that, wouldn't it?"

"I don't think it would surprise her at all," said Lindsley. "He didn't seem to be a very nice old man. I think he drinks. But if he doesn't want me to tell her, I won't. I must tell her the rest, though. I've kept several little things from her lately, and I'm going to tell them all. I ought to tell Mr. Beauchamp, too."

"What has Mr. Beauchamp to do with it, I'd like to know?" cried Mrs. Wilson. "Are you answerable to him for what you do?"

Lindsley's color grew a little more vivid.

"I have no patience with the telling-mania women have," Mrs. Wilson went on. "Half the trouble in the world is caused by telling things one might just as well keep to oneself. Will you come down and speak to Mr. Wendell?"

"I can't bear to see him," said Lindsley, wobegone once more. "What must he think of me?"

Mrs. Wilson's patience could endure no further. In five minutes she had brought Lindsley to a sane state of mind, and if, in the bringing, she was unnecessarily sharp, Lindsley forgave her.

Indeed, Lindsley's eyes were untroubled wells of blue as she took her seat beside Beauchamp in the automobile next morning. Fifi was chattering gaily to Wendell in the front seat. Mrs. Wilson's eyes watched anxiously as the car rolled toward Georgetown. She was glad of the disguise Lindsley's fluttering veil made.

The morning was hazily clear with the warmth of a Washington February. There was a faint earthy smell in the air. One felt that spring was already on the way. In a sheltered corner of one of the little parks the tip of a crocus already lifted itself from the brown mold.

They crossed the bridge into Virginia. The red clay was moist here, and the car went slower along the rise to Arlington. Mrs. Wilson had determinedly made the trip a sightseeing tour. To go straight to Cousin Louisa's seemed to her too obviously a flight.

Lindsley's laughter ceased as they swung in at Arlington gates. The rows of tiny headstones, exactly set, had a pathos for her beyond that of any lofty monument. And there was Arlington House on its height, looking out over the Potomac across to Washington, silvery gray in the haze beyond.

"Lee must have looked out at this," she said to Beauchamp. "He gave it all up. Your father was on his staff, wasn't he?"

"Yes," answered Beauchamp.

"And mine was fighting against him."

It doesn't seem that it ever could have been, does it? I suppose, if I'd met you forty years ago, I should have been obliged to hate you, shouldn't I?"

"Do you think you would have hated me?" he asked. There was a touch of earnestness in his tone.

"Of course I should," she answered, laughing with heightened color.

They were standing under the shadow of the huge pillars. Mrs. Wilson came to them quickly.

"Let's go into the house," she said, laying her arm about Lindsley's waist.

"Where's Mr. Wendell gone?" asked the girl.

"He's gone to screw up something, I think," said Mrs. Wilson hurriedly. "We'll have to be starting off again pretty soon."

"He ran off and left me," Fifi complained. "He told me he had to look after the tires."

Mrs. Wilson's eyes met Beauchamp's in a look of appeal. He stood back to let the three women enter the house. He had an effect to Mrs. Wilson of barring the door.

(To be continued)

CORONACH

"EARTH to earth"—then let it be
Something that was dear to me,
Earth whose fond arms guarded well
Some great giant sentinel—
That aloft his proud head rears,
Warder of two hemispheres!
Earth from some leaf-littered aisle
Dimly stretching mile on mile
Through dark temples where naught 'stirs
Save the shy wind-worshippers,
Nymph and dryad, faun and fay,
And a poet, far astray!

"Ashes to ashes"—let it be
Something that was dear to me,
Branch and bough and leaf that made
By the road a pleasant shade;
Manzanita, fir or pine,
Laurel, with its leaf divine.
Build the fire of spruce or oak,
Or of any kindred folk,
Only let the blaze not be
Kindled with the redwood tree;
Sacred be those columns vast
Of the immemorial past!

"Dust to dust"—but let it be
Something that was dear to me,
Dust the padres' feet have pressed
Following their high behest,
Where they reared the sainted shrine,
Planted olive grove and vine;
Dust within whose lifted cloud
Fantasies and visions crowd—
Dreams Castilian, dreams of gold,
Tales of Argonauts, untold
Save at night by starlit breeze
To the groves of redwood trees!

*Earth from redwood-darkened trail,
Dust from El Camino Real—
Ashes of a mountain tree,
On me let them sprinkled be.*

Clarence Urmy

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Our First Unofficial Citizen

It has often been suggested that the United States Constitution might be amended so as to give to an ex-President a seat in the national Senate. This would secure to the country the benefit of his experience, and would also provide him with a position of adequate dignity.

It is doubtful, however, whether any official station could be so agreeable and so free from care as that which most of our ex-Presidents have found in private life. Mr. Cleveland admirably illustrates the truth of this remark. His career as President was perhaps the stormiest of any that our history records, unless the term of Andrew Johnson may afford a parallel. But the bitterness of party feeling has now passed away; and Mr. Cleveland is free to enjoy existence in his own fashion at his charming home, Westland, amid the pleasant surroundings and historic associations of Princeton, New Jersey.

He has almost ceased to be regarded as a party man. This was shown in a very agreeable fashion during the campaign of 1904. At that time, to be sure, the ex-President came out of his retirement and made a speech on behalf of his old friend, Judge Parker; but this was regarded as platonic, not to say Pickwickian, and he was cheered as enthusiastically by Republicans as by Democrats.

He is, indeed, on particularly good terms with President Roosevelt. Their personal friendship began in 1882, when Mr. Cleveland was Governor of New York, and Mr. Roosevelt, then a young Republican Assemblyman, heartily supported the reform measures of the Democratic executive. Later, when Mr. Cleveland became President, he made Theodore Roosevelt a member of the Civil Service Commission.

There is a tradition—now almost an

unwritten law—which permits an ex-President, no matter of what party, to make personal requests of a President in office and to have them granted. It is known that Mr. Cleveland has made several such requests of President Roosevelt, who has always acceded to them without question. On one occasion the President made an appointment in New York which called forth a great deal of very disconcerting criticism. With unusual reticence, Mr. Roosevelt made no answer to his assailants, but took their censure in silence. Only a very few people knew the reason of his forbearance. He had made the appointment as a personal favor to Mr. Cleveland; and so his sense of chivalry forbade him to make any answer to those who attacked him for it.

Mr. Cleveland is the only ex-President now living; and, indeed, there is very seldom more than one. After the death of President Lincoln, Franklin Pierce was the only survivor of the Presidency; and when he died, in 1869, Andrew Johnson took his place. At Mr. Johnson's death, in 1875, there was no ex-President alive. General Grant lived for nearly ten years after retiring from office, and for a time both he and Mr. Hayes had this unofficial distinction. Mr. Cleveland himself was an ex-President during the four years which lay between his first and second term; and then Benjamin Harrison for a while was the first private citizen in the nation.

The group which is here shown, representing Mr. Cleveland and his family is from a recent photograph. From it one may see that Mr. Cleveland has no longer the bulky figure which was once so familiar in his portraits. He retains, however, much of his old-time vigor, and is still a mighty fisherman and shoots small game with as much zest as President Roosevelt devotes to the pursuit of bears and mountain-lions. The very attractive quartet of children are his two

daughters, Esther and Marion, and his sons, Richard and Francis Grover.

The President's Youngest Son

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, whose portrait is given here, is the youngest of the

former home at Oyster Bay. There he could roam about as he pleased, while in the White House he was expected to keep to his own quarters. He ran up against a whole series of "don'ts," and it annoyed him excessively. The climax came when he undertook to walk



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS FAMILY AT WESTLAND, HIS HOME AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—THE FOUR CLEVELAND CHILDREN ARE ESTHER, MARION, RICHARD, AND FRANCIS GROVER

From a stereograph—copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

President's sons, being only nine years of age.

When Mr. Roosevelt was first called to the White House, Quentin was the only one of the family who failed to appreciate the honor of his new position. He was not old enough to understand much about the glories of the Presidency, and he did sadly miss the freedom of his

through the flower-beds on stilts. His father told him that he mustn't do that, because the gardener objected. Quentin sniffed in high disdain. Finally he remarked:

"I don't see what good it does for you to be President. You can't do anything here. I wish I was back home!"

It is reported that the enlargement of

the Executive Mansion, and the removal of its offices to the extension, have rather improved the sobriety of the Cabinet meetings. When the Cabinet-room was in the main body of the house, the President was often compelled to suspend the discussion of state questions in order to "shoo" young Quentin away from the door.

"The children of the President of the United States sitting side by side with the children of your working men in a public school."

The Queen of Battle-ships

THE British battle-ship Dreadnought, which not long ago returned from a suc-



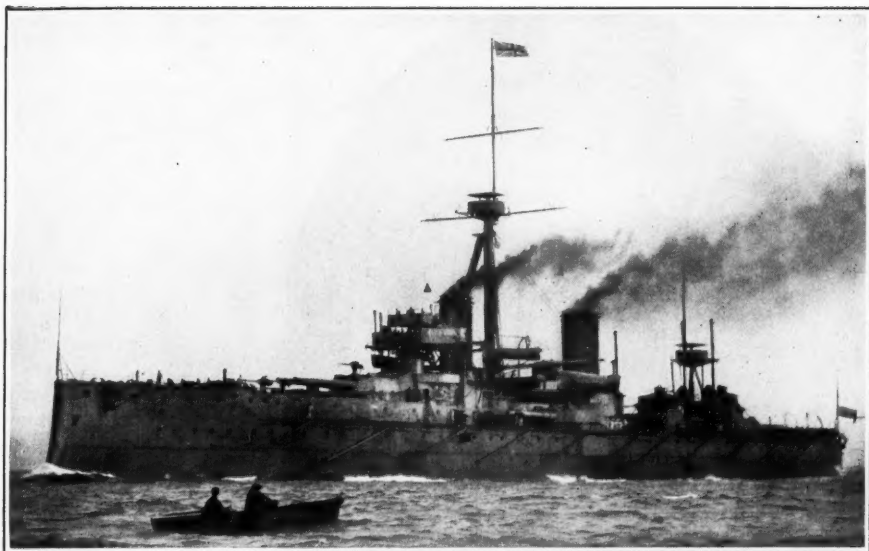
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE PRESIDENT

From a recent photograph—copyright, 1907, by the Washington Times

Like his brothers, Quentin has been taught to ride and to develop his muscles; and, like them also, he has taken his turn in the public schools of Washington. Several years ago, when an English educational commission came to the United States to study our school system, one of its distinguished members was asked what had most impressed him, and he answered:

successful trial cruise to the West Indies, is not merely the biggest war-vessel now afloat. She marks a new era in naval architecture, to an extent that has not been paralleled since the little Monitor beat off the Merrimac at Hampton Roads, and in a single hour, as the London *Times* then said, "disrated all the navies of the world."

The Dreadnought is the result of the

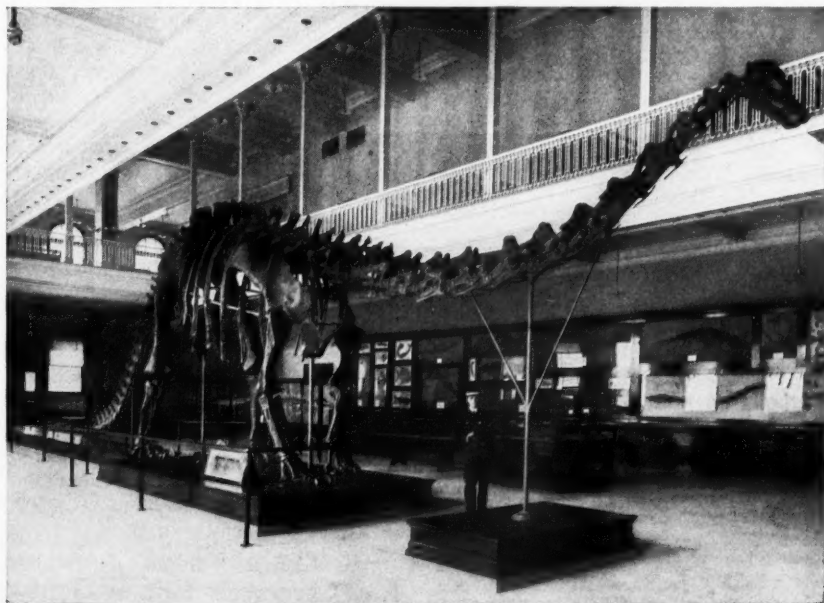


H. M. S. DREADNOUGHT, THE MOST POWERFUL BATTLE-SHIP AFLOAT

From a photograph by Cribb, Southsea, England

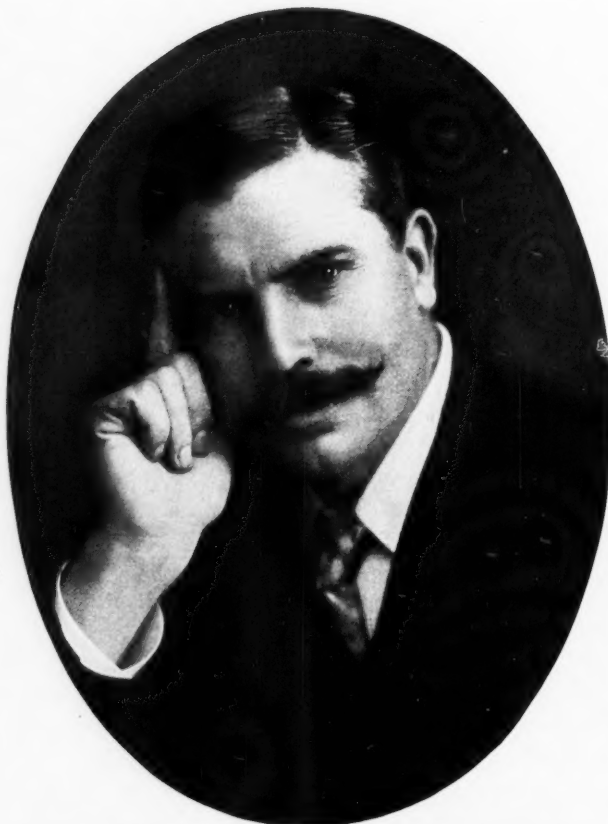
experience gained in the war between Japan and Russia—experience in which the Mikado's naval authorities are understood to have given their British allies special opportunities of sharing. The

great lesson taught by that conflict was the supremacy of the big fighting-ship over the lesser one, of the heavy gun over the weapon of smaller range and caliber. Of this idea the Dreadnought is the em-



THE DIPLODOCUS SKELETON IN THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM AT PITTSBURGH—MR. CARNEGIE RECENTLY PRESENTED A REPLICA TO THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

From a photograph by Altwater, Pittsburgh



THE REV. CHARLES FREDERIC AKED, THE NEW PASTOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE ROCKEFELLER CHURCH

From a photograph by Hallen, New York

bodiment. Using the power of rapid construction which is one of the greatest naval assets of Britain, just a year and a day after taking the work in hand her builders completed, ready for service, a battle-ship so much more powerful than anything else afloat that she virtually rendered all other war-vessels out of date. The Dreadnought's displacement is eighteen thousand tons—not much larger than that of the newest American ships; but in speed, and especially in armament, she is far superior. No other man-of-war has hitherto carried more than four guns of the largest size, and it has been regarded as almost impossible to mount more of them so as to make their fire effective. The Dreadnought carries ten twelve-inch rifles, eight of which can be discharged in a single broadside. These

huge guns throw shells weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and the total energy of one broadside represents nearly three hundred and fifty thousand foot-tons—a blast enough to destroy any vessel that it struck.

Not long ago the Dreadnought stood the actual test of firing all her great guns simultaneously—a test from which many ships have emerged with injured decks and starting bolts. She is the first great war-ship to be fitted with turbine engines—whose lightness largely explains her speed and her ability to carry her heavy battery. During her West Indian voyage she steamed ten thousand miles, and for a distance of thirty-four hundred miles, without using all her boiler power, she maintained a speed of more than seventeen knots an hour.

The importance of this British leviathan in naval architecture may be gaged by the sensation that her appearance has created in the admiralities of the world. All the leading governments are building or planning "dreadnoughts," as the new type of fighting-ship is already styled. The Germans, in particular, have been dismayed to find that their new navy—whose first line consists of thirteen-thousand-ton battle-ships carrying four guns of eleven-inch caliber—is practically obsolete, and that the task of making the Fatherland a first-rate power at sea must to a great extent be begun anew.

Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Germany

WHEN the newspapers announced that Andrew Carnegie had presented

a diplodocus to the German government, most persons who read the news were more interested than informed. What, they asked, is a diplodocus? Is it some new kind of library? Presently they discovered that it was a monster belonging to the Jurassic period of the earth's development, and

height; and although its head is only two feet long, its neck extends to twenty feet. It is supposed to have weighed, when alive, nearly twenty tons.

The Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, contains the original of which the cast sent to Germany is a replica, and it is of the Pittsburgh specimen that we give an



CHARLES CURTIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A "BLANKET INDIAN" ON THE KAW RESERVATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Colville, Topeka

that Mr. Carnegie had given a life-sized cast rather than the original bones.

Every one will be glad to see what this attractive mammoth looks like. The creature, a mighty reptile of prehistoric times, prowled among the primeval swamps of western North America. Its skeleton measures about sixty feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. It is about twelve feet in

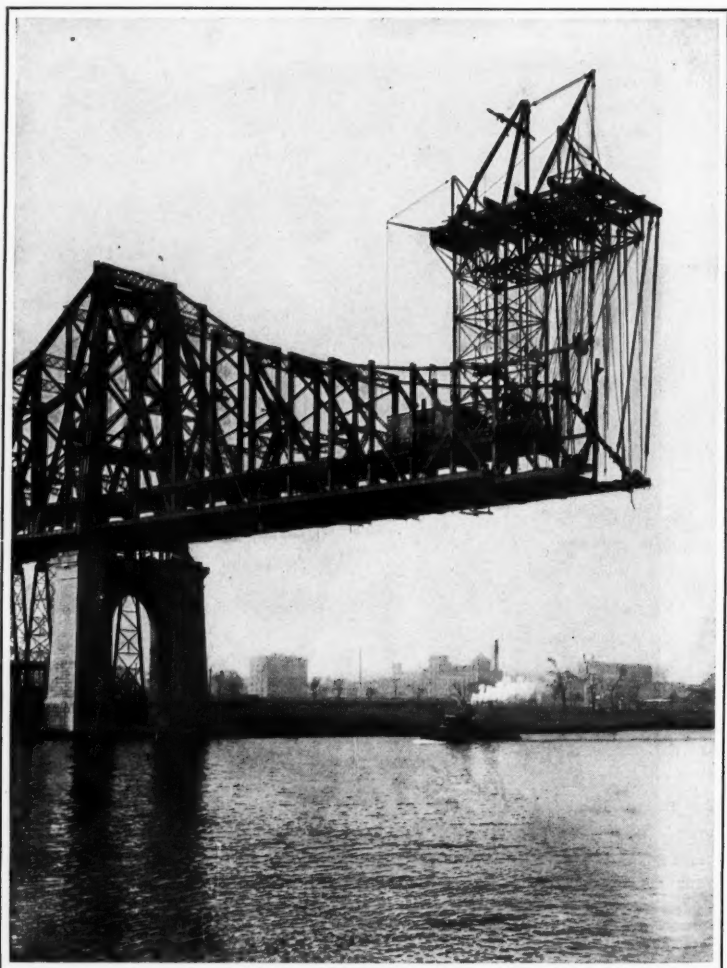
engraving. Mr. Carnegie's gift was regarded as so interesting an acquisition by the experts of Berlin that the Laird of Skibo received a personal telegram of thanks from the Kaiser.

The Personality of Dr. Aked

FROM the auction-block to the pulpit seems a slightly incongruous ascent;

and yet, on second thought, some of the qualities of a skilful auctioneer are seen to be among those which enter into the equipment of a popular pulpit orator. The Rev. Dr. Charles Frederic Aked illustrates the

he entered the Baptist ministry, and later took charge of Pembroke Chapel, in Liverpool. Thence he has recently been called to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, popularly known as "Mr. Rockefeller's church." As a



THE BUILDING OF A GREAT CANTILEVER SPAN—THE BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION ACROSS THE EAST RIVER BETWEEN SIXTIETH STREET, MANHATTAN, AND LONG ISLAND CITY

From a recent photograph by Brown, New York

truth of this. Born in Nottingham, in England, forty-three years ago, and educated at University College in that place, he was articled to a firm of auctioneers, and afterward became auctioneer to the sheriff of Derbyshire. When twenty-two years of age, however,

matter of fact, it is stated that the Standard Oil multimillionaire does not belong to the congregation, though his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a member, and was for some time teacher of a Bible class connected with the church.

Dr. Aked has visited and preached in

the United States before; and therefore, perhaps, has felt free to express himself with unusual fulness and unreserve on all sorts of questions which are peculiarly American. He began his comments as soon as his ship had been docked, and he has continued them ever since with a certain raciness which the reporters have appreciated.

As a pulpit speaker, Dr. Aked is unconventional, forceful, and fluent. He has always spoken out his mind without much regard to the prejudices of his hearers. During the Boer War he was decidedly a pro-Boer, and on several occasions was nearly mobbed by rough crowds in Liverpool because of his fearless public utterances. Those who have heard him since his arrival in this country have likened both his manner of speaking and his personal appearance to those of President Roosevelt. In his first sermon he garnished his discourse with words and phrases belonging to the vocabulary of business.

"Can you reconcile your business with God?" he asked. "Was yesterday's deal in harmony with His mind? Will your books stand a heavenly audit?"

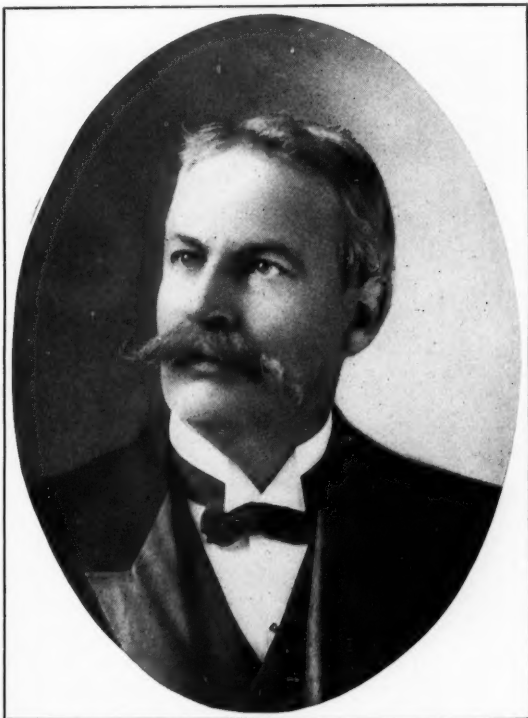
This sort of rhetoric is near akin to that of Mr. Rockefeller himself, and recalls the famous little sermon preached by the latter some time ago in which he spoke so earnestly of "the dividends of salvation."

It seems safe to say that Dr. Aked is likely to keep his congregation thoroughly aroused.

A Senator of Indian Blood

WHEN Charles Curtis was recently sent by the State of Kansas to succeed the ill-fated Burton in the United States Senate, the newspapers all described him as being the first Indian to sit in that august body.

This was not strictly true. In the first place, Senator Curtis, in the phrase-



WALTER WELLMAN, JOURNALIST AND EXPLORER, WHO IS ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

ology of his own country, isn't Indian enough to hurt. In the second place, John Randolph of Roanoke, the descendant of Pocahontas, represented Virginia in the Senate more than eighty years ago, and by his fiery temper often turned the legislative hall into a bear-garden.

Senator Curtis has a more pronounced Indian strain than Randolph had. His mother was a quarter-blood Kaw by a French father, and she was married to a white American, who was a captain in the Civil War. Yet the new Senator is rather more French than Indian, and more American than either. Fate, however, has made his Indian ancestry plain in his copper-colored skin and in the glossy blackness of his hair. And in this Fate went hand in hand with what is known in Kansas as "Curtis luck."

Until he was twelve years of age, Curtis led the life of a "blanket Indian" upon the Kaw reservation in central Kansas. He and his family were miserably poor. There came a time



COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, UNITED STATES NAVY, AND THREE OF HIS ESKIMO DOGS, ON THE ROOSEVELT, THE VESSEL WITH WHICH HE MADE HIS LATEST ARCTIC EXPEDITION

From a photograph by Brown, New York

when, with four or five other Indian boys, he tried the white man's life for a short while near Topeka. Everything seemed to go against him. His companions at last gave up the struggle to be civilized, and decided to go back to the indolent existence of the Indian. Curtis, too, agreed to this. The white man's ways were strenuous; the red man's lazy life was very tempting; and they all set out for the Kaw reservation.

But on the first night, while his companions were asleep, young Curtis tossed about in an agony of hesitation. It was the crisis in his life. His white blood urged him back to struggle and achievement. His Indian blood called him on to the tents and to inglorious idleness. The Caucasian strain conquered; and when the day broke, he turned again to the city, while his companions went on to their fellow Kaws and were swallowed up in the tribe forever.

Curtis worked hard for a start in life, turning his hand to the first thing that was given him to do. His slender frame and his good horsemanship won him the post of jockey; and the nose of his

mounts showed in front so often as to win for him a local fame. Later, he drove a hack for hire; yet in his stray hours he read law-books, and at the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar.

He could scarcely, in the nature of things, have been much of a lawyer. He was, however, naturally shrewd. He became very popular, and at last, like most Western lawyers, he entered politics. Having been elected county attorney, he enforced the prohibition law so strictly that every saloon in the county was closed and was kept closed—a feat which, it is said, no one had accomplished before that time, and which no one has accomplished since. A "hand-shaking campaign" sent him to Congress as a Republican from a district that had been absolutely given over to Populism; and he was reelected again and again in spite of every attempt to dislodge him. His political enemies call him "the Injun"; and their ambition for fourteen years has been "to scalp the Injun." But "the Injun" still defies them, and in his election to the

Senate he has scalped the would-be scalpers.

Senator Curtis is likely to remain in the Upper House for a long time. Those who have watched his career say that he has a remarkable faculty for capturing the strong men of opposing

Superstitious persons will note the later fortunes of Senator Curtis with eager interest. In Kansas there is a tradition that no man who follows in the line of what is called the "Lane succession" in the Senate ever escaped from either death, or disaster, or disgrace. The line



THE "LABOR MEMBER" OF THE BRITISH CABINET—JOHN BURNS,
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR BATTERSEA, AND PRESIDENT
OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London

political factions and making them his loyal allies, as well as a positive genius for discovering the popular side of every public question. What his fellow Senators may think of him is a mooted point; but he will get things done for Kansas, and therefore Kansas is certain to stand by him.

began with the once famous border-fighter, "Jim" Lane, who took his own life while temporarily insane. The last previous link was found in Joseph R. Burton, convicted while a Senator of a felony for which he served a term in prison. Now comes Curtis, belonging to the same line; and those who are

curious about such things will wait with morbid expectancy to see whether "Curtis luck" will overcome the sinister traditions of the "Lane succession."

To the Pole by Balloon

WHAT is it that so fascinates the minds of many men in the thought of polar expeditions? At the best, every such expedition means perpetual hardship, the horrors of a world of ice,

frozen limbs, vile food, days and nights of boreal darkness, with almost certain failure at the end. At the worst, it means not only failure and privation, but death in a ghastly form. Yet those who have undergone this terrible experience are always eager to repeat it.

One knows of persons who are by no means adventurous in ordinary life, and whose occupations are those of the scholar or the writer, and yet who positively yearn for the frozen seas where



LADY BAGOT, FORMERLY MISS LILIAN MAY, OF BALTIMORE, WHOSE MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS HAVE BEEN A SUBJECT OF RECENT COMMENT

From a photograph by Langfiet, London



A REMARKABLY CLEVER YOUNG MIMIC—ELSIE JANIS, RECENTLY THE STAR OF "THE VANDERBILT CUP," AND NOW IN VAUDEVILLE. ONE PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS SHE IS IN REAL LIFE, THE OTHER IN ONE OF HER IMITATIONS

From photographs by Morrison, Chicago

they must live like polar bears, gulping down blubber to create sufficient heat to keep their skin-clad bodies from actual congelation. Perhaps it is not so strange that the leaders of these expeditions—men like Peary and Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi—should have this feeling, since they are sure to win a reputation; and if they should succeed, they would be famous for all time. But how they are able to recruit their crews and to persuade obscure and unromantic people to go with them, is something of a mystery.

One of the latest candidates for this kind of glory is Mr. Walter Wellman,

who has planned a voyage to the Pole by means of a balloon. Undeterred by the fate of the Scandinavian aeronaut, Andrée, who tried this experiment some years ago and has never since been seen, Mr. Wellman is preparing cheerfully to take the same tremendous risk. Many of the experts say that the scheme is utterly foolhardy. They declare that a balloon in the arctic regions will become so coated with frost and ice as to destroy its buoyancy and leave its passengers helpless. On the other hand, Mr. Wellman ridicules such gloomy predictions, and asserts that the atmosphere of the polar region, during the long



GERALDINE FARRAR, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA, WHO MADE A SUCCESSFUL OPERATIC DÉBUT IN HER NATIVE COUNTRY LAST SEASON, SINGING SUCH PARTS AS MARGUERITE, JULIETTE, AND MADAMA BUTTERFLY
From a copyrighted photograph by Dufont, New York

midsummer day, is peculiarly favorable for a balloon voyage.

His confidence is perhaps justified by his past achievements. For many years a successful journalist, he took to ex-

east of the island of Spitzbergen. In 1898 he charted many new islands in the far northern archipelago of Franz Josef Land. If he carries out his present purpose of ballooning to the Pole,



LOTTA FAUST, THE COMEDIENNE WHO SANG THE "SAMMY" SONG IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ," AND WHO HAS SINCE BEEN PLAYING IN "THE WHITE HEN"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

ploration in 1892, when he located the true landing-place of Columbus in the Bahamas, and erected a monument to mark the spot. In 1894 he penetrated the arctic zone, reaching the eighty-first degree of northern latitude, to the north-

he will attract world-wide attention; for the reckless daring of the project is enough to thrill the most sluggish imagination.

Besides Mr. Wellman's portrait, we give another of Commander Peary on

the deck of the Roosevelt, the vessel on which he made his latest voyage into the arctic.

A Socialist in Office

LIKE Georges Clémenceau and M. Milhaud in France, John Burns, the English labor leader, is becoming an example of the way in which responsible office makes even the most fiery agitator something of a conserva-

tive. The two Frenchmen, a few years ago, were assailing all government and claiming all sorts of impossible privileges for the proletariat; but since they themselves became responsible for public order, they have repressed violence in Paris with a stern hand and by the use of military force. John Burns in England—one of the most interesting political figures of the time—is showing a similar evolution. Born in 1858, and laboring with his hands, he became after



HELEN WARE, WHO HAS CREATED A MARKED IMPRESSION AS THE GIPSY, MALENA, IN "THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



FLORA JULIET BOWLEY, A SMITH COLLEGE GIRL, WHO LAST SEASON PLAYED THE LEADING FEMININE RÔLE IN "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

a time a leader of the London working men and the mentor of their political ambitions.

Of Scottish descent, Burns is short in stature, sturdy of frame, dark-complexioned, and almost Spanish-looking. He is courteous and kindly in manner, and possesses an abundant store of common sense. He first became generally known as an open-air speaker. He has a voice of wonderful power, and he could be heard by thousands in great mass-meet-

ings where an ordinary orator would be practically mute. He also has a gift of rough-and-ready eloquence which never failed to strike home to his hearers' minds and hearts. In 1887 he headed the agitation for the right of public assembly in the open squares of London. Great multitudes swarmed about him, listening to his sledge-hammer eloquence and resisting the police who endeavored to disperse them. For this, Burns was arrested several times, and was finally



LINA CAVALIERI, THE ITALIAN PRIMA DONNA, WHO MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA LAST SEASON, SINGING TOSCA, MANON, FEDORA, NEDDA, AND OTHER RÔLES. SHE IS A PUPIL OF JEAN DE RESZKE, AND A SINGER OF HIGHLY DRAMATIC TEMPERAMENT

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

sent to jail for six weeks; but in the end he won the fight.

When the London County Council was established for the local government of the British metropolis, John Burns was elected one of its members. In 1892, he was sent to the House of Commons, and there, as well as to his constituents, he spoke with a frankness which amazed and amused all those who heard him.

"The House of Commons," he once said, "is a chapel of ease to the Stock Exchange, and the House of Lords is a political Mme. Tussaud's. Patriotism has become a cloak for the German Jew speculator who sings 'God Save the King' in broken English. Imperialism is nothing but exalted blackguardism."

When the present Liberal ministry came into power, John Burns was made president of the Local Government Board. Since then his rampant socialism has been much toned down. He has had to look at the problems of government from an entirely new point of view, and he is no longer the irresponsible agitator of twenty years ago. In fact, at a recent meeting of the Social Democratic Federation, the chairman described him as "the most callous and reactionary head of the Local Government Board for a generation."

This only means that Mr. Burns has come to understand the difference between theory and fact.

The Case of Lady Bagot

A BEAUTIFUL woman in distress always appeals strongly to public sympathy. When she has been known and admired on two continents, this sympathy is heightened and diffused.

Four years ago this month, Miss Lillian May, of Baltimore, one of the most charming girls in a city that is famous for the attractiveness of its women, was married in London. All her friends were convinced that here at least was an international match that ought to be happy. The bridegroom was Lord Bagot, the head of one of the oldest families in England. His ancestors possessed estates in Staffordshire before the Norman Conquest. Lord Bagot himself was a gentleman of ex-

ceptional cultivation, a favorite at court, and greatly liked by all who knew him. His country-seat at Blithfield, near Rugeley—a beautiful specimen of an old English manor-house—is famous for the treasures of art which it contains. With youth, beauty, wealth, a noble husband, and a lovely home, there seemed to be revealed to the American bride a vista of perfect happiness.

Miss May had been reared in the Catholic faith, while Lord Bagot was a Protestant. An agreement made between them before marriage provided that their children should be bred in the religion of their mother. When, however, two years ago, a daughter was born, it is understood that Lord Bagot insisted that she should be christened by a clergyman of the English Church. Lady Bagot, on the other hand, acting under the prenuptial contract, had the ceremony performed by her confessor, Father Vaughan. Lord Bagot refused to be present, and since that day has had nothing whatever to do with his wife. He is said to have retired to Blithfield, where he has lived like a hermit, seeing no one.

Now, having waited in patience for a reconciliation, of which there is no sign, Lady Bagot has appealed to the courts for a "restitution of conjugal rights," as the English law-phrase runs. It will be interesting to discover whether any law is strong enough to compel two married persons to live together when one of them is utterly averse to such a union.

Some Stage Favorites

THE career of Elsie Janis—of whom two portraits are given on page 479—has perhaps made more American girls dream of a theatrical career than any other one thing that ever happened in stageland. Born in Columbus, Ohio, barely eighteen years ago, as Elsie Bierbower, long before she was ten she had acquired fame in the stock companies of the Middle West as "Little Elsie." But her gift at imitations was so pronounced that it was not long before vaudeville claimed her. Then she began to develop a voice. In June, 1904, she was singing in "The Belle of New York" in Balti-

more at a salary of a hundred dollars a week, which was pretty good pay for a girl of fifteen. By September of the same year she was drawing a hundred and fifty dollars, and by the next February two hundred and fifty, taking Anna Held's part in "The Little Duchess."

New York first saw her during the following summer, at a roof garden, where she made such a hit that on returning to "The Little Duchess" she demanded—and received—from her managers five hundred dollars every Saturday night. Soon after this she became the star in "The Vanderbilt Cup," which proved so successful that the sixteen-year-old actress declared—through her mother—that she ought to get more of the profits; to which request the management acceded, and thereafter handed her a weekly pay-envelope containing seven hundred dollars.

These are not press-agent stories, but cold Arabic figures culled from the testimony submitted in the law-case which developed last spring, when Miss Janis desired to break away from musical comedy and return to vaudeville at a salary of three thousand dollars a week. The seventeen-year-old girl won the suit, and instead of playing a whole evening for seven hundred dollars, did her imitations in twenty minutes each afternoon and night for three thousand. And so every girl in the land who possesses, or thinks she possesses, even a spark of talent for mimicry, wonders why it isn't possible for her to do the same.

In "The White Hen," Lotta Faust—whose portrait appears on page 481—has succeeded wholly through her work upon the stage, not by such extraneous means as those that made her a feature of "The Wizard of Oz" on its first production. It was Miss Faust who sang the song "Sammy," directed to whoever chanced to occupy the upper right-hand stage box. Of course a number of this sort makes an actress's name known, but it is of little real help in her career.

When asked for some facts about her stage experience, Miss Faust sends a reply which it may be interesting to read in her own words:

I was born in Brooklyn, February 8, 1880. (Please say I don't look my age.) My first professional offense was with Den-

man Thompson's "Sunshine of Paradise Alley," when I was sixteen. Finding that I was too good an actress for that kind of work, I tried the musical world. "Jack and the Beanstalk" was the name of the company. No, I didn't play the beanstalk. I was one of the "merry, merry," and the critics said I was one of the best marchers they had ever seen. Then I climbed the ladder of fame in a thinking part in "The Man in the Moon," but was discharged for thinking too hard. Nothing daunted, however, I renewed my climb, in "My Lady," playing an amorous lover, the *Duke of Buckingham*. This was my first experience with blue blood. Then came "The Liberty Belles." I am still one of those things. Next "The Defender," in which I took Blanche Ring's place. Then I went to "The Wizard of Oz," and that, with "The White Hen," is all up to the present time.

Flora Juliet Bowley is a graduate of Smith College and a native of San Francisco, where, by the way, she happened to be playing at the time of the earthquake. James K. Hackett gave her her first part, that of *Drusilla* in "Fortunes of the King." Later he assigned her to *Maud Catherwood* in "The Crisis," and for one luminous, memorable night, in her own college town, he starred her in—what play can you think for a girls' college?—"A Bachelor's Romance."

Miss Bowley next became leading woman in a stock company in Providence, out of which Henry B. Harris engaged her for *Kate Roberts*, the *ingénue*, in the second "Lion" and the *Mouse* company. When it became necessary to organize two more road-troupes for this play, Miss Bowley was assigned to the lead in one of them, and was selected from the three to take Miss Elliston's place in New York during the month of her absence last autumn.

Another San Francisco girl is Helen Ware, about whose boldly picturesque appearance as the gipsy, *Malena*, all play-going New York has been talking since "The Road to Yesterday" was thrown open to the public on New Year's Eve. Her real name is Remer, and she was once soloist in a church choir. She began her theatrical career by walking on as "extra lady" with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." Last autumn she played *Celia* with Blanche Walsh in "The Kreutzer Sonata."



THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1906-07



ALTHOUGH the theatrical year in New York started almost a full month earlier than usual—on the 6th of August—and with a success in Charles Frohman's production of "The Little Cherub" at the Criterion, this English musical comedy did not establish a precedent. The season's winners—a longer list than usual—were by no means all British-made, and straight drama decidedly outfooted light musical works in the running. This last fact is a cause for congratulation. While London still seems to be in the bondage of the frivolous ear-tickler, New York has so far emancipated herself as to turn the cold shoulder to show after show of this order during the past eight months, while plays of serious purport received most of the public favor. Indeed, aside from "The Little Cherub," which served to introduce Hattie Williams as a star and to put James Blakeley far on the road to similar honors, "The Belle of Mayfair," "The Red Mill," and possibly the Americanized "Orchid," were the only musical pieces to reach marked popularity.

To pass at once from the ridiculous to the sublime, the American début of the Italian actor Novelli deserves first mention, inasmuch as he made a profound impression in a repertoire of wide range, from classic tragedy like "Othello" to such light comedy as "A Night Off." His engagement of a fortnight at the Lyric was extended by two weeks, and while perhaps the bulk of the attendance was made up of his fellow countrymen, it is pleasant to reflect that the actor's art alone—for his scenic equipment was almost a minus factor—proved a sufficient attraction to compete with the more meretricious enticements of Broadway.

Our first visitor from England was Henry B. Irving, son of the late Sir Henry, who played an autumn engagement of some six weeks at the New Amsterdam, presenting several of the

dramas made famous by his father. He was followed there by a brother Londoner, Forbes-Robertson, in Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," with his wife, our Gertrude Elliott, as the siren queen. All too brief was the three weeks' stay of Ellen Terry, who was delightful as the only woman in another Shaw play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and interesting as an old one in "The Good Hope." Still another English visitor was Lena Ashwell, whose vehicle, unhappily, was too somber to make a sufficiently wide appeal. The South African background of "The Shulamite" is more familiar to English playgoers, and no doubt assisted in the vogue this dramatized book gained in London, whither Miss Ashwell returned in mid-season.

In exchange for these stellar guests, we sent over to London our E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, who kept the Lyric filled for two months with a strictly legitimate repertoire, in which the novelties were Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" and a translation of Sudermann's "John the Baptist."

Aside from the performances given by Novelli and the Sothern-Marlowe company, Shakespeare was represented by Robert Mantell, who added "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Cæsar" to his usual list; by the Ben Greet Players in the spring at the Garden, greeted by the light attendance that usually waits on sceneless offerings in Manhattan; and by Annie Russell, who opened the new Astor Theater as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where she was followed by Viola Allen in "Cymbeline."

Among the hits made with modern plays perhaps the most notable were those scored by the two leading English playwrights—A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. "His House in Order," by Pinero, served John Drew well, and

gave an excellent opportunity to his new leading woman, Margaret Illington; while "The Hypocrites," a very strong but not particularly pleasant drama by Jones, had its first presentation on any stage at the Hudson in August, with a capital all-round company, and ran there until February.

Mention may also be made of "The Reckoning," translated from the German of Arthur Schnitzler's "Liebelei," and presented, with a company headed by Katherine Grey, at the little Berkeley Lyceum, where it ran for many weeks.

Mansfield, with Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," rent the critics' camp in twain, some affirming that he gave a magnificent performance of this strange and semi-fantastic drama—which had never before been played in English—while others were as vehement in affirming that Mansfield had no true conception of the thing at all. But practically unanimous were both critics and public in voting favorably on "Comtesse Coquette," from the Italian of Robert Bracco, in which the Russian actress, Alla Nazimova, came forward in the spring, after a winter spent in alternating between "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler."

AMERICAN PLAYS THAT WON

Passing to the native article, first place in the season's particular mention must go to "The Great Divide," the Western drama of combined pistol-play and psychology by Professor William Vaughn Moody, late of the Chicago University. Although by no means all of those who went to see it coincided in the enthusiastic comments of the critics, the piece achieved sufficient vogue to carry it clear through the season at the Princess with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin jointly starring in the leading parts. Another play of the West, written by another newcomer to the field, Rachel Crothers, was "The Three of Us," which scored a season's run at the Madison Square by the simple pathos of its story and the good acting of Carlotta Nilsson.

Harder to explain is the hit of "Clothes," unless it be because of its title. Grace George used it until spring, when she exchanged to Sardou's "Divorçons," which is to be the beginning of her intended repertoire. "Clothes," on

which Channing Pollock collaborated with Avery Hopwood, is not nearly so clever as Mr. Pollock's "Little Gray Lady," which failed to draw money to the box-office. Its theme is conventional in the extreme, though much deftness is displayed in putting the smart set in sufficiently new angles to one another, while playing the same old game.

Mrs. Fiske was successful with "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, a comedy revolving around the divorce problem. Of that play a bright young woman in the audience remarked that it was "naked and unashamed."

David Belasco went to California once more for his background, but this time he lent it an exotic tinge by placing his action in the fifties, during the Spanish occupation. As usual with Mr. Belasco's shows, what the audience saw was more important than what it heard; and as most of us prefer to use our eyes rather than our ears, the result was the accustomed big hit at this house. The most important result was the rising of a new star in the person of a clever little Albany girl, Frances Starr, who, although not billed above anybody else in "The Rose of the Rancho" (revised by Mr. Belasco from a play, already produced, by Richard Walton Tully), speedily gave evidence of deserving big type.

If one reckons success by the length of run, the palm must be awarded to Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," made out of his vaudeville sketch by James Forbes. Starting on September 1, it remained in town until June 1, when Chicago called time and got the show for the summer. Miss Stahl began at the Savoy, tarried a week or so at the Garrick, and finally landed at the Hackett.

But she must have carried the microbe of luck with her. After her departure, the Savoy offerings found it out of the question to get beyond the two weeks' limit until "The Man of the Hour" arrived around the holidays. This, a play of political life by George Broadhurst, who won his spurs in farce, seems to have caught the public in a pretty firm grip, very much in the fashion of "The Lion and the Mouse," which ran at the Lyceum without a break from November 20, 1905, until April 6, 1907.

At this latter theater, in the spring,

Arnold Daly descended from whatever dignity may cling about Bernard Shaw to disport gaily as a New York militiaman in "The Boys of Company B," written by Rida Johnson Young, who fitted Harry Woodruff so snugly with "Brown of Harvard" last season. In this new play, founded on camp life, she has been almost equally successful in the appeal to women, which is half the battle in drawing audiences; but her work is not nearly so well thought out as that of two other winning dramatists of the season, Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Marie Dix, whose "Road to Yesterday" struck New York on New Year's Eve, and at this writing is still reeling out mile-posts there.

A New Year's Eve production played mascot to still another comedy, "Brewster's Millions," dramatized from the novel of the same name, and which, with Edward S. Abeles as the star, is still in the metropolitan running.

For frank farce, William Collier bore off the long-run honors with his "Caught in the Rain," which he wrote for himself in collaboration with Grant Stewart.

STAR-STUDDED FAILURES

The breakdown of vehicles hitched to popular stars was one of the recurring vicissitudes of a season which on the whole was noteworthy for the number of its successes. Alfred Sutro's "The Price of Money" brought little of that commodity to the box-office for William H. Crane; and after "The Dear Unfair Sex" failed Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the two players decided to join forces, and spent the rest of the season touring in that old standby, "She Stoops to Conquer." Thomas W. Ross was fain to fall back on a revival (Augustus Thomas's "The Other Girl"), after George M. Cohan met his first Waterloo in his venture into straight comedy with "Popularity."

To continue the disastrous list, Lillian Russell found "Barbara's Millions" an expensive experiment, which she soon dropped for a new one not yet tried on New York. Hilda Spong speedily vanished from electric prominence because of the shortcomings in "Lady Jim." Clyde Fitch was responsible for retiring Clara Bloodgood after a short tour in his "Truth," while his "Straight Road"

kept Blanche Walsh only a brief period on Broadway. "Brigadier Gerard" soon sent Kyrle Bellew back into quarters for reequipment in the shape of "A Marriage of Reason," which proved to be only a step from bad to worse.

In still more evil case, however, was Mrs. Leslie Carter, who never reached metropolitan hearing at all. Taken up by Charles Dillingham after her marriage had caused Mr. Belasco to drop her, and billed to appear at the Hudson in Edwin Milton Royle's new adaptation of "Article Forty-Seven," called "Cleo," actress and author fell into disputes at rehearsals, the manager became involved, with the result that the whole deal was declared off. Nance O'Neil then inherited "Cleo," which proved scarcely worth fighting for.

Eleanor Robson boldly announced that her whole season at the Liberty was to be made up of repertoire, which, of course, was a protection when her opening bill, "Nurse Marjorie," by Zangwill, was taken off after only a few weeks' run. Two or three other plays were tried, but when Paul Armstrong's version of Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane" was put up, in January, it proved so popular that there was no further talk of repertoire.

William Gillette had to face a battery of adverse criticism with his "Clarice," but this seemed to have little effect on the drawing-power of the play, the love-scenes of which delighted its feminine hearers. Not quite so fortunate was Henrietta Crosman with "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," which had to stand not only the onslaughts of the reviewers but the indifference of the public as well. Still more unlucky was Lulu Glaser, who, seeking to emulate Francis Wilson's example, and to migrate from comic opera to fun without music, had herself struck out of the game completely with "The Aero Club," an attempt to introduce ballooning into the drama.

Ethel Barrymore was another of the many stars whose vehicles failed to carry them far. She declined to trust herself to the first one selected for her debut last autumn—Henry V. Esmond's "Kathleen"—falling back on a revival of her early success, "Captain Jinks," till Mr. Frohman sent her "The Silver Box" from London. This three-act play by a

new writer, John Galsworthy, had never been in the night-bill until Miss Barrymore put it on at the Empire in March, herself playing *Mrs. Jones*, an English charwoman accused of theft. The present writer is one of the few who agree with Miss Barrymore herself in seeing genuine artistic merit in the play, which ran, however, but two weeks and a half.

Wilton Lackaye laid aside "The Pit," which has served him well through several seasons, in order to gratify an ambition to appear in his own version of Victor Hugo's "*Lès Misérables*," entitled "The Law and the Man." His second-night rebuking of the critics for their ignorance of the novel was about the only satisfaction he got out of the venture.

The season's disasters in star offerings was crowned by the abrupt closing of "The Lilac Room," which, after using it on tour all season, Amelia Bingham brought to Weber's and a four-night run in the early spring.

Mention should be made of the Hippodrome, whose new management provided the season's only absolute novelty in the shape of a cast for "Neptune's Daughters" able to dive into water, remain underneath the surface for an indefinite period, and return at will, smiling and without a sputter.

IN THE WORLD OF OPERA

In operatic affairs, last season was the most eventful that New York has known for a long time. The chief cause for the awakening of an unusual amount of public interest was the appearance of a second opera-house—a rival to the Metropolitan, as it has commonly been called, though the term "rival" is scarcely appropriate. Mr. Hammerstein is too shrewd a man to have supposed that the typical habitués of the Metropolitan would desert the Broadway temple of music and fashion for a house so far over toward the North River, and so inferior in architecture and arrangements.

This, of course, does not alter the fact that the new impresario deserves high praise for what he has done at the Manhattan. In his first season he achieved a surprising degree of success. He gave an interesting series of French and Italian operas, most of them well mounted

and adequately prepared. In spite of the difficulty of engaging great artists at short notice, he secured at least three world-famous singers, and half a dozen others of high standing. He organized a good chorus and a capable orchestra, and in Cleofonte Campanini he introduced to America a conductor of the first rank. All in all, New York owes him a debt of genuine gratitude.

It would be well to wait another season or two, however, before calling the new institution an assured and permanent success. The glowing newspaper reports of its prosperity during last winter and spring needed to be taken with more than a grain of salt. The critics—moved partly, no doubt, by their public-spirited desire to see a second opera-house established in New York, and partly, perhaps, by the personal unpopularity of Mr. Conried—viewed Mr. Hammerstein's doings through rose-colored spectacles. They praised mediocre performances at the Manhattan while they sneered at much finer productions at the Metropolitan. They credited the new house with overflowing audiences when as a matter of fact many seats were vacant and many others were occupied by "deadheads." A stranger in the city, reading the newspaper accounts of the state of affairs at the two institutions, would have formed quite a wrong idea of their relative prosperity and prestige.

Coming to the musical record of the two houses, the older deserves precedence. Financially, the Metropolitan never did so well before. Except at a few of the Saturday night performances, there was practically not an unoccupied seat in the house during the winter. Artistically, the season was on the whole less interesting than the three previous ones under Mr. Conried's management. Its most sensational incident was the presentation and prompt withdrawal of "*Salome*," "*Madama Butterfly*"—for two years a favorite in London, and already given here in English by Mr. Savage—proved deservedly popular; but the other novelties or semi-novelties—Puccini's "*Manon Lescaut*," Giordano's "*Fedora*," and Berlioz's "*Damnation de Faust*"—did not prove specially attractive.

In respect to singers of the first rank, the Metropolitan was somewhat less

amply supplied than in most recent years. More than ever Caruso dominated the season and made its success. Of the sopranos, the familiar names were those of Sembrich—who was heard less frequently than usual—Eames, and Fremstad. Gadschi, after two years' absence, returned to sing at a few performances. Melba and Calvé were at Hammerstein's; Nordica was not engaged; Walker remained in Germany; Morena was announced, but did not come to America. Of the newcomers, the most important were Geraldine Farrar, the young American prima donna, and Lina Cavalieri, the Italian. For the German operas Mr. Conried had engaged Burrian, the Dresden tenor, and Fleischer-Edel, the Hamburg soprano, but neither proved brilliantly successful. Rousselière, the French tenor, was not successful at all.

Twenty-nine operas were given—thirteen Italian, ten German, and six French, one of the last being sung in Italian. As in the previous season, the largest number of performances fell to "Hänsel und Gretel," which was given eight times—and which, it may be pertinent to mention, required the least expensive cast of any work in the thrifty Mr. Conried's list. The rest of the record was as follows:

"Bohème," seven performances.

"Aïda" and "Tosca," six performances apiece.

"Roméo et Juliette," "Tannhäuser," "Damnation de Faust," "Lohengrin," and "Madama Butterfly," five performances apiece.

"Fedora," "Lucia," "Siegfried," "Faust," "Pagliacci," and "Tristan und Isolde," four performances apiece.

"Traviata," "Martha," "Lakmé," and "Manon Lescaut," three performances apiece.

"Africaine" (in Italian), "Parsifal," "Rigoletto," and "Walküre," two performances apiece.

"Salome," "Carmen," "Don Pasquale," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Rheingold," and "Götterdämmerung," one performance apiece.

This—not reckoning a "mixed-bill" benefit—totals one hundred and two performances, of which forty-nine went to the Italian operas, thirty-three to the German, and twenty to the French. Of the composers, Wagner led, but by a much

smaller margin than in most recent years, having twenty-four performances against twenty-one for Puccini, eleven for Gounod, and nine for Verdi. The prominence of Puccini, who visited New York in January and witnessed excellent performances of four of his operas, was a feature of the season.

At the Manhattan, twenty-two operas were presented—seventeen Italian and five French, some of the latter being sung in Italian. Having very few subscribers, Mr. Hammerstein felt at liberty to schedule many repetitions of works that proved most attractive to the public. Foremost of these was "Carmen," which he gave no fewer than nineteen times. Next came "Aïda," with twelve performances; "Rigoletto," with eleven; and "Pagliacci," with ten. The rest of the list was as follows:

"Cavalleria Rusticana," eight performances.

"Faust," seven performances.

"Lucia," six performances.

"Huguenots" and "Trovatore," five performances apiece.

"Don Giovanni," "Traviata," "Bohème," "Fra Diavolo," and "Martha," four performances apiece.

"Elisir d'Amore," "Sonnambula," and "Mignon," three performances apiece.

"Puritani," "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Ballo in Maschera," and "Navarraise," two performances apiece.

"Dinorah," one performance.

The chief star of the season at the Manhattan, besides Melba and Calvé, was the Italian tenor, Alessandro Bonci, who is to go over to the Metropolitan next winter—a move of doubtful wisdom, one would think. Finished artist as he is, this miniature singer's voice is likely to suffer when he is called upon to fill the vast spaces through which the mighty Caruso's tones roll so easily. As for Mr. Hammerstein's other performers, Renaud, barytone, and Dalmorès, tenor—both French—were singers whom the new impresario deserves credit for introducing to New York. Ancona we knew already as a capable barytone. Pauline Donalda—by birth a Canadian—was a useful and acceptable soprano; but when mention has been made of Mme. Bressler-Gianoli's capital *Carmen*, the less said of the rest of the women the better.

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

XXXIII

THAT night David and Rogers had a long talk. In consequence, correspondence was reopened with the sanitarium at Colorado Springs, and David began to spend part of his time in helping equip Rogers for the distant struggle against death.

During the two weeks since his exposure Rogers had not railed; he had borne his defeat in grim, quiet despair. His bitterness did not now depart; he had not forgotten his defeat, and he had not forgiven the world. But his life now had an object, and the hope, which the really brave always save from even the worst wreck, began to stir within him.

The next two weeks David worked with his pen as he had never worked before. He was in that rare mood when things flow from one. Before the end of the two weeks he turned in to Mr. Osborne two short stories which the publisher immediately examined, accepted, and paid for at a very respectable rate. Mr. Osborne suggested a series of articles for his magazine, spoke of more stories, assured David he would have no difficulty in marketing his writing elsewhere; and when David left the publisher's office it was with the exultant sense that financially his future was secure.

Mr. Osborne assured him his book was going to turn much serious thought to our treatment of the criminal and other wasted people, and that his shorter writings were going to help to the same end. His publisher asked him to speak before a club interested in reform measures; and his talk, straight from the heart and out of his own experience, made a profound impression. The success of this

speech suggested to him another means of helping—the spoken word. He felt that at last his life was really beginning to count.

But he realized that he was still only at the beginning. Before him was that giant's task, conquering the respect of the world—with the repayment of Morton's debt to St. Christopher's as the first step. The task would require all his mind and strength and courage and patience, for years and years—with success at the end no more than doubtful.

The more David pondered upon the ills he saw about him, the less faith did he have in superficial reforms, the more deeply did he feel the need of some fundamental remedy. Gradually he reached the conclusion that the idea behind the present organization of society was wrong. That idea, stripped to its essentials, was selfishness—and even a mistaken selfishness; for self to gain for self all that could be gained. Under this organization the men that have the greatest chance are those who are strong and cunning and unscrupulous, and he that is all three in greatest measure can take most for himself. So long as the world and its people are at the mercy of such an organization, so long as self-interest is the dominant ideal—just so long will the great mass of the people be in poverty, just so long will crime and vice remain unchecked.

He began to think of a new organization of society, where individual selfishness would be replaced as the fundamental idea by the interest of the whole people—where the dictum that "all men are born free and equal" would not be merely a handsome bit of rhetoric, and where there would be true equality of chance—where the development of the

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individual in the truest, highest sense would be possible—where that major portion of vice and crime which spring from poverty and its ills would be wiped out, and there would remain only the vice and crime that spring from the instincts of a gradually improving human nature. And so, without losing interest in immediate betterments that might alleviate criminal-making conditions, David set his eyes definitely upon the great goal of a fundamental change.

Since Rogers would soon be gone, David began to look for new quarters. His pride shrank from a boarding-house, where he knew he would be liable to snubs and insults. As money matters troubled him no longer, he leased a small flat with a bright southern exposure, in an apartment-house just outside the poorer quarter. If he and Tom prepared most of their own meals they could live here more cheaply than in a boarding-house, and he could save more to quiet Lillian Drew and to pay off the debt to St. Christopher's.

One afternoon, while David was at the Pan-American talking to the mayor, and Kate was at her desk typewriting a manuscript, the office-door opened and closed, and a low, satiric voice rasped across the room:

"Hello, little girl!"

Kate looked about, then quickly rose. Her cheeks sprang aflame. At the door stood Lillian Drew, smiling mockingly, her face flushed with spirits.

"Hello, little girl!" she repeated.

Kate's instinctive hatred of this woman, founded partly on what Lillian Drew obviously was, but more on the certainty that she had some close and secret connection with David's life, made Kate tremble. A year before the wrathful words that sought to pass her lips would have burst forth unchecked. But she controlled herself.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

Twenty uncurbed years had made it one of Lillian Drew's first instincts to pain those who aroused her antagonism. She had observed before that Kate disliked her, and stung under her "little girl"; consequently to inflict her presence and the phrase on Kate was to gratify instinct. She walked with a slight unsteadiness to David's chair, sat

down, and smiled baitingly up into Kate's face.

"I've just come around to have a visit with you, little girl. Sit down."

Kate grew rigid. "If you want Mr. Aldrich, he's not here."

"Oh, yes, he is. But I don't want him just yet. I want to have a visit with you." She looked Kate up and down. "Well, now, for such a little girl, you're not so bad."

Kate's eyes blazed. "I tell you he's not here. There's no use of your waiting."

"I'm in no hurry at all. But you're too thin. You've got to put on ten or fifteen pounds if you expect to catch his eye."

Kate pointed to the door. "Get out of here!—with that breath of yours!"

The vindictive fire gathered in Lillian Drew's eyes; the return blow of her victim had roused her pain-giving desire into wrath.

"Oh, you want to catch him, all right!" she laughed malignantly. "I saw that in a second the other day from the way you looked at him. But d'you think he'll care for a girl like you? I came the other day and found no one around but that nice father of yours. I had a little talk with him, and—well, I've got you sized up just about right. And you think you're the girl for him!"

Kate took one step forward and drew back her open hand; but the hand paused in mid-blow.

"You drunken she-devil!" she blazed forth, "get out of here!—or I'll have the police put you out!"

Lillian Drew sprang up, as livid as if the hand had indeed cracked upon her cheek, and glared at the flame of hatred and wrath that was Kate Morgan. Rage, abetted by liquor, had taken away every thought, every desire, save to strike this girl down. Her hands clenched; but blows make only a passing hurt. All her life she had used words; words, if you have the right sort, are a better weapon—their wound is deep, permanent.

"You little skinny alley-cat!" she burst out furiously. "You think you're going to marry him, don't you? You marry him! Oh, Lord!"

Kate shivered with her passion. "Get out!"

Lillian Drew gave a sharp, crunching, gloating laugh. "That's it!—you think you're going to marry him. You think he's a thief, don't you? You think you're in his class. Well—let me tell you something."

She drew close to Kate, and her eyes burned upon Kate with wild, vindictive triumph. "He's not a thief—he never was one!"

"It's a lie!" cried Kate.

"Oh, he says he is, but he's not. He never took that five thousand dollars from St. Christopher's. He pretends he did, but he didn't. You hear that, little girl?—he didn't. Phil Morton took it. I know, because I got it. D'you understand now that he's not a thief?—that he's ten thousand miles above you? And yet you, you skinny little nothing, you've got the nerve to think you're going to catch him! Oh, Lord!"

"You're drunker than I thought!" sneered Kate.

"If it wasn't true, d'you suppose he'd be paying me to keep still about it?"

"Pay you to keep still about his not being a thief! And you want me to believe that, too?" Kate laughed with contempt. Then she inquired solicitously: "Would you like a bucket of water over you to sober you a bit?"

At this moment the hall-door opened and David entered the room. He paused in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply.

The two had turned at his entrance, and, their faces ablaze with anger, were now glaring at him. Kate was the first to speak, and her words tingled with her wrath.

"Nothing. Only this charming lady friend of yours—don't come too near her breath!—has been telling me that you didn't take the money from the Mission—that Mr. Morton did—that she got it—that you're paying her not to tell that you're innocent."

The color slowly faded from David's face. He held his eyes a moment on Kate's infuriate figure, and then he gazed at Lillian Drew. She gazed back at him defiantly, but the thought that her betrayal of the secret might cut off her supplies began to cool her anger. David thought only of the one great fact that

the truth had at last come out; and finally he exclaimed, almost stupidly, more in astoundment than in wrath:

"So this's how you've kept it secret!"

Kate paled. Her eyes widened and her lips fell apart. She caught herself against her desk and stared at him.

"So—it's the truth!" she whispered with dry lips.

But David did not hear her. His attention was all pointed at Lillian Drew. "This is the way you've kept it, is it!" he said.

"She's the only one I've told," she returned uneasily. Her effrontery began to flow back upon her. "She's only one more you've got to square things with. Come, give me a little coin, and I'll get out and give you a chance to settle with her."

"You've had your last cent!" he said harshly.

"Oh, no, I haven't. I don't leave till you come up with the dough!" She sat down, and looked defiantly at him.

Kate moved slowly, tensely, across to David, gripped his arms and turned her white, strained face upon his.

"So—you never took that Mission money!" Her voice was an awed, despairing whisper.

Her tone, her fierce grip, her white face, sent through him a sickening shiver of partial understanding. "I'm sorry—but you know the truth."

She gazed wide-eyed at him; then her voice, still hardly more than a whisper, broke out wildly: "Yes—yes—you took it, David! Say that you took it!"

He was silent for a moment. "If I said so—would you believe me?" he asked.

Her head slowly sank, and her hands fell from his arms. "Oh, David!" she gasped—a wild, choked moan of despair. She took her hat and jacket from their hooks, and, not stopping to put them on, not hearing the triumphant "Good-by, little girl," of Lillian Drew, she walked out of the office.

She moved through the acid-sharp November air, a white-faced automaton. She felt a vague, numb infinity of pain. She perceived neither the causes of the blow nor its probable results; she merely felt its impact, and that impact had made her whole being inarticulate.

But presently her senses began to rouse. She began to see the outlines of her disaster, its consequences; her vague pain separated into distinct pangs, each agonizingly acute. She felt an impulse to cry out in the street, but her instinctive pride closed her throat. She turned back and hurried to her room, locked herself in, and flung her hat upon the floor and herself upon the bed.

But even here she could not cry. All her life she had been strong, aggressive, self-defending; she had cried so rarely that she knew not how. So she lay, dry-eyed, her whole body ratched with sobs that would not come up.

Lillian Drew's words, "He's ten thousand miles above you," sat upon her pillow and cried into her ear. She had seen David's superior quality and his superior training; but she and he had both been thieves—they were both struggling to rise clear of thievery. This commonness of experience and of present effort had made him seem very near to her—very attainable. It was a bond between them, a bond that limited them to each other. And she had steadfastly seen a closer union a little farther ahead.

But now he was not a thief. The bond was snapped—he was ten thousand miles above her! Her despair magnified him, diminished herself; and when she contrasted the two she shrank to look upon the figure of her insignificance. He must see her as such a pygmy—how could he care for such paltriness? He never could. He was lost to her—utterly lost!

All that afternoon she was tortured by her hopelessness. In the evening, possessed by an undeniable craving to see David, she went to his house and asked him to walk with her. For the first minute after they were in the street the silence of constraint was between them. David could but know, in a vague way, of Kate's suffering; he was pained, shamed, that he was its cause.

In the presence of her suffering, to him, with his feeling of guilt, all else seemed trivial. But there was one matter that had to be spoken of.

"You've not told a soul, have you, what you learned this afternoon?" he asked.

"No," she returned, in a muffled voice.

"I was sure you hadn't. I was afraid

this afternoon that Rogers had overheard, but he didn't; either you talked in low voices, or he was asleep. No one must ever know the truth—no one—and especially Rogers."

"Why him especially?" she asked mechanically.

David hesitated. "Well, you see one thing that makes him feel close to me is that he believes we have both been in the same situation. In a way that has made us brothers. If he knew otherwise, it might make a difference to him."

"I understand!" said Kate's muffled voice.

She asked him details of the story Lillian Drew had revealed, and, since she already knew so much, he told her—though he felt her interest was not in what he said.

At length—he had yielded himself to her guidance—they came out upon the dock where they had talked a month before. She had wanted to be with him alone, and she had thought of no better place. Despite the wind's being filled with needles, they took their stand at the dock's end.

They looked out at the river that writhed and leaped under the wind's pricking—black, save beneath the arc lamps of the Williamsburg bridge, where the rearing little wave-crests gleamed, sank, and gleamed again. For several minutes they were silent. Then the choked words burst from her:

"I'm not fit to be your friend!"

"You mustn't let this afternoon make a difference, Kate," he besought. "It doesn't to me. Fit to be my friend! You are—a thousand times over! I admire you—I honor you—I'm proud to have you for a friend!"

She quickly looked up at him. The light from the bridge lamps, a giant string of glowing beads, lay upon her face. In it there gleamed the sudden embers of hope.

"But can you love me—some time?" she whispered.

It was agony to him to shake his head.

"I knew it!" she breathed dully.

When he saw the gray, dead despair in her face, he cried out, in his agony and abasement:

"Don't take it so, Kate! I'm not worthy to be the cause of so much pain."

She looked back at the river; the wind had set her shivering, but she did not know she was cold. He saw that she was thinking, so he did not speak. After several minutes she asked in a low voice:

"Do you still love Miss Chambers?"

He remained silent.

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"As much as I love you?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. When she next spoke she was looking him tensely in the face.

"Would she love you if she knew the truth?"

"I shall never tell her."

"But would she love you?" she repeated fiercely. She clutched his arms and her eyes blazed. "She'd better not!—I'd kill her!"

The face he looked down into was that of a wild animal. He gazed at it with fear and fascination.

The vindictive fire began slowly to burn lower, then, at a puff, it was out. "No! No!" she cried, convulsively, gripping his arms tighter. "I wouldn't! You know I wouldn't!"

The face, so full of fury a minute before, was now twitching, and the tears, that came so hard, were trembling on her lashes. Her eyes embraced his face for several moments.

"Ah, David!" she cried, and her words were borne upward on the sobs that shook her, "even if you don't love me, David—I want you to be happy!"

XXXIV

MR. ALLEN put down his teacup and gazed across the table at Helen. Since Mrs. Bosworth had left the drawing-room, ten minutes before, they had been arguing the old, old point, and both held their old positions.

"Then you will never, never give up your ideas?" he sighed, with mock seriousness that was wholly serious.

"Then you will never, never give up your ideas?" she repeated in the same tone.

"Never, never."

"Never, never."

They looked at each other steadily for a moment; then their make-believe lightness fell from them.

"We certainly do disagree to perfection!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. So perfectly that the more I think of what you've asked for, the more inadvisable does it seem."

"But you'll change yet. A score of drawn battles do not discourage me of ultimate victory."

"Nor me," she returned quietly.

Their skirmish was interrupted by the entrance of a footman. Helen took the card from the tray and glanced at it.

"Show her into the library and tell her I'll join her soon." She turned back to Mr. Allen. "Perhaps you remember her—she was a maid at your house a little while—a Miss Morgan."

"I remember her, yes," he said indifferently.

His face clouded; he made an effort at lightness, but his words were sharp.

"Where—oh, where, are you going to stop, Helen! You are at St. Christopher's twice a week, not counting frequent extra visits. Two days ago, so you've just told me, that Mr. Aldrich was here. To-day, it's this girl. And the week's not yet over! Don't you think there might at least be a little moderation?"

"You mean," she returned quietly, "that, if we were married, you would not want these friends of mine to come to your house?"

"I should not! And I wish I knew of some way to snap off all that side of your life!"

She regarded him meditatively. "Since there's so much about me you don't approve of, I've often wondered why you want to marry me. Love is not a reason, for you don't love me."

The answers ran through his head. He admired her; she had beauty, brains, social standing, social tact, and, last of all but still of importance, she had money—the qualities he most desired in his wife. But to make a pretense of love, whatever the heart may be, is a convention of marriage—like the bride's bouquet, or her train. So he said:

"But I do love you."

"Oh, no, you don't—no more than I love you."

"Then why would you marry me?—if you do."

"Because I like you; because I ad-

mire your qualities; because I believe my life would be richer and fuller and more efficient; and because I should hope to alter certain of your opinions."

"Well, I don't care what the reasons are—just so they're strong enough," he said lightly. He rose and held out his hand; his face grew serious; his voice lowered. "I must be going. Four more days, remember—then your answer."

After he had gone she sat for several minutes thinking of life with him, toward which reason and circumstances pressed her, and from which, since the day he had declared himself, she had shrunk. This marriage was so different from the marriage of her dreams—a marriage of love, of common ideals; yet in it, her judgment told her, lay the best use of her life.

She dismissed her troubling thoughts with a sigh, and walked back to the library. As she entered Kate rose from a high-backed chair behind the library-table, whose polished top shone with the light from the chandelier. Kate's face was white, her mouth was a taut line, her eyes gleamed feverishly amid the purpled rings of wakeful nights.

Helen came smiling across the noiseless rug, her hand held out.

"I'm very happy to see you, Miss Morgan."

Kate did not move. She allowed Helen to stand a moment, hand still out-held, while her dark eyes blazed into Helen's face. Then she abruptly laid her hand into the other, and as abruptly withdrew it.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

"Certainly. Won't you sit down?"

Kate jerked a hand toward the wide, curtained doorway through which Helen had entered.

"Close the door."

"Why?" asked Helen, surprised.

"Close the door," she repeated in the same low, short tone. "Nobody must hear."

Kate's forced voice, and the repressed agitation of her bearing, startled Helen. She drew together the easy-running doors, and returned to the table.

Kate jerked her hand toward the open plate-glass door that led into the conservatory.

"And that door."

"There's no one in there." But Helen closed the heavy pane of glass. "Won't you sit down?" she said, when this was done, taking one of the richly carved chairs herself.

"No."

Kate's eyes blazed down upon Helen's face; her breath came and went rapidly, with a wheezing sound; her hands, on the luminous table-top, were clenched. Her whole body was so rigid that it trembled.

The color began to leave Helen's face. "I'm waiting—go on."

Kate's lips suddenly quivered back from her teeth. She had to strike, even if she struck unjustly.

"People like you"—her voice was harsh, tremulous with hate—"you always believe the worst of a man. You throw him aside—crush him down—walk on him. You never think perhaps you've made a mistake, perhaps he's all right. Oh, no—you never think good of a man if you can think bad." She leaned over the corner of the table. "I hate your kind of people! I hate you!"

"Is this the thing you wanted no one to hear?" Helen asked quietly.

Kate slowly straightened up. After two days and two nights—a long, fierce, despairing battle between selfish and unselfish love—she had decided she must come here; but now her rehearsed sentences all left her. For a moment she stood choking; then the bald words dropped out:

"He's not a thief—never was one."

"Who?"

"David Aldrich."

Helen came slowly to her feet. Her face was white, her eyes were wide. For a moment she did not speak—just stared.

"What do you mean?"

"He did not take the money from the Mission."

Helen moved from the corner of the table, her wide eyes never leaving Kate's gleaming ones, and a hand clutched Kate's arms and tightened there.

"Tell me all."

"You hurt me."

Helen removed her hand.

Kate crept closer and stared up into her face.

"Does it make any difference to you?" she breathed.

"Tell me all!"

Kate drew back a pace, and leaned upon her clenched hands. "You knew Mr. Morton," she said, in a quick, strained monotone. "When he was young, he lived with a woman. He wrote her a lot of letters—love-letters. She turned up again a few months before he died, and threatened to show the letters if he didn't pay her. He had no money; he took money from the Mission and paid her. Then he died. His guilt was about to be found out. But David Aldrich said he took the money, and went to prison. He did it because he thought if Mr. Morton's guilt was found out, the Mission would be destroyed and the people would go back to the devil. You know the rest. That's all."

Helen stood motionless—silent.

"It's all so," Kate went on. "The woman herself told me. She knew the truth. She'd been making David pay her to keep from telling that he was innocent. She told me before him. He had to admit it."

Kate leaned farther across the corner of the table. "He made me promise never to tell." For a moment of dead quiet she gazed up into Helen's fixed face. "And why do you think I've broken my promise?" she asked in a low voice, between barely parted lips.

Helen rested one hand on the back of a chair and the other on the table. She trembled slightly, but she did not reply.

"Because"—there was a little quaver in Kate's voice—"I thought it might some time make him happy."

There was another dead silence, during which Kate gazed piercingly into Helen's face.

"Do you love him?" she asked sharply.

Helen's arms tightened. After a moment her lips moved.

"You love him yourself."

"Me?—it's a lie. I don't!"

Kate moved round the corner of the table and laid a fierce hand on Helen's arm.

"Do you love him?" she demanded.

Silence. "Thank you—for telling me."

Kate laughed a low, harsh laugh, and flung Helen's arm from her.

"You!—you think you're 'way above

him, don't you! Well—you're not! You're not fit for him!" Her eyes leaped with flame. "I hate you!"

Again a moment of silence. A tremor ran through Helen. She moved forward, and her hands reached out and fell upon Kate's shoulders.

"I love you," she whispered.

Kate shrank sharply away. Her eyes never leaving Helen's face, she backed slowly toward the doors. She pushed them apart, and gazed at Helen's statued figure. Kate's face had become ashen, drawn. After a moment she slipped through the doors and drew them to.

As the doors clicked, Helen swayed into a chair beside the table, and her head fell forward into her arms.

XXXV

At half past eight o'clock that evening David walked up the broad steps of the Chamberses' house and rang the bell. The footman left him in the great hall, rich with carved oak and old tapestries, and went off with his card. As David waited, he continued to wonder at the telegram he had received half an hour before from Helen, which had merely said, "Can you not call this evening?" Why could she so suddenly desire to see him? He had no faintest guess.

In a few minutes the footman returned, led him up the stairway and directed him into the library. A wood fire was burning in the broad fireplace, and on a divan before it she was sitting, all in white.

She rose. "Will you draw the doors, please?"

He did so, and went toward her eagerly; but his steps slowed. Two or three paces from her he came to a stop. She stood, one hand on the divan's arm, gazing at him with parted lips and wide, marveling eyes. The look put a spell upon him; he returned it silently, with a growing bewilderment.

For several moments her whole being was brought to a focus in the awed wonder of her face. Then her breast began to rise and fall, her face to twitch, her eyes to flood with tears. The tears glinted down her cheeks and fell upon her swelling breast. She gave them no heed, but continued to hold her quivering face full upon him.

"What is it?" he whispered.

She stretched out her hands and slowly moved toward him, her eyes never leaving his face. He automatically took her hands, and through them he felt her whole body trembling.

As she gazed upon him his last five years ran through her mind—his trial, his prison life, his struggle for a foothold, his dishonored name. A sob broke from her, and upon it came her low, vibrant voice—quavering, awed:

"You never took the money—the Mission money!"

For a space he was utterly dazed. The room swam; he held to her hands for support. Slowly the bewilderment of ignorance passed into the greater bewilderment of knowledge. She knew the truth!

He realized this, but no more. It did not occur to him even to wonder how she had learned. Her words, "Miss Morgan told me," lodged an explanation in his mind that would waken after a while, but did not now stir a single thought regarding Kate. The fact that she knew had burst upon him so suddenly as to set everything whirling within him—to overwhelm, outcrowd all else. He dropped to the couch, and she sank to a place beside him, their hands and eyes still clasped.

"Oh, you never took it!" Her voice dripped with tears, vibrated with a rising note of triumph. "To think what you've gone through!" she marveled on quaveringly. "Your struggles—such struggles! Everybody believing you dishonored—and all the time you being this splendid thing!" A great sob surged up.

He was still whirling and still saw her face hazily. But his faculties were coming back.

"What I did was not active—it was merely passive," he said.

"To achieve by suffering, and be repaid by dishonor—what can be higher?" She gazed at him, and gazed at him. "And to think that I believed you—you!—guilty!"

The words, the voice, had reached the ears of his heart; it was going madly. He gazed into her face, quivering, tear-splashed, into her glorious, swimming eyes. Even in his most daring fancy he had never pictured his innocence affecting her so! He felt himself suddenly a

wild, exultant flame. The insuperables were swept out of the world. He was the lover he had tried seven years to stifle.

He had thought the words would never be spoken. But they came out boldly—with a rush:

"I love you!"

She paled slightly. For a moment she looked wonderingly into his eyes. Her head slowly shook.

"Ah—how can you!" she whispered. "After I've had no faith!—after I've treated you so!"

She tried to draw away. But he caught her hands, held them tight.

"I love you!"

Again her head shook. "I'm not worthy."

"But you're glad I did not take it?"

There was silence. Her eyes held steadfastly to his.

"It's another world!" she whispered.

Her glorious self looked at him, leaned toward him, from her divine eyes. His soul reeled; awe descended upon him. One hand loosed itself from hers, and weak, tingling, fearful, crept slowly about her, drew her toward him. She came at his touch. He bent down breathless. He felt her tremble in his arm. Her face was white, but it did not waver; her eyes glowed into his. As their lips touched, her free arm slipped about his neck and she shook with sobs.

"Yes—another world!" she breathed.

When he had finished the long story of his acceptance of Morton's guilt and of what had followed, she sat gazing at him with her look of awe.

"I shall never stop being amazed that a man could do a thing like that," she said. "It was wonderful!"

He shook his head. "No," he said slowly, "the real wonder is that you could learn to love a man whom you believed to be a criminal." For a moment he looked silently into her eyes; this great thing that had come to pass still seemed hardly true. "That's the wonder—Helen."

It was the first time he had used her name, and he spoke it with a fervent hesitancy. He repeated it softly, "Helen!"

She flushed. "I loved you long before I thought you were guilty," she said. "It seems that I have always loved you."

"Always!" he repeated, amazed. "Just as I've always loved you?"

"Yes."

For a space he was lost in his astonishment. "It doesn't seem possible. What was there in me to make you love me?"

"I loved you because of your idealism, because there was an indefinable something in you that was good and great. I loved you—oh, I don't know why I loved you. I just loved you. And how I felt when I thought you had taken the money! Oh, David, it was—"

"Say it again!" he broke in.

"What?"

"David."

She smiled. "David."

Her face became serious. "It was weeks before I could sleep. I tried to forget you. As the years passed I sometimes thought I had; but when I tried to listen to other men talk of love, I knew I hadn't. I never forgot you. I was on trial with you. I was in prison with you. Though I kept away from you, I suffered with you when you were sick in that poor little room. I have searched for work with you. I have struggled with you to regain place in the world. Haven't you ever felt me beside you?"

"I have always thought of you as far away from me. I have thought of you here"—his eyes swept the library—"in this life."

The glance about the room was an abrupt transition. For an hour or more he had been oblivious to all things save herself and himself. Now the library's material richness recalled to him the circumstances his rapture had for the time annihilated—her wealth, her social position, his poverty, his disgrace.

(To be continued)

Slowly these forced upon him one relentless fact. His face became grave, then pale.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried.

"After all, we are as inexorably separated as ever," he said. "We can be merely friends."

"Why?"

"I'm poor—without position in life—covered with dishonor."

"It's your soul that I love," she said.

"It's rich, and full of honor."

Her look, the ring in her voice, made him catch his breath.

"What!—you don't mean you'd marry me—as I am!"

"Yes."

Wild joy sprang up within him. But he choked it down.

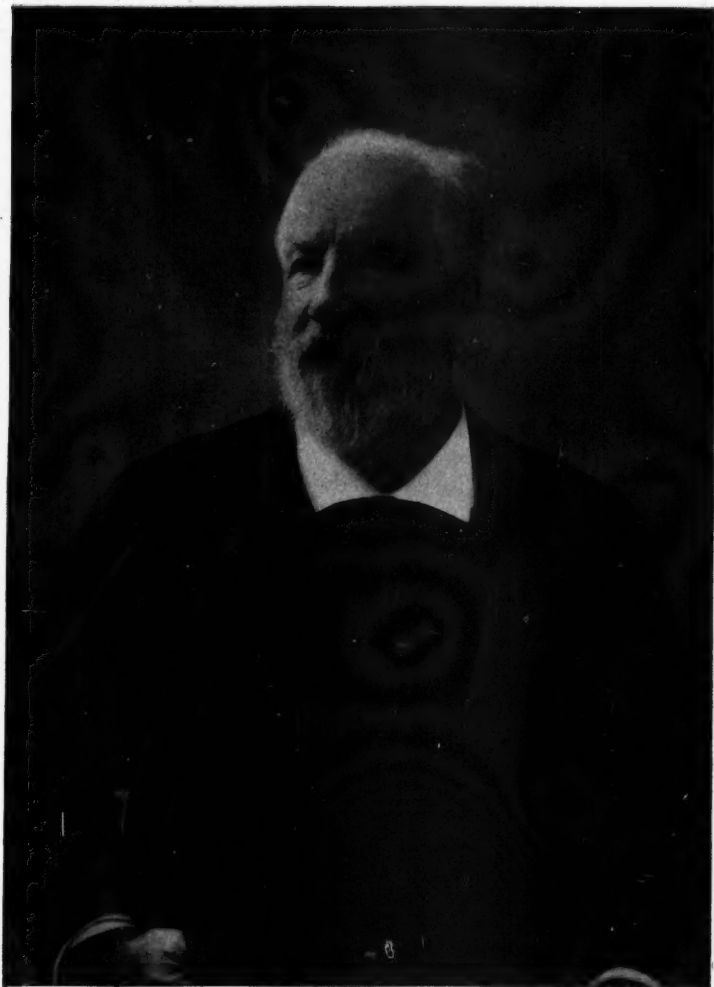
"No—no! You couldn't. You haven't thought. You couldn't give up all the richness of your life, all your friends, for my poverty, my friendlessness. And this isn't all—nor the worst. There's my disgrace." He paused a moment before the great fact that must always be a barrier between them. "Do you realize, Helen," he went on, speaking slowly and deliberately, "that I can never clear myself? To do that would be to destroy the people of St. Christopher's. I can never do that. I never will."

She was thoughtful for several moments. "No, you never can," she said slowly. Then a glow came into her face, and she added suddenly in a tone that vibrated through him: "But I shall marry you, anyhow!"

He caught her hands. "God bless you!" he said huskily. He shook his head slowly, with pale resolution. "But, no. I love you too much, honor you too much, to drag you from your place—to let you marry a criminal!"

A NEW NOVEL BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AS a matter of special importance to readers of this magazine, we announce the appearance, next month, of the opening chapters of F. Marion Crawford's new story, "The Prima Donna." No living novelist enjoys a wider popularity with the intelligent reading public than Mr. Crawford, and he has written no stronger or more striking story than "The Prima Donna." While entirely complete in itself, the new novel gains an added interest from the fact that some of the characters of "Fair Margaret"—published serially in MUNSEY'S two years ago—reappear in it.



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU

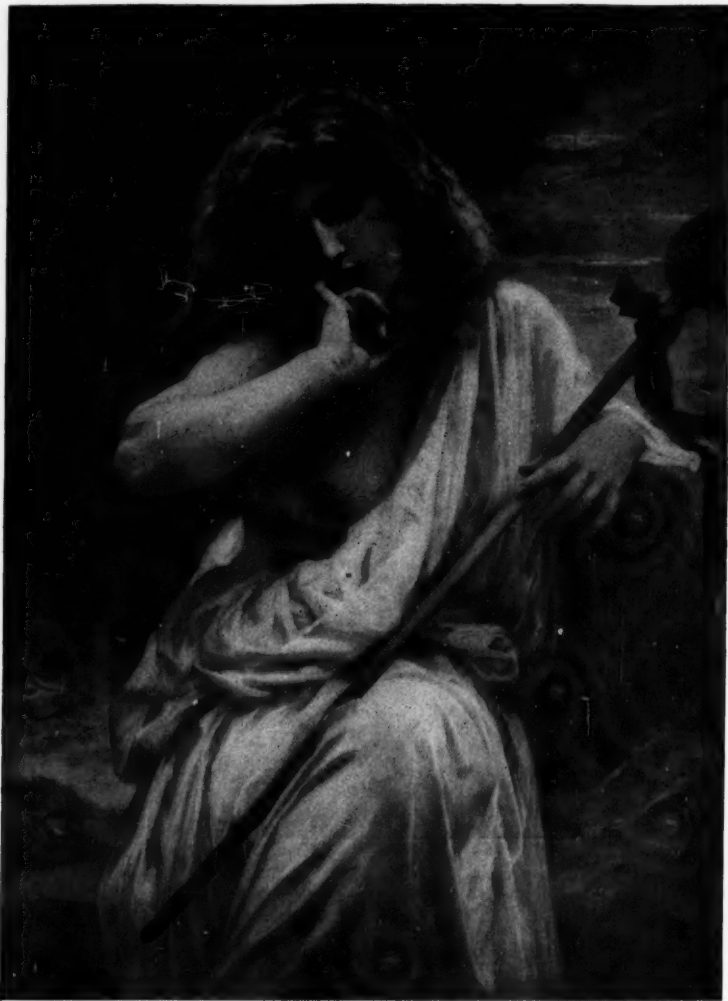
BY BANNISTER MERWIN

THE FAMOUS FRENCHMAN WHO FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1905 STOOD WITH THE LATE JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME AS A LEADER OF THE ART WORLD OF PARIS AND A MAINTAINER OF THE CLASSICAL TRADITIONS OF PAINTING

MANY years before William Adolphe Bouguereau finally laid down his brush he had been classified with the painters whom Time somewhat slightly labels "great in their day." Two years have passed since he died, and the verdict of his contemporaries stands unshaken by reactions either favorable or

unfavorable to the painter's memory. He is still regarded as one who painted for a generation and a phase of culture which have gone by. The popularity of his pictures is still strongest among

or to the admirers of his school to let his case rest upon so sweeping a judgment. There may be truth in the phrase "wet china" as used by critics to characterize the flesh of his nudes. There



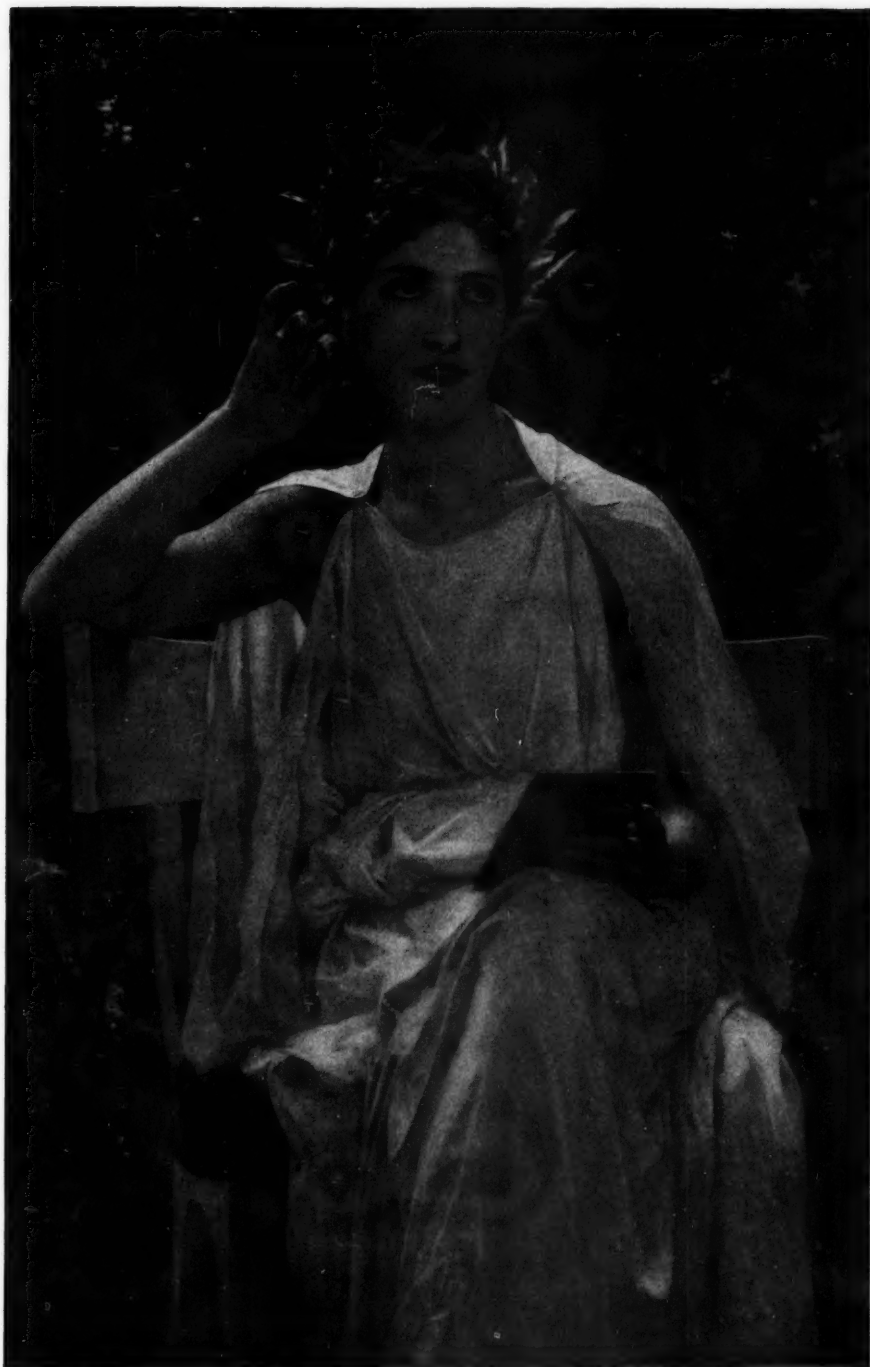
A BACCHANTE

From the painting by Bouguereau—copyright, 1900, by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris and New York

those who prefer sweetness and pretty sentiment in art, even if it be cloying to a more discriminating taste. It is still accepted, as a source of regret, that he possessed real talents which, in an unfortunately great degree, he made the servants of a stark commercialism.

But it is not fair either to Bouguereau

may have been reason for the retort of the fellow painter who, in reply to Bouguereau's request for a frank criticism, said: "Of all the men who paint Bouguereaus, you paint them best!" Yet in that savage sneer lies hidden a compliment; for Bouguereau was followed by a regiment of imitators. Now, there



INSPIRATION

*From the painting by Bouguereau, by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.,
Paris and New York*



"HE IS RISEN"—THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB

From the painting by Bouguereau, by permission of Braun, Clément & Co., Paris and New York



LOVE'S SECRET

From the painting by Bouguereau—copyright, 1906, by Braun, Clement & Co., Paris and New York

are always men who will shape their art to copy the mere commercial success of others, just as always there are men who will condemn anything popular without taking pains to discover whether what is

popular may not also be good. But the work of Bouguereau showed so many beautiful and genuine qualities that the students who flocked to him from many countries were justified in trying to learn from him.

His drawing is well-nigh perfect. What faults we may see in his line seem to be deliberate. They arise from his intentional idealization of the commonplace. He will substitute a curve for an angle when he can thus make his picture more pleasing to a superficial observer. We lay great stress on realism nowadays, and insist in art upon a truthfulness that takes little cognizance of old canons. But, after all, we may do well not to deny place to former standards. The pendulum swings. A century, more or less, makes a difference. In time the banal may become "quaint"; the "real" may stare out of old canvases in the hideous falseness of mere paint. What remains will be that which we cannot know—which our grandchildren may know.

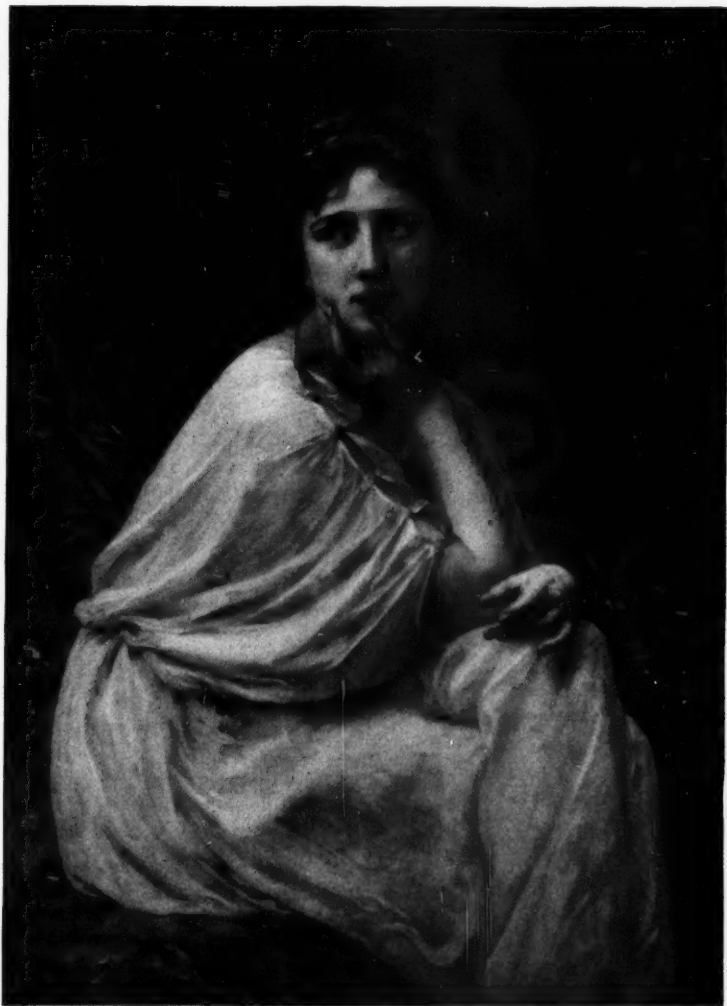
Bouguereau, in a sense, apotheosizes the *bourgeois* in art. That, when we recall the early events of his life, is not to be wondered at. He was born at La Rochelle, November 30, 1825. His parents were poor, and he had only a little schooling before he was set at work in a shop at Bordeaux. About five dollars a week his wages were, and he had no difficulty in getting a thorough knowledge of the value of money.

The boy's desire to



A REST BY THE WAYSIDE

From the painting by Bouguereau—copyright, 1906, by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris and New York



MEDITATION

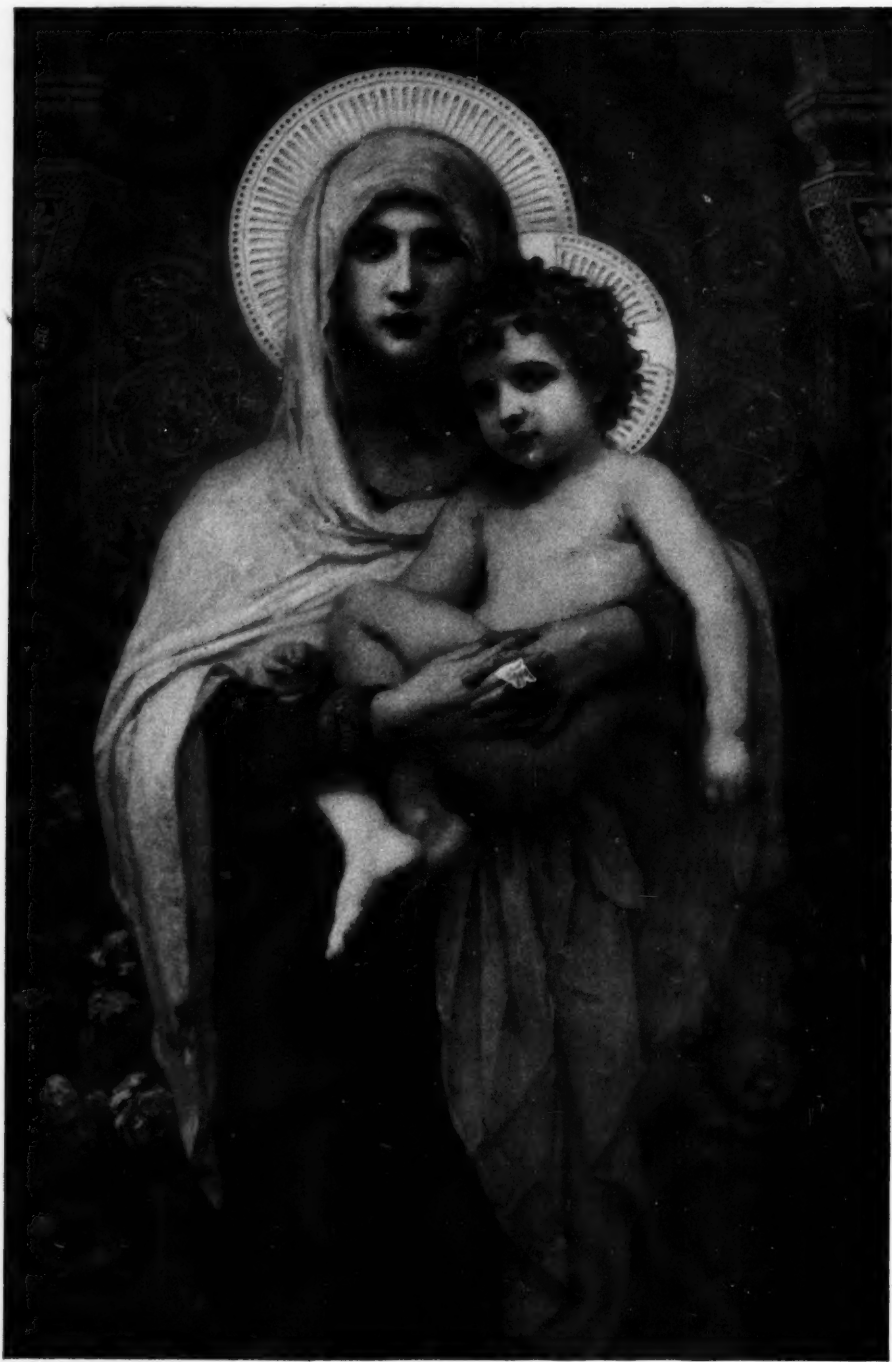
From the painting by Bouguereau—copyright, 1897, by Braun, Clement & Co., Paris and New York

paint led him spend his spare hours at the drawing-school of M. Alaux. In time he won a prize—to the disgust of the other and more prosperous students, who went so far as to make a formal though unavailing protest against the award. This success decided him to devote all his time to art. Quitting his job, he went to live, at Saintonge, with a kind-hearted uncle, a priest. He painted portraits for small fees until he had saved nine hundred francs—enough to take him frugally to Paris, where he studied with

François Edouard Picot, and later in the École des Beaux Arts.

Hard work brought quick progress. Young Bouguereau won the second Prix de Rome in 1848, and in 1850 divided the Grand Prix with Paul Baudry. He spent five years at the Villa Medici, in Rome, and brought back his first Salon exhibit—"The Triumph of the Martyr, or The Body of St. Cecilia Being Carried into the Catacombs."

The picture was shown in 1854. From that day Bouguereau's life was a



OUR LADY OF THE ROSES

*From the painting by Bouguereau—copyright, 1904, by Braun, Clement & Co.,
Paris and New York*

series of successes. Honors came easily to him. In time he was made a member of the Institute and an officer of the Legion of Honor, and for years he was president of the Salon jury. He painted hundreds of pictures, and made much money.

The romance of Bouguereau's life is especially interesting to Americans in that the woman he married after so many years of waiting was a native of New Hampshire. Miss Elizabeth Gardner entered Bouguereau's *atelier* as a student in 1870. After the death of his first wife an attachment developed between the master and his young pupil, and soon they became engaged. Old Mme. Bouguereau, the painter's mother, announced a strong objection to her son's marrying an American, and the match was long postponed. The old mother lived to be ninety-one years of age; and thus it was not until 1896 that the faithful lovers felt that they could marry. Meantime Miss Gardner herself had built up a wide reputation as a painter.

Perhaps we now have some notion of the figure that Bouguereau was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. With the possible exception of Gérôme, no other living painter of France—of the world, it may be said—had such position.

Let us peep at this fine old *bourgeois* in his studio in the street of Our Lady of the Fields, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens. A sturdy little man,

he sits on a stool before a large easel, and paints and paints, talking the while amiably and frankly with his models or his visitors. His pepper-and-salt coat is daubed like an old palette. In his teeth is an ancient brier—or possibly he is smoking cigarettes, lighting one after another, and letting each go out as he becomes absorbed in his work or interested in the ideas of a guest.

He is naively proud of his success. "Every time I leave my easel," he says, "I lose two or three guineas." And some one is mean enough to quote him.

Or again he declares himself: "I hate realism; it is neither more nor less than photography. . . . A man becomes a painter to adorn nature." How that makes the critics chatter!

To one visitor he talks of his earliest work—his picture of the angel of death or his Dante's "Inferno." "I soon found," he says pleasantly, "that the horrible, the frenzied, the heroic does not pay; and as the public of to-day prefers Venuses and Cupids, and as I paint to please the public, to Venus and her Cupid I chiefly devote myself."

That remark gives the key to Bouguereau: he painted to please the public. And lest he be too harshly charged with a prostitution of his gifts, it may be added that that probably was the only way he could have painted, though he himself may have thought differently. The limitations of his temperament were, after all, the limitations of the people he aimed to please.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is one of a series on the famous painters whose careers have ended during the last few years. Previous papers have dealt with the life and work of Gérôme (June, 1906); Lenbach (September, 1906); Whistler (October, 1906); Henner (November, 1906); Watts (January, 1907); and Burne-Jones (February, 1907).

CHLOE'S PRAYER

"GIVE me," she said, "a chain of days
To twine my throat;
Give me a turquoise sky, a golden sun,
The thrush's note;
Give me a heart to love, a mouth to kiss,
And eyes to weep,
A little wreath of dreams at eventide,
A little sleep.
Give me a man's strong arm to lean upon,
The world to roam—
Then, ere my beauty flutters,
Call me home!"

Archibald Sullivan

THE AWAKENING

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH THE WOODBINE," "THE STORY OF
RALPH MILLER," ETC.

"**B**ELOVED, thine eyes are like the velvet night, thy hair odorous and dusky as midnight in a garden of roses, aye, even as—"

Augusta Harriman paused at this point in her conscientious translation, puzzled by a point of syntax. Not finding what she wished among the books piled before her on the little table in the alcove, she rose and went to one of the shelves near the window. Here she discovered the volume she was seeking; and in order to consult it without tiring her arms, she laid it on the window-sill.

After bending her slender figure above it for some moments, she straightened herself and gazed absently over the corner of the campus which lay before her. At first her blue eyes wore a far-away and absorbed expression; but suddenly, to her surprise, she found herself thinking of the words she had been reading.

The trees of the campus were misty with the spray of tender green which precedes the ocean of deep summer verdure. The grass was an emerald carpet, and shone lustily in the warm spring sunlight. The air which came in at the open window and stirred impartially Augusta Harriman's blond hair, and the leaves of her book was vibrant with the strong stir of awakening life.

Augusta stood by the window a long time. The wind turned the leaves of the Persian grammar till it was overweighted and fell with a bang to the floor, but the girl did not stir. She was not thinking of problems of syntax. The languorous, sensuous poetry which she had been reading as material for an investigation into the relation of the objective case to the Indo-Iranian genitive was racing through her head, quite free of syntactical reflections. It was as if she had been working in a laboratory with a

strong drug whose fumes had suddenly clouded her brain.

It was with a confused whirling back of her eyes that she turned in answer to a step behind her. Her sister stood by the table, blooming like a spring flower, beside a man who was fanning himself with a premature straw hat.

"Oh, Augusta," said the young girl in a pretty, breathless way, "we've had *such* a time getting to you! Your old librarian out there didn't want to let us in; but I just *had* to see you!" She came over to the window where her elder sister stood, and leaned toward her persuasively as she went on: "Now *do* be sensible and like other people! Harry and I have just heard of a perfectly lovely lawn-party the Wrights are going to give, all over their gorgeous grounds. I've just set my heart on going; and oh, Gusta dear, *won't* you make an exception and go—just this once? Mother and the girls are going to be in New York then, and I can't go alone with my engagement just announced—it would be perfectly horrid to have everybody asking questions and nobody with me and—"

She was apparently gathering energy for a further development of her plea when Augusta spoke.

"Why, yes, Beatrice, I'll go if you like. I think"—she paused for a moment as if choosing her words—"I dare say it will do me good." And without a glance at the familiar alcove, leaving the Persian grammar on the floor unregarded, she walked down between the long book-stacks and out of the library door into the warm air, throbbing with bird-song.

II

DRESSED in an exceedingly becoming gown, designed for her by her frivolous sister, Augusta stood idly looking about

the fragrant arbor where she had been left. A soft glow of Japanese lanterns pervaded the fairylike spot, the many-colored radiance dying away at the arched entrance in the yellow light of the moon. It was a sight to stir young pulses, and Augusta's hand, which lay on the back of the bench, shook a little. It was as if she expected some great happening to advance upon her from the shadows.

Steps crunched on the gravel, and her hostess appeared, wearing the worn and anxious look of hostesses in the early part of the evening. With her was a tall young man, very dark, with a serious expression. In a little gasp of delight at finding a disengaged girl at the very moment when she was burdened with a disengaged young man, Mrs. Wright bestowed him upon Augusta.

"Mr. Wheeler, Miss Harriman," she said hastily. "I'm sure you want to take Miss Harriman out on the river, don't you? Augusta, dear, I know you like canoeing," with which inaccurate statement she darted away to others of her arduous tasks.

Augusta and her escort walked docilely toward the boat-house, as docilely selected a canoe, and pushed off into the sluggish little river, lying black and glistening between the rows of colored lights. At first, the young man talked politely of how pretty the lanterns were, and how soft the evening air; but gradually Augusta's unwonted responsiveness to the beauty and mystery about her awoke an answering thrill in his own young blood. He made fewer and fewer casual remarks, and finally there was a long silence.

Augusta dipped her hand in the water and shook the gleaming drops toward the shadow of the trees on the shore.

"The velvet night!" she said in a vibrating voice. "The velvet night!"

Young Mr. Wheeler stopped paddling to exclaim:

"Oh, I say, isn't that fine? Who said that? It is like velvet—the shadow the moon casts—perfumed velvet."

A whiff of roses reached them from the bank.

"Midnight in a garden of roses," the girl quoted again. "That was said of a woman's hair." Her voice sank into a murmur as they drifted around the

curve of the stream and a clump of trees shut them out from the lights of the party. The moon turned the river into a broad moonbeam, down which the canoe floated as lightly as a rose-petal. The young people spoke almost in whispers, as if not to miss the faint murmurs of the night wind in the willows; and from time to time there were silences when Augusta lifted her dripping hand in the moonlight to see it turn silver.

It was in one of the periods of murmured talk that a brightly lighted canoe swung around the bend of the river and laughing calls were heard over the water.

"Augusta! Augusta! A pretty chap-eron you are! Mrs. Wright sent us to look you up for supper!"

"Hey, Bob, old man, quit looking at the moon and get Miss Harriman something to eat! We'll show you the way."

The two canoes spun lightly about and started in the opposite direction. As the second one discharged its passengers at the boat-house, the young man detained the girl a moment.

"Midnight in a garden of roses—that for a woman's hair?" he said in a low voice. "Not at all! The full glory of the golden moon—that is your hair!"

III

It was some time in the next month that Beatrice sat on the Harriman piazza, dispensing iced lemonade and vivacious conversation to old Professor Rosenburg.

"I'm not surprised to see you, professor," she was saying, laughing and stirring the lemonade with the energy she gave to all her actions. "I thought you'd be looking up your recreant pupil before long. But you needn't think you can come and hypnotize her back to your old Orientalism. Augusta, Heaven be praised, has come to her senses! We're all so pleased we don't know what to do. Mama is so happy to have her eldest daughter like other girls! Augusta always was the best-looking of the lot, and it's time she woke up to it!"

Professor Rosenburg stroked his long white beard and smiled.

"Is she like other girls?" he inquired; and before he could receive an answer he went on, in the calm, unhesitating monologue of the college professor: "Your sister is a very interesting person."

I always felt there was a mistake about the soul that entered her body at birth—that the spirit of some fervent medieval scholar had, by a curious error, hit on the body of a big handsome American society girl. Just as some people have the artistic temperament without the capacity for expression, she has the scholar's temperament without the scholar's capacity for really assimilating. In all the years she has studied with me she has done nothing but absorb and absorb—like a student of the early Renaissance, mad with desire for knowledge."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders impatiently at the ruthless long-windedness of the scholar, and restated the case in modern terms.

"I don't know anything about the Renaissance—living in a university town has taught me to steer clear of knowing things—but I know Augusta's just like dad. He rakes in all the money he can lay his hands on, although he's got more than he can use, and she fastens on to every piece of book-learning she can dig out, though she never does anything with it. But what's the use of talking about that now? My dear professor"—this in an exultant voice—"if you could see Augusta sitting out on the piazza with Bob Wheeler, while the rest of us tactfully melt away, you'd think she had a plain, ordinary American society girl's soul, all right. He is just starting off on a business trip to Florida, and Harry and I are betting that'll settle the matter. There's nothing like a little separation at the right moment to give people's imaginations a chance. Not that Bob has sense enough to know it; but providentially the pickle business in Florida needs attention, and his firm are sending him off. I know all about it," she continued, rattling on. "I never should have fallen in love with Harry if he hadn't had typhoid fever at the right time! I forgot all about his blinking his eyes as he talks, and about his having freckled hands, and then, when I saw him again, I'd grown so fond of him I didn't care about such things any more!"

Professor Rosenburg laughed outright as he stood up to go.

"My dear Miss Beatrice," he observed, as he shook her hand, "you are a very observing as well as a very entertaining

young lady. You are, however, mistaken in one point. I did not come to look up my pupil, but to say good-by to her. I'm off for a month's vacation. Also I wished to tell her that the oriental alcove in the library will be closed for rearrangement during my absence."

Beatrice gave a little spring of delight. "How grand! Now Augusta won't have one thing to do but think about Bob Wheeler's black eyes!"

Professor Rosenburg laughed at this as he turned away.

"We'll see," he called over his shoulder. "We'll see whose soul is living in Augusta Harriman's body. I haven't given up my medieval monk theory yet!"

"Nonsense!" said Beatrice. "It's just a plain Harriman, New England, university small town soul. All girls are just the same when there's a young man in the question!"

IV

DURING the two months which followed, there were many hours when Augusta attributed her restlessness and uneasiness to the fact that her alcove among the oriental books was closed. She moved in a cycle of feeling about Robert's letters, which kept her emotions constantly quivering. She was eagerly looking for one by every mail, rushing to the gate at the far sound of the postman's whistle, and returning with an odd intensity of disappointment if he brought her nothing. On the other hand, if she received one, there was sure to be a temporary qualm of disillusion as she first read the matter-of-fact, sensible epistles, telling of his business experiences in the South, of the heat, and how he suffered from the mosquitoes. All this, which formed the bulk of each letter, Augusta swept to one side and disregarded utterly; but there were always two or three paragraphs with a more personal note, and these she read and reread.

At first he had spoken only in pleasant reminiscence of moonlight evenings on the Harriman piazza, and, half humorously, of his eagerness to be there again. To this phase had succeeded a warmer and more fervent depiction of his loneliness and his delight in her letters; and this, in turn, had given way to intimate disclosures of his hopes and plans

for the future, told only to her. As these last were largely concerned with the aggrandizement of the pickle business, Augusta's imagination was at infinite pains to work them into the romantic and golden fabric which she spent her days in spinning out of the letters of the eager young business man. She treated them as she treated her recollections of the broad-shouldered, square-jawed young American. She arranged and rearranged what he had said and done till she had pieced neatly together a wonderful mosaic, which she lay admiring while the cool New England breeze lightly swung her hammock.

It was sometimes troublesome to fit in the latest letter, but by dint of long meditation she always managed to move her counters till there was room for that part of it which she cared to admit. This process she called "falling in love." She often said to herself: "I am falling in love! Just like anybody, I am falling in love."

On the morning when she expected him back she was alone in the house. She walked restlessly about, vague anticipations of all kinds stirring her to unwonted excitement. For her the great hour was coming, the hour to which—so she had always read—women looked forward as the pivot of their lives.

She started violently as the door-bell rang. The maid came to announce him. "Hair as dusky as the velvet night" floated through her mind as she parted the curtains and entered the room where he stood; but on the threshold she stopped short.

Young Mr. Wheeler, doubtless owing to the heat in the South, had had his hair cut quite close to his head, so that his scalp, pink with the exertion of rapid walking, shone through a dark stubble. Augusta hesitated in the doorway.

"How do you do, Mr. Wheeler?" she said faintly.

The man turned toward her a face paled by sudden emotion. He took her hand gravely, without speaking. Augusta noticed that he smelled of tobacco.

"Miss Harriman," he said, "I can't waste time on conventionalities."

He stopped abruptly, and walked away toward one of the windows. As Augusta watched him, she saw that in spite of

his youth there was the beginning of a bald spot on the back of his head.

He came back suddenly, and, standing close to her, began to speak in a voice roughened by emotion. In the midst of his first sentence, however, he interrupted himself and caught his breath. Exclaiming fervently, "Oh, Augusta!" he took Miss Harriman in his strong arms and kissed her on the mouth.

The girl did not make a motion. After his arms had dropped, she stood still for a moment; then, without a word, she threw back the curtain and disappeared.

The man waited in uncomfortable embarrassment for some time and then went away, already composing a letter of apology and a declaration of love. He imagined Augusta weeping tears of chagrin at his unseemly impulsiveness, and berated himself for a brute.

In reality Augusta was watching his departure with perfectly dry eyes, and with a feeling of astonishment so great as to swallow up every other sensation—even disappointment. Instead of the whirlwind of emotion which she had expected, she found herself—after the first movement of physical revulsion—in her old dead calm.

At the first breath of reality, the bubble-thin edifice she had been all summer in constructing had disappeared utterly. The summons she had been awaiting had sounded, and, instead of throwing wide her windows and doors in welcome, she sat placidly behind closed shutters while the knocking reverberated through *an empty house!*

Almost instinctively, she put on her hat and went down toward the university library. As she walked along, she remembered the Persian grammar she had left on the window-sill—or had it fallen to the floor? It seemed to her that the reverberation of its fall had just reached her ears.

She noticed with absent eyes that the brief and cool New England summer was almost over. Already dead leaves lay on the flagging of the walks, and late flowers were striving to burst their buds as if conscious that a long and cold winter was before them.

Her skirts carried into the library a handful of dry leaves, which went scurrying across the floor as she stepped in

with one of her old decisive gestures. On her way to the oriental alcove she passed Professor Rosenberg's open door. The old man was sitting within, bent over a book, his white beard stirring in the autumn breeze from an open window.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you're back, are you? *So am I!*"

When she reached her alcove she looked about its book-lined walls with a sigh of content, and began walking about, pulling down her reference-books

and piling them on the little table. When she had finished, she sat down behind the barricade, her blue eyes shining.

There was a long, long silence as she turned over the pages of her books. It was broken by the appearance of the old attendant who had always been a part of the library. To him Miss Harriman spoke, without raising her head.

"Oh, Wilson," she said in an absent tone, "just hand me that Zhukovski's Persian grammar, will you?"



THE STAGE-MANAGER WAS PRANCING WITH THE CHORUS MEN

VALLOMBROSA TERRACE

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MARY GAYLORD was wasting valuable moments. She was primping, woman-like, lingering before the cracked mirror of her bureau, to distribute here and there on hair and gown deft, sure pats of the hand—remedying defects that would have seemed quite negligible to a masculine understanding. And so employed—clear, brown eyes busied

upon the reflection of the young figure, slim and neat in her sole seasonable dress—instinctively she nodded satisfaction. She had rendered herself presentable: there was nothing in her appearance to suggest the straightened means that inevitably assorted with the top-floor-back hall-bedroom in Mrs. Maxwell's boarding-house. And if the purse, which presently she extracted from its

hiding-place between the springs and the thin old mattress of her bed was lean, it retained enough of its pristine elegance to aid and abet both hat and gown in their negative deception.

Miss Gaylord went out hurriedly, dismayed by the discovery that her eccentric tin alarm-clock had raced its hands to twenty minutes after nine. She turned to lock her door in a hallway whose pent and musty atmosphere was quite as potent as fear lest she be late to send her small feet pattering rapidly down four flights of stairs. And as she descended, air and shadows alike seemed to grow more dense. An unsavory gloom inhabited the lower hall, so thick that not even Miss Gaylord's intuition warned her of a hostile presence there before, with fingers on the front-door latch, she was halted by the voice of her landlady.

„Sepulchral, husky, deep, it issued from the obscurity in astonishing volume. Beneath the six simple syllables of Mrs. Maxwell's greeting, drawled with measured deliberation—"Good mo-ornin', Miss Gay-lord!"—there lurked a world of meaning. She could no more clearly by the articulated words have conveyed to her lodger's sensitive intelligence a variety of suggestions. "Why do you hurry? Did you not see me? Did you think to ignore me? Do you know that for four weeks your rent has not been paid? Do you underestimate my generosity and forbearance? How much longer am I to be kept waiting?"—these, with a dozen other demands, Miss Gaylord could not but divine beneath that salutation. And she faltered, knowing the futility of argument.

In vain she might have pleaded: "Be patient with me yet a little time, Mrs. Maxwell, as I myself must be patient. I have an engagement: a fortnight and we open on the roof-garden. Then I shall have money and can pay you. It is true that I know not how to live through the interval, rehearsing twelve hours a day on insufficient food, or on none at all. After to-day I shall have no money whatever—but—patience!"

So she might have spoken; but the threadbare phrases choked, with a sob, in her throat, and in sudden, speechless panic she turned and fled out into the bland brilliance of the perfumed morning.

A silly apprehension lest her long-suffering landlady should give chase, with voluble lamentation and upbraiding, kept her overwrought nerves in a flutter until she had rounded the avenue corner; but even in calmer mood she held on across town at a brisk pace, hoping against hope that her clock might have been fast, for once in a blue moon.

The rehearsal was called for half past nine, and Torrance, the stage-manager, was notoriously quick-tempered. Although at first he had been inclined to use Miss Gaylord gently, differentiating her from the rank and file of her sister "ladies of the chorus," of late his tongue had spared her no more than another. And his displeasure was something to be dreaded no less than the inevitable encounter with the affronted Mrs. Maxwell in the evening.

Breathless and spent, she reached the fifth landing fully twenty minutes late. Torrance was busy drilling "the boys" at the moment; by his sardonic eye, at least, her arrival passed unregarded. Coatless and collarless, an old felt hat pulled down over his brows, the stage-manager was prancing with the chorus men, a rakish score of youths who perspiringly marched and countermarched, emulating his antics with bored abandon, deaf to his profane appeals to inject into the "business" some of that quality which he seemed to possess in such abounding store—to wit, "ginger."

Over at the piano the boyish composer, who likewise served as "musical director," was laboring mightily, a brown-paper cigarette drooping, unlighted, from his tired, petulant lips. Round the walls and at the open windows the women loitered, wearily awaiting their turn to be schooled in steps already grown disgustingly familiar. Toward the nearer group of these Miss Gaylord furtively made her way, removing her hat and pinning up her skirts to clear her slim ankles. Two or three thoughtless acquaintances turned to greet her gaily, thereby encompassing her detection.

"Stop that talking!" Torrance's voice rasped angrily through the piano's clatter. And his gaze, seeking the offenders, was arrested by Miss Gaylord's shrinking figure. He lifted a hand, and the rehearsal paused. "Ah, Miss Gay!"

Thus was her name abbreviated for footlight uses, plain Mary Gaylord becoming "Marie Gay." The girl halted, and there fell a hush, cut scathingly by Torrance's irony. "Ah, Miss Gay! It is a pleasure, indeed, to have our principals set a good example to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. The principals, Miss Gay, are not called until eleven. Did you mistake the hour, or is this pure enthusiasm for your work?"

Miss Gaylord's face burned with the sting of his satire. "I am sorry, Mr. Torrance," she told him in a voice steady, but so low that he misunderstood.

"You overslept? Your clock was slow? Or was it a block on the Subway? What amazing originality! That will do, Miss Gay; don't try my temper again this morning—I warn you. Come now, girls, step lively—opening chorus, first act. And for Heaven's sake try to dance like human beings, not wooden dolls!"

Torrance's lean face was unnaturally red, his features puffy, his eyes swollen. As the rehearsal proceeded he seemed to make less and less effort to control his temper. The chorus, hating him heartily to a unit, worked ever less willingly, more sullenly.

And Miss Gaylord? She tripped through her paces mechanically, despite it all. Torrance's hazing passed over her head.

In heart and spirit she was far from that superheated, reeking hall. On her cross-town walk every breath she inhaled had been saturated with the heady essence of the world's immortal youth, and now spring was tugging at her heart-strings, loosing a surge of memories poignantly dear—of home; of the elm-arched village street; of lush meadow and purling brook; of long, still days dream-like in the hot hush of summer; of youth—her youth that lay such a little way behind her, yet so irrevocably far; of Peter Holly, her Peter of the honest eyes, who so valiantly had combated her determination to win a livelihood of the world, offering her his name and such a home as his slender means would purchase, if she would but forego her dream of independence. Dear Peter! How mad she had been! Her eyes filled, her heart melting in penitence.

"Miss Gay!"

Automatically she stopped in the middle of a step, and became conscious that she had been dancing alone, the rest of the chorus having withdrawn.

"That will be about all, Miss Gay. I regret we cannot humor your appetite for the middle of the stage. Your impression that you are a principal grows too strong for tolerance. We shall not need your services from now on. You may go."

Aghast, her eyes sought Torrance's in dumb pleading. He turned away with a shrug and an air of bravado. "We'll go on with your solo, Mr. Classon," he told the comedian, "now that Miss Gay permits."

Blindly she found her hat, adjusting it with fumbling fingers, then made her way to the door. The principals ignored the incident, the chorus accepting it with relief that a scapegoat had been singled out to suffer for the sins of the majority. But one warm-hearted girl followed Miss Gaylord into the corridor, stopping her there and kneeling to unpin the skirts which she had forgotten.

"Don't take it hard, dear," she comforted her. "That Torrance's a nasty brute! You go right straight up to Norris. I heard last night he was gettin' up a snap comp'ny for the beaches—"

"Thank you," stammered Miss Gaylord. But she shook her head. The bare thought of going the round of theatrical agencies, begging for the work that was nowhere to be had in the slack season, seemed infinitely repugnant to her, just then. She must find some other way to keep body and soul together until autumn.

Out of doors, she wandered aimlessly through the hot, glaring streets. Where to go and what to do, immediately, she had no notion. To return to Mrs. Maxwell's before nightfall was out of the question; her only hope of retaining her room lay in keeping up the fiction of daily rehearsals until she found something else.

II

How, in the final decision, she brought herself to do anything so daring she never knew. But, in fact, it was the longing, fierce and keen, for the open country, where spring was not a mock-



MISS GAYLORD COLLAPSED ON ONE OF THE NEWLY PAINTED PLATFORM BENCHES, WHILE
PETER SPEEDED THE DEPARTING TRAIN WITH A MELODRAMATIC FIST

ery and a delusion, that impelled her to folly—that, and a fortuitous recognition of the Grand Central Station, its wide portals in themselves a pressing invitation to one in whom the *wanderlust* was strong.

An inspiration to adventure colored her mood and her cheeks alike with a flush of excitement, and before she knew it she was inside the building, waiting her turn at the ticket-grating, slender gloved fingers nervously extracting a coin from the cavernous depths of her poverty-stricken purse. Twenty-five cents! She would have thought twice ere spending as much for a meal, but as the price of a day of freedom in the country, it seemed all too insignificant.

A machine in human shape, on the farther side of the barred window, received the coin without question; and, "Where to?" it demanded brusquely.

"To—as far as that will take me," she faltered, placating the mechanism with a faint, deprecating smile. And a moment later she was passing through the rotunda to the train-shed, happy in the possession of a slip of pasteboard.

A uniformed giant condescended to enlighten her, bending low to examine the ticket. "Creston, ma'am? Track six, to the right. Your train starts in two minutes."

Thanking him, she hurried through the gates, wondering where Creston might be, and wholly unconscious of the fact that a tall young man had stopped short at sight of her, had pursued as far as the gates, and there had been turned back for want of credentials. He looked up at the bulletin over track six, caught the name of the first stop, and dashed into the waiting-room, wherefrom he as hastily popped out, some seconds later—with a ticket; and in the nick of time. The platform gates closed behind his coat-tails as he sped after the moving train, already half out of the shed.

He caught it. Very likely he would have caught it had his handicap been twice as heavy. He was a young man of an alert, determined, sanguine habit, with much of the air of one who generally gets what he wants.

Miss Gaylord had settled herself comfortably with an elbow on the window-sill, her small, round chin cuddled in a

firm and rosy palm, her eyes turned in dreaming to the shifting and spreading web of tracks in the train-yard. When the young man shouldered down the aisle and paused beside her, his voice was the first warning she had of him.

"Beg pardon—this seat is not reserved, I trust?"

It was an ordinary, every-day query, rendered euphonious by courtesy; none the less, Miss Gaylord frowned with annoyance. Why that seat? The car was not half filled; he could as easily have left her in peace. She looked up resentfully; and, "Mary!" supplemented the young man plaintively.

Miss Gaylord thought no more of the contemplated snubbing. She sat forward abruptly, as if to rise; and immediately sat back. Her cheeks became as swiftly pale. Before her eyes the young man's homely, honest features blurred ridiculously. She laughed with an uncertain note. "Peter!" breathed Miss Gaylord.

Whereupon Peter Holly slid himself quietly into the unengaged seat. "I have," he announced—the practical soul!—"worn out three pairs of shoes looking for you in New York, Mary."

After some time, the train paused at a meek suburban station, deposited a few passengers, took on others, and resumed its headlong flight through a smiling countryside. The two young people were only vaguely conscious of the incident. In truth, they were but hazily conscious of anything in the world but their two selves—and this, although fifteen minutes' talk had brought Mary Gaylord to the verge of tears and plunged Peter Holly into a humor half sulky and half exasperated.

"I should think you'd try to be reasonable, Mary," he complained. "I don't see what earthly difference it makes."

"It makes every possible difference," declared Miss Gaylord with a manner of finality that would have been more convincing had her tone been less tremulous.

"How?" demanded Peter, openly mutinous.

"Why, Peter, can't you see that if I refused to marry you when you were p-poor, I just c-can't, now you're rich."

"No, I can't see it. What's more, I won't."

"Well—that's the way of it, Peter."

Peter's mind diverged at a tangent somewhat startling. "Hang an uncle who's got to go and die and leave a fellow money!" grumbled the ungrateful cub.

If Miss Gaylord replied, her words were drowned by the banging of the door, as it opened to admit a puff of smoke, a shower of cinders, and somebody in a blue uniform.

"Tickets, please!"

"It isn't," Peter mourned, "it isn't as if I didn't love you with all my heart, Mary—"

"Peter!"

"—Nor as if you didn't love me. I dare you to say you don't love me."

"Tickets, please!"

"What's the odds what people think?" reasoned Peter rebelliously. "You're you and—"

"Tickets, please!"

An official index finger tapped Peter's shoulder. The young man turned sharply and transfixed the conductor with a frigid glare. "We're going to Creston," he announced.

"No, you ain't," retorted the conductor with spirit. "You're going away from it."

"Wha-at?"

"Creston was the last stop. Next stop Montmorency—hour farther on."

"Oh!" commented Peter, crestfallen.

"And you'll have to pay the extra fares—sixty-five cents each," volunteered the functionary.

"Oh, Peter!" interpolated Miss Gaylord, with a depth of dismay in her tone which caused the young man to turn to her in instant solicitude.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?"

There was everything the matter, judging from Mary's expression and demeanor. She was turning and twisting about in the greatest agitation, evidently looking for something that was neither on the seat beside her, nor on the window-sill, nor yet on the floor of the car. But Peter was more immediately concerned for the doleful down-droop of her sweet red lips, for the glint of moisture in the dear brown eyes.

"I—I've lost my purse, Peter!"

"Lost it!" repeated the young man stupidly.

The conductor's face hardened. "You'll have to pay up or get off," he said grimly. "There ain't no two ways about *that*."

"That's all right," snapped Peter. He stood up and thrust a hand into one trouser-pocket, hesitated, with an uneasy look in his eyes, withdrew the hand, empty, and began to search his remaining pockets in sudden anxiety.

Watching him, the conductor smiled the incredulous, pitying smile of one to whom such symptoms are as a tale that is told. "What's become of it, d'you s'pose?" he asked, not without humor. "Left your roll at home on the piano—what?"

Peter chose to ignore this. "Mary," he advanced in embarrassment, "you're sure your pocketbook's gone? I—er—haven't a red cent."

The girl turned to him eyes blank with consternation. "I can't understand where I could have dropped it, Peter. What *shall* we do?"

"Huh!" commented the conductor. "I'd think you'd know better'n to try that game—"

"Game!" cried Peter, swinging toward him so furiously that the man repented hastily.

"Well, anyway," he declared sullenly, "I ain't got any choice in the matter. 'F I let you ride free and get caught I lose my job. Which'll you have? Pay up, or get put off?"

Peter sat down and intentionally placed a strong, firm, capable hand over Mary's. "Never mind, dear," he said gently; and to the conductor, curtly, "Put us off."

The official hand moved hesitantly toward the signal-cord. "I don't like to do it," vacillated the conductor.

"Put us off, I say!" snapped Peter with heated defiance.

"Well, suit yourself."

And the cord was pulled.

III

WITH a final, hoarse, derisive *Hoot-too-oot!* the locomotive whisked the last car round a bend, and vanished precipitately into the fringe of scrub-oak that belted the landscape.

Miss Gaylord, collapsing limply on one of the newly painted platform benches, regarded Peter with an expression wherein laughter was curiously blended with tears. Peter speeded the departing train with a melodramatic fist, then turned to view the prospect with a darkling eye. The outlook was scarcely encouraging.

In the middle of a level plain, enclosed by the ragged barrier of timber, sat the railroad station, spruce and trig and—to all appearances—fresh from the builders' hands. Behind it a broad tract of cleared earth set it apart from a huge and upstanding bill-board. To right and left, on either side of the bisecting rows of railway track, the face of the earth presented a checker-board effect, thanks to a severely regular system of cross-hatching roads, all neatly bordered with rows of thin, tall, wooden wands with the bark on.

In the middle distance, at the approximate geographical center of the checker-board, three large, ostentatious, and aggressively Queen Anne cottages stood cheek by jowl, having obviously foregathered in a forlorn attempt to mitigate their excessive loneliness. One was yawning pardonably, with its front door wide open. Another seemed to be inhabited, though its tenants remained invisible. The third was quite palpably empty, swept and garnished, and miserable about it. All wore an air of wanting to come over by the station and be sociable, but not daring to on account of their superior social standing.

And that was all, if one excepts the high-arching, clear-blue sky, the showered sunshine, and the good smell of the earth.

"Mary," said Peter solemnly, "I know just precisely how Adam felt when first he met Eve in the garden. This is undoubtedly the loneliest spot on the footstool." He added, somewhat cryptically, "I hadn't counted on this." He noticed that Miss Gaylord was not paying strict attention to him, and seemed put out. "Mary," he demanded severely, "what are you thinking about?"

"There's some one coming," replied Mary.

She was staring at that portion of the scenery which lay behind Peter. He

faced about, to discover a brisk and showy motor-car in the act of hurdling the tracks. Peter's jaw dropped. From what quarter of the skies could it have fallen? A second sweeping scrutiny revealed to him the existence of a small building decorated with a large sign which bore the single word "Office." Behind this, he concluded, the motor-car must have been hiding.

Meanwhile, the car, making a prodigious fuss about it, reached the station side of the tracks, swung sharply on its near hind wheel, and dashed madly for Peter. At the edge of the platform, however, it changed its mind, pulled up smartly with a snort, and ejected a young man about twenty-eight years of age, with a square-hewn, red face, red hair, red necktie, brown derby hat clinging precariously to the back of his head, wonderfully creased trousers, and a winning smile. He strode swiftly across the platform and incontinently seized Peter's hand.

"Why-how-do-you-do?" he said rapidly. "Welcome, my dear sir, to Vallobrosa Terrace! Welcome to the Homeseeker's Paradise! Welcome to New York's most prosperous, healthful, and rapidly growing suburb, within forty-five minutes of City Hall, commutation less than twelve and a half cents *per diem*, sewers, electric-lighting system, and public schools already contracted for, all home sites rigidly restricted—"

"I've read all that," Peter inserted edgewise, motioning to the sign-board behind the station, upon whose ample surface the substance of the young man's remarks was succinctly and startlingly limned in gigantic red and yellow letters against a black background.

"To be sure you have." The red-headed man laughed frankly. "Of course. You see, I've been working up an ad. for next Sunday's paper, and I must have kind of forgot. But I am glad to see you. To tell the truth, I hardly expected any one by that train; it's an express, not scheduled to stop here, and— By the way, how did it happen to stop?"

"I have some little influence with the company," hinted Peter diplomatically.

"I see. Er—pardon me. And may

I venture to introduce myself? Permit me—my business card: Herbert Hanks, as you see, resident agent for the Vallombrosa Real Estate, Building Loan, Title Guarantee and Trust Company, Incorporated. And this is—

"My name is Peter Holly and—"

"This is Mrs. Holly? Charmed, I assure you."

Miss Gaylord looked up quickly with a protest already formed upon her lips, but Mr. Hanks swept along so briskly that she hardly found a chance to interrupt and correct him. And Peter did not appear to have noticed the mistake.

"It is," declared the agent fervently, "a sincere pleasure to find people of the right stamp so soon attracted to our little but rapidly developing community. May I ask why—"

"I wanted to see the Terrace," replied Peter simply, looking round for it.

"Oh, the Terrace—" stammered Mr. Hanks.

"And the shady valley—"

"I beg pardon—"

"The shady valley — Vallombrosa, you know," interpreted Peter. "The combination seemed peculiarly felicitous, an incitement to the imagination—"

"Sir, you delight me beyond expression. You honor me beyond my deserts. D'you know, I *thought* that Vallombrosa Terrace would catch 'em!"

"You are the inventor—"

Mr. Hanks bowed modestly. "And now," he proceeded with unabated enthusiasm, "now that you are here, I trust that you will not deny me the pleasure of showing you over our young but progressive residence suburb—you see I can't forget the ads.—in my automobile. You will find the ride a pleasant one, and afterward I hope you'll honor me by lunching in one of our model cottages—the three over there on the corner of Broadway and Hudson Boulevard. Such a home, sir and madam, we will build you on a site of your own choosing—price of the lot, of course, depending on the desirability of the location—for the absurdly small sum of—"

As he talked, this extraordinary and energetic person fairly swept them before him into the motor-car. His gesture of invitation to the girl had been irresistible; she had risen in auto-

matic and unquestioning obedience to it. Once, indeed, her eyes sought Peter's in the mute protest: Was it right?

At the moment they were comparatively alone. Mr. Hanks was tinkering with something occult beneath the hood of the machine. His tongue ran on in futile opposition to the throbbing of the engines. Peter could defend himself without being overheard.

"Please, Mary!" he begged. "I'm ravenous, and there's a lunch coming—"

"But, Peter—"

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes; but Peter—"

"And I'll make it all right with him—I'll buy the Terrace," laughed Peter.

Miss Gaylord abandoned her position as untenable. Besides, the afternoon drew on, and she *was* hungry. Dazed by the swift swing of events, happy to be with Peter and pleasantly frightened by that very happiness, she rested luxuriously in the cushioned seat, content to let the Fates weave out her destiny as they would.

IV

PRESENTLY the car stopped. Mr. Hanks shut off the power, jumped out, and opened the door with a Chesterfieldian bow, offering her his hand.

"Our model cottage, Mrs. Holly." It was the house with the yawning front door. "I trust that you will be pleased with it. Mr. Holly seems very favorably impressed. Mind the step. Of course, if you do not care to build, we can let you have this splendid and completely appointed residence."

Persuasive, glib, ready, a stranger to fatigue, he marshaled them into the structure and through it, from cellar to attic, from drawing-room to kitchen. The tide of his amazing eloquence flowed on, carrying all before it. Not until eventually they had returned to the main hall did he draw rein. Promptly Peter improved the opportunity which, reckoning by precedent, might occur never again in their association with this remarkable and agreeable personality.

"I will buy it," stated Peter calmly.

Mr. Hanks gasped, for a single breath dumfounded. An expression of unspeakable bliss spread itself over his rubicund countenance.

"Sir," he said with emotion, impulsively seizing Peter's hand, "permit me to congratulate you on a decision which shall stand forever a monument to your judgment and taste. A man of your caliber, Mr. Holly, is a credit even to Vallombrosa Terrace, the Queen City of Suburbia—as I shall say in my next ad. And," he added, turning in unquenchable enthusiasm to Miss Gaylord, "you, Mrs. Holly—"

"I am not Mrs. Holly," interjected the girl, abruptly desperate.

"I beg pardon." A second time Mr. Hanks permitted it to become known that he was thunderstruck. "Not Mrs. Holly!" he cried, stepping back and glancing from Peter to Miss Gaylord.

Peter, crushed, sheepishly hung his head. Mary held hers a shade higher.

"We are not married," she affirmed—

"Yet," amended Peter, lifting his chin and meeting her glance squarely. And Miss Gaylord's was the first to waver and to fall.

"Not yet," continued Peter, with a ring of returning confidence. "But we are going to be just as soon as I can persuade Miss Gaylord—"

An inspiration electrified Mr. Hanks. Without ceremony, in uncontrollable delight, he interrupted. "And why not here and now?" he demanded. "This very hour, in this very house, your future home? Why not make yours the first wedding in Vallombrosa Terrace, Garden Spot of the Residential Center—and-so-forth-and-so-forth? Believe me, you have in your grasp an opportunity such as is given to few people in these piping times o' peace—an opportunity to make history, sir and madam—I beg pardon, Miss—"

"But—" Peter managed to begin.

"But how?" Mr. Hanks took the query out of his mouth. "How? You ask me how? How but by a circumstance due to the foresight and intelligence of that public-spirited body of men, the Board of Directors of the Vallombrosa Terrace R. E., B. L., T. G. and T. Co., Inc.—who, in laying their plans for the promotion and development of this lovely residential section, wisely and generously made a free gift of one of their model cottages to the first minister of the Gospel who could

be induced to take up his residence here and care for the moral welfare of our steadily increasing population: I mean the Rev. Jeremiah Hanks, my respected uncle, whose cottage adjoins this. Permit me," clattered Mr. Hanks jubilantly, edging toward the front door, "to go at once and make arrangements."

He disappeared, his progress across lots marked by a diminishing gush of syllables. Presently that died, and for a little time a peaceful silence reigned in Vallombrosa Terrace. In the main hall of the model cottage two young people stared at each other across a splash of sunlight that lay like a pool of molten gold upon the imitation parquetry of the floor: a young woman in whose eyes indignation blazed in competition with an all but overpowering impulse to give way to laughter, and a young man with a sober expression and eyes in which dwelt repentance and longing. For a little, neither spoke; and it was Peter who finally broke the tension of constraint.

"Mary," he said as timidly as a child; "Mary, I—didn't mean to take advantage of you this way. It isn't a square deal to you, dear. I've got to own up to deceiving you. I had plenty of cash in my pocket all the time, but when that glorified idiot threatened to put us off, I thought maybe we'd land at some quiet little country station and wouldn't be able to get another train for a good while, and so I'd have a chance to see a little more of you and induce you to change your mind, and—"

Her expression, as she stared at him across the golden shaft of light, perplexed him. He stammered and was still for an instant.

"Heaven knows," he declared abruptly, "that I stand justified if anything I've done or can do will serve to make you change your mind, Mary. I don't want anything but the right to take care of you."

Abruptly the girl lifted both hands and held them out to him. "Peter," she said with a broken, happy laugh, "it's the most absurd, the most unutterably ridiculous thing that ever happened, but—I have changed my mind, Peter."

And Peter went to her, across the pool of sunlight.

LIGHT VERSE

BELINDA'S FRECKLES

LET misers count their stores of gold,
 And silver metal hard and cold;
 I vex me not with drossy pelf
 So great it piles up of itself,
 And gives me but a passing chill
 Instead of some responsive thrill
 To cheer the soul and warm the heart,
 And make the dormant pulses start.

But, oh, the gold that I can see
 When my Belinda sits by me
 Out on the rock-bound coast, in days
 Made glorious by the summer's haze,
 Or by some spray-bespattered nook
 We turn the pages of a book,
 With but the blue and sea alone
 To act for us the chaperon!

For on Belinda's brow recline
 Ten thousand sequins, eighteen fine,
 And half a million on her cheek
 I find whenever I do seek;
 While on her dainty, dimpled chin,
 And on that hand that I would win,
 I count my dollars, rows on rows—
 With what reserve upon her nose!

Belinda's freckles—past all doubt
 The gold within her coming out—
 Are all the wealth of which I boast,
 The Midas stores I care for most;
 And if for one small, slightest piece
 Of that vast store you'd seek release,
 You could not get it, not from me,
 For all the wealth of Kimberley!

John Kendrick Bangs

A SEARCH FOR REST

I NEEDED rest; I sauntered forth
 To see a friend whose office I
 Was sometimes wont to stop in when
 I happened to be passing by.
 Alack, my hope was soon dispelled,
 For, from the wall a motto yelled:
 "This is my busy day."

Distressed, I went another way—
 A quiet sort of place, I thought,
 Where energy did not appear
 To be so badly overwrought.
 Yet when I sat me down inside,
 A rude, insistent motto cried:
 "Play ball!"

Next day I made another call
 Among my friends, where I could stop
 And into some secure retreat
 Might, as a weary plodder, drop.
 But here, as elsewhere, urgently
 A motto shrilly shrieked at me:
 "Get busy there!"

Once more I sought a little share
 Of rest; and passing friends I knew,
 I went among the strangers, where
 There might be something less to do.
 But on the wall a motto gleamed
 In restless red, and at me screamed:
 "Do it now!"

That's what I wished to do. But how?
 A graveyard seemed to be the place
 Best fitted for the weariness
 Of this unending, hopeless race;
 But there, above the gate that led
 To consecrated ground, I read:
 "No admission except on business!"
W. J. Lampton

ON COMMON GROUND

SOME people admire modern fiction,
 And some are attracted by facts
 Of reform of our birth-rate, or spelling,
 Or corrupt Senatorial acts;
 But there's a unique fascination
 To which every interest leans,
 Which makes us all read advertisements
 At the backs of our best magazines.

Our studies, enthralled and hypnotic,
 Of these wonderful pages reveal
 Pianolas, hair-tonic, hams, autos,
 And ladies in chaste dishabille;
 For art that would stump the old masters,
 And tales that would charm the marines,
 Just scan the well-known advertisements
 At the backs of our best magazines!

They surely are kin to Aladdin,
 For they build, at a few dollars' charge,
 A palace of granite and shingles
 With hothouse, steam-heat, and garage;
 The days of the dulllest suburban
 May bask in luxurious scenes,
 If he heeds the complete advertisements
 At the backs of our best magazines!

Each pleasure and want of our lifetime
 Their promises plead to fulfil;
 They will beautify, educate, gladden,
 Cure mental and physical ill;

And for some who devour them devoutly
A doubt e'en of heaven supervenes,
Since it never has had advertisement
At the backs of our best magazines!

Katharine Perry

DAN CUPID, GRAFTER

"DAN," said Queen Venus, a frown on
her face,
"What means all this profligate public dis-
grace?
Many hearts which you mated have taken
recourse
To the commonplace courts for an earthly
divorce."

Dan, disconcerted, tried hard to deny
He'd been mixed with these marriages gone
all awry.

But, being hard pressed,
At last he confessed:
Rich Croesus had bribed him to tip each
bright shaft
He shot at poor maidens with covetous
graft!

Said Venus, unbuckling her cestus of gold,
"I'll have fair revenge for the hearts you
have sold!

I've decided to spank you,
That no further prank you
Will play on my sisters,
And promise you blisters
For being so bold—

That not even your grace nor a pair of soft
pantal-

Oons 'll save you from taking your meals
from a mantel!"

George Wetherill Earl, Jr.

MY LADY'S COMB

LORENZO sings of Nina's satin shoe,
And Colin of his Chloe's ribbon blue;
One celebrates his lady's fan or zone,
Another to her eyebrow makes his moan.
Lilting their lays, they wend along the road
Which through all ages lovers true have
trod.

And I, as down that flowery path I roam,
Sing of my lady's little amber comb!
Dainty and small as she—bright as her
eyes—

No fairer snood could heart of man devise.
Tricked out in gems that glitter like the
stars,

Imprisoning her hair in amber bars,
It cries defiance to the blustering wind
That strives her smooth brown tresses to
unbind.

Close to her—closer than I dare to come—
Sometimes caressed by finger and small
thumb;

Happy to know her jewel-case its home
It is; and yet—I would not be her comb.
Against her hair it rests with jaunty grace—
Sure, 'tis an enviable resting-place;
But then, poor thing, it cannot see her face!

Jessie I. Miller

HER AUNT

SHE sits and decorously knits—
My absent love's invaluable aunt;
While I sit dutifully by
And sip my tea, and praise her rubber-
plant;
Her cat, her bird, her braided mat,
Their excellencies shamelessly I chant.

At last a wary line I cast,
And with the apathy of kin she tells
Of Her! I scarcely dare to stir,
Lest she should hear how greatly my
heart swells.

I caught that time the pearl I sought;
Too often all I get is oyster-shells.

'Tis past! My love is home at last!
But now I pay for my hypocrisy;
Her aunt, her dear deluded aunt,
Will still insist on entertaining me.
She sits—and talks—and talks—and knits;
We have a lovely afternoon—we three!

Elizabeth C. Webb

CORNERED

WHEN Daphne at the orphans' fair
Sold kisses rich and kisses rare,
My heart was filled with jealous ire,
My veins ran thick with raging fire,
Until the notion caught my eye
Of what a dollar bill would buy.

And so I went to that bazaar.
I even grudged the trolley-car
The fare that took me to the place
Where I should find that lovely face
That promised such sweet dividend
To him who had the cash to spend.

Ah, wo is me! Alas, the day
That took me on that fatal way!
For when I got there, filled with glee
At thought of what should come to me,
I saw my fondest hopes of bliss
Go crashing into grief's abyss.

Old Stoxanbonds, the money lord—
What priceless things can he afford!—
Had hurried up and got there first,
And—may my luck be ever cursed!—
Had bought ten thousand kisses blessed,
And held an option on the rest!

Blakeney Gray

THE CRADLE OF THE FRANKLINS

BY ARTHUR BRANSCOMBE

ONLY A FEW MILES FROM BRINGTON, THE ENGLISH VILLAGE FROM WHICH WASHINGTON'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER EMIGRATED TO VIRGINIA, IS ECTON, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S FATHER AND THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS

IT is a curious coincidence that George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, the two master spirits of the American Revolution, should have sprung from two neighboring villages in the English county of Northamptonshire. Great Brington, from which Washington's great-grandfather emigrated to Virginia, is within a dozen miles of Ecton, where, at an old house called the Manor Farm, Franklin's father spent his boyhood. There was a strong friendship between the two families, and it was chiefly owing to the advice of Laurence Washington—a younger brother and fellow emigrant of John Washington, great-grandfather of the first President—that Josiah Franklin sailed for New England, in 1682, with his wife and three children.

For more than three hundred years the Franklins held a freehold estate of about thirty acres at Ecton, where they carried on the trade of blacksmiths and bell-founders. In the latter branch of their business they were particularly successful, and numerous specimens of their handicraft are still to be seen in the ancient churches with which Northamptonshire abounds. Although of humble origin, the forebears of Benjamin Franklin were men of exceptional gifts. It is recorded that Thomas Franklin, the grandfather of the great philosopher, was a legal luminary of local importance, his advice being much sought after by both the villagers and the landed gentry of the district. So numerous were his clients that, in time, he ceased to take any active interest in his business as a smith, which

he bequeathed to his eldest son, Thomas, installing him in the old cottage adjoining the village "smithy." He then moved, with his wife and his two younger sons, into the more pretentious building known as the Manor Farm.

Here he resided for a good many years, until misfortune, brought about by unwise speculation, reduced him to comparative poverty. He then joined his second son, John, who was a dyer at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, and to whom Josiah—youngest of Thomas Franklin's nine children, and father of Benjamin Franklin—was apprenticed. Josiah Franklin died in Boston, in 1744, and was buried there. He had seven children by his first wife, Sarah Heath, of Banbury, and ten by his second, Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the early settlers of Nantucket, and a man of note in New England. Of the ten children of Josiah and Abiah Franklin, the great Benjamin Franklin was the eighth, the youngest son.

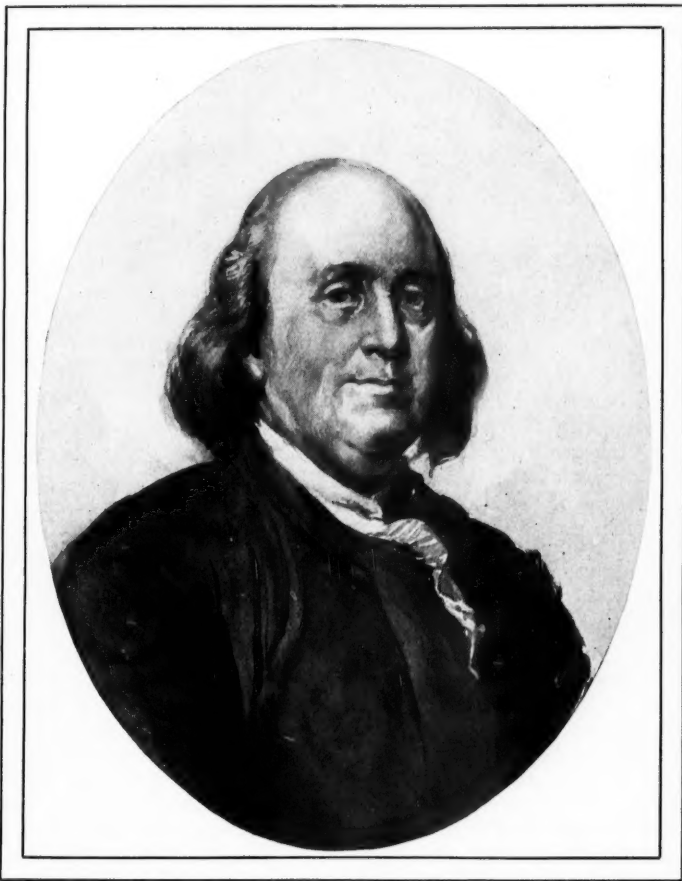
THE FRANKLINS AND THE WASHINGTONS

It was during the occupancy of the Manor Farm that Thomas Franklin first met, and frequently entertained, the Rev. Laurence Washington—father of the Virginia emigrants, John and Laurence—who had been deprived of his living of Purleigh, in Essex, on account of his openly avowed antagonism to the existing Parliament. Mr. Washington, who had taken up his abode in the old Washington House, at Great Brington, was an intimate friend of the Rev. John Palmer, rector of Ecton, for whom he frequently officiated after his expulsion from Pur-

leigh. Thomas Franklin was not only a devout churchman, and a warden of the Ecton church, but was also a lay preacher of repute. Thus began the friendship of the Washingtons and the Franklins.

John Washington, eldest son of the Rev. Laurence Washington, was some three years older than Thomas Franklin's eldest son and namesake. Dr. Franklin's

became Nonconformists prior to their emigration to New England. Tradition says that they suffered persecution and imprisonment, and were compelled to conduct their worship in secrecy. They had an English Bible concealed underneath an old joint-stool, to which it was firmly secured. During family worship the stool, with the Bible thereon, was



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THE FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

father, Josiah Franklin, was about the same age as Laurence Washington, the younger of the two emigrants. Between this Laurence and the Franklin boys a close friendship existed, as is proven by the correspondence that passed between the families after Laurence Washington's departure for America in 1668.

Thomas Franklin's sons, Josiah—father of Dr. Franklin—and Benjamin,

reversed, and rested on the knees of the officiating member of the family. While the daily devotions were in progress, a lookout was stationed at the door to give notice of the approach of the apparitor—an officer of the spiritual court.

THE OLD CHURCH AT ECTON

The old church of St. Mary Magdalene, at Ecton, was erected early in the

thirteenth century, and has been many times restored. It can boast a complete list of incumbents and rectors, dating

Tho Franklin
Sept. 6. 1653

SIGNATURE OF THOMAS FRANKLIN, GRANDFATHER
OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, FROM THE PARISH
RECORDS AT ECTON

from 1220, when Henry de Gampania was first installed. The living is now crown property. It was granted by King Edward VII, a few years ago, to the Rev. J. C. Cox-Edwards, M.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in recognition of his long and faithful service as chaplain in the royal navy. Mr. Cox-Edwards, who has visited America several times, takes the liveliest interest in all matters pertaining to the Franklin history. Under his supervision, the hitherto neglected graves and records of the family have received due attention.

Considering the great antiquity of the church, the interior of the building, as compared with that of St. Mary's, Great Brington, wherein repose the remains of some of George Washington's ancestors, is somewhat disappointing. Successive restorations have robbed it of much of its ancient charm. A number of tablets, both within and without the mortuary chapel, mark the final resting-places of the ancestors of Major-General E. F. Sotheby, the present lord of the manor; but there is not a single monument to commemorate the long and close connection of the Franklins with the historic edifice. This certainly offers an opportunity for the admirers of the great philosopher to perpetuate his memory, and that of his progenitors, by the erection of a stained-glass window, or some other form of memorial.

GRAVES OF THE FRANKLINS

The churchyard contains quite a number of interesting tombs, among them being the graves of several generations of the Franklin family. Most of the headstones, however, have decayed and fallen, or the inscriptions have become so obliterated by time as to be of

questionable authenticity. This would have been the case with the tombs of Thomas and Eleanor Franklin, Dr. Franklin's uncle and aunt, had it not been for the efforts of Mr. Cox-Edwards. Toppling with age, and overgrown with grass and weeds, it was, until recently, almost impossible to decipher the inscriptions they bore. This has now been remedied, as the illustrations on page 531 will show.

The gravestones, which were erected by Thomas Franklin's friend and patron, Lord Halifax, are situated close to the old porch; and near them is the simple mound beneath which rest the remains of Henry Franklin, Dr. Franklin's great-grandfather. A handsome memorial window overlooking these hallowed spots would surely form a fitting tribute to the memory of the great Philadelphian.

There are other interesting monuments in this rural "God's Acre." Close to the south wall of the church is an old headstone bearing date 1730, and commemorating Joseph Hensman and his wife, members of an old Ecton family. Following the dates of their demise is this unique epitaph:

The world is a city full of crooked streets;
And Death's a Market place where all men
meet,
If Life were Marchantdize that men could
buy,
The Rich would always Live, the Poor
must Die.

During one of his early visits to Ecton Benjamin Franklin read this inscription, and was so much impressed with its quaintness that he sat down and wrote the original lines of the accompanying epitaph on himself—which, however, he partly reconstructed later:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, PRINTER,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once
more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

The old register-book of Ecton, which dates back to the year 1559, contains numerous references to the Franklin family, and many entries of their births, deaths, and marriages. In their capacity as churchwardens—offices which they held for successive generations—several of the entries were made by the Franklins themselves. It is interesting here to note that an examination of these entries, with their curious abbreviations, reveals

shortly before his death, told me that although every assistance had been given him in his efforts to substantiate the truth of this assertion, no trace of such documents could be found. After careful investigation, I can fully indorse his statement.

There is some interesting evidence, however, in a letter written by the Rev. Bradley Whalley to William Hogarth, in 1726. It appears that the Rev. Thomas



THE WORLD'S END INN AT ECTON, WHICH WAS OFTEN VISITED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND WILLIAM HOGARTH, AND FOR WHICH HOGARTH PAINTED A SIGNBOARD

evidence to support the claim that the Franklins invented a system of shorthand quite a century and a half before the late Sir Isaac Pitman became known to fame.

THE FRANKLIN SHORTHAND MANUSCRIPTS

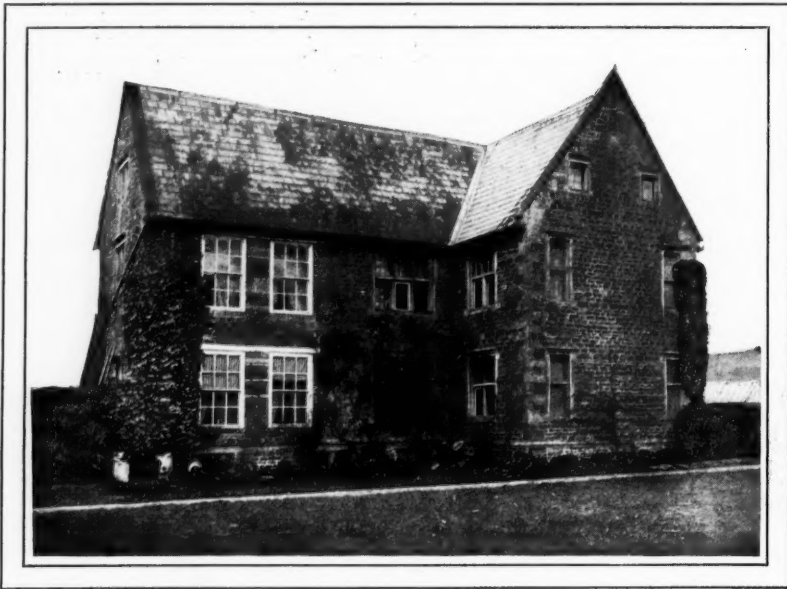
According to Dr. Franklin himself, at least two of his uncles—Thomas and Benjamin Franklin—were proficient in this particular art, and bequeathed to their nephew a quantity of manuscripts chiefly consisting of poems and sermons written in shorthand. During Dr. Franklin's last visit to England the authorities of the British Museum endeavored to secure these papers, and certain "historians" have chronicled the "fact" that they are now in the museum. Sir Isaac Pitman,

Palmer, rector of Ecton, had invited Mr. Whalley—who succeeded Mr. Palmer six years later—and Hogarth to visit him. Mr. Palmer's brother was a publisher in Bartholomew's Close, in London, and in his employ was Benjamin Franklin, the ingenious young American printer. Franklin was also visiting the rectory at Ecton, and there both he and Mr. Whalley were introduced to Hogarth. The two latter became great friends; and when the painter was called back to London on business Whalley sent him a letter in which the writer refers to "the perplexing problem set us by Benjamin Franklin, who solicited our aid in translating a sermon, written by his Uncle Thomas in abbreviated form." What became of these interesting papers

has never, up to the present, been ascertained.

Apart from the register, the graves already mentioned, and the old well situated in the ground where the Franklins' cottage and "smithy" stood prior to its destruction by fire, no relic of the Frank-

studio for the great painter's accommodation during his visits to the Northamptonshire village. In this room, between 1732 and 1740, Hogarth did some of his best work. Several of the original studies for "The Rake's Progress" hung for many years in the adjoining manor-



THE MANOR FARM AT ECTON, IN WHICH JOSIAH FRANKLIN, FATHER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, WAS BORN

lin family is to be found in Ecton. Nor does the Northampton Museum possess any memento of the great philosopher's progenitors. An unauthenticated heirloom, in the shape of an old lace-making "pillow" and "cradle," reputed to have belonged to Benjamin Franklin's grandmother, is owned by a neighboring lace-maker. Could the original ownership be verified, this would long ago have been acquired by some collector, or dealer in antiquities, and its present proprietor would have no occasion to ply her deft fingers from morn till eve for something less than twenty-five cents *per diem*.

THE HOGARTH SIGNBOARD

Hogarth and Mr. Whalley remained close friends, and when the clergyman became rector of Ecton, in 1732, he had a large front room on the first floor of the rectory specially furnished as a

house, which was famous for its many genuine Hogarth's. His inherent Bohemianism and his love of character-study led him to pass many of his evenings, while in Ecton, at the World's End Inn, by which name the local hostelry is still known. He painted, and presented to the landlord, an elaborate signboard, as "an earnest of true friendship for mine host and appreciation of his skill as brewer of the most goodly punch," to quote from the brief note which accompanied the gift.

This letter to the proprietor of the old inn was acquired by Benjamin Franklin from Hogarth's sister, Anne, shortly after his return to England in 1764, and it is probably somewhere in America or England at the present time. The sign was a three-foot panel, painted on one side only, and showing a Hogarthian conception of the final chapter of mundane history. It had been hung only a few weeks

when a daring attempt was made in broad daylight to steal it. Caught in the act, the would-be thief and his accomplice succeeded in passing the matter off as a practical joke, and thus escaped punishment; but a similar attempt, a short time afterward, revealed an organized plot to gain possession of the coveted painting.

Thereafter the sign was displayed over the front entrance only in the daytime, firmly secured by the aid of a couple of specially designed locks, in lieu of its hitherto somewhat primitive fastenings. At nightfall it was carefully removed to a prominent place over the bar, where it was locked in a massive glass case. Regularly at closing-time it was taken down and deposited beneath the bed of its watchful owner.

It was stipulated by Hogarth that in the event of the original owner's death occurring before that of Dr. Franklin, the sign was to become the property of the latter. These instructions, it is known, were faithfully carried out; but the ultimate disposition of the curious painting or its present whereabouts are unknown.

In 1730, four years after his return to America, Franklin married Deborah Read in Philadelphia. They had two children—Francis Folger Franklin, who died of smallpox at the age of four, and a daughter, Sally, a brilliant girl to whom her father was greatly devoted. Sally



THE GRAVE OF ELEANOR FRANKLIN, AUNT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, IN THE CHURCHYARD AT ECTON

Franklin married Richard Bache, a Philadelphia merchant, and had eight children.

Shortly before his marriage, there was born to Dr. Franklin—not in wedlock—another son, who was known as William Franklin, and who became the last colonial governor of New Jersey. William Franklin had a son, William Temple Franklin, to whom Benjamin Franklin bequeathed his autobiography and most of his unpublished manuscripts. He was brought up by his grandfather, to whom, for some considerable time, he acted as private secretary. In 1818, after a lengthy delay, he published the first edition of the writings of Dr. Franklin. That he was both careless and callous regarding these invaluable documents is proved by the discovery of a quantity of them among some personal belongings which he had left behind him when vacating one of his London lodgings. After passing through various hands, they were purchased by Congress, in 1881, for the library of the State Department at Washington.

It is a singular fact that in all the biographies of Benjamin Franklin, including that written by Dr. Franklin himself, no mention whatever is made of his mother—his father's first wife. Neither do they, nor his published correspondence, contain anything more



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS FRANKLIN, UNCLE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, IN THE CHURCHYARD AT ECTON



THE MAIN STREET OF THE VILLAGE OF ECTON—HERE STOOD THE OLD FRANKLIN "SMITHY," WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1695, THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER JOSIAH FRANKLIN, FATHER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, EMIGRATED TO AMERICA

than a passing allusion to his own wife, Deborah. It is known that she was previously married to an English potter, named Rogers, who deserted her. It is also stated that this man had, when he married Deborah Read, a wife in England, still living; but neither this fact, nor the mystery surrounding his death, has ever been fully explained.

In the early portion of his own carefully written autobiography Dr. Franklin alludes to his wife simply as "Miss Read," and chronicled his renewed affection for her, and his marriage, in 1730, but there is no further reference to his inner domestic life. The only inference to be drawn from this is that either the folios relating to this portion of his autobiography were mislaid or de-

stroyed, or that they were purposely withheld from publication by William Temple Franklin.

In proof of the renewal, in the New World, of the old friendship between the Franklins and the Washingtons, the following codicil to the will of Benjamin Franklin, dated July 17, 1788, is worth quoting here:

My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of the Cap of Liberty, I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a scepter, he has merited it and would become it. It was a present to me from that excellent woman, Mme. de Forback, Dowager Duchess of Deux Ponts, connected with some verses that should go with it.

*Yours,
B. Franklin*

SIGNATURE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, FROM A LETTER IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

BY GERTRUDE PAHLOW

WITH A DRAWING BY HERMANN HEYER

"GENEVIEVE," remarked the assistant professor of English literature, "we've got to manage to stay over here another year."

"Why, Tom!" exclaimed the assistant professor's wife. "What an idea, when we've hardly money enough to finish out this one!"

"Can't be helped," said the assistant professor firmly. "We've got to do it. If I go home now, away from all the manuscripts and back into the daily grind, I won't have a thing accomplished. If I stay here, where everything is congenial and I've got time to work, in another year I may begin to know something."

"You know more than any one in the world, right now," said his wife.

"That's undoubtedly true," replied the man of learning, "but I'm afraid your simple statement of the fact wouldn't have much weight with the trustees. You appreciate me, Genevieve; but to the rest of the world I am simply a struggling young man—preternaturally gifted, it is true, but unencumbered by the laurel wreath that indicates success. In other words, I have not yet made good. To make good, I must have another year in Europe."

His wife put down her sewing and frowned.

"We'll have to do it, then," she said. "But how? It's no use saying I'll go without clothes, for I'm reduced now to making *lingerie* waists out of my nightgowns; and that new hat you liked so much was the crown of my old white one and nineteen cents' worth of tulle. And as for earning money, I'm what you call a non-producer. If I had brains, like you, I'd write; but as it is, I haven't even muscle enough to take

in washing." She shook her pretty head solemnly, sighing.

"My brains don't help much," said her husband gloomily. "Nobody knows I've got them but you."

"We never hear from any of your stories, do we?" asked she.

"Not one. I've tried every style—heroic, archaic, psychological, idyllic, and humorous; and I've never elicited so much as a groan from an editor. I told 'em all not to send the things back, because it takes too much time and postage; but I did think I'd have had at least a sniff at a check before this time. If we depended on my works of genius to make the pot boil, the daisies would be waving on our graves by now."

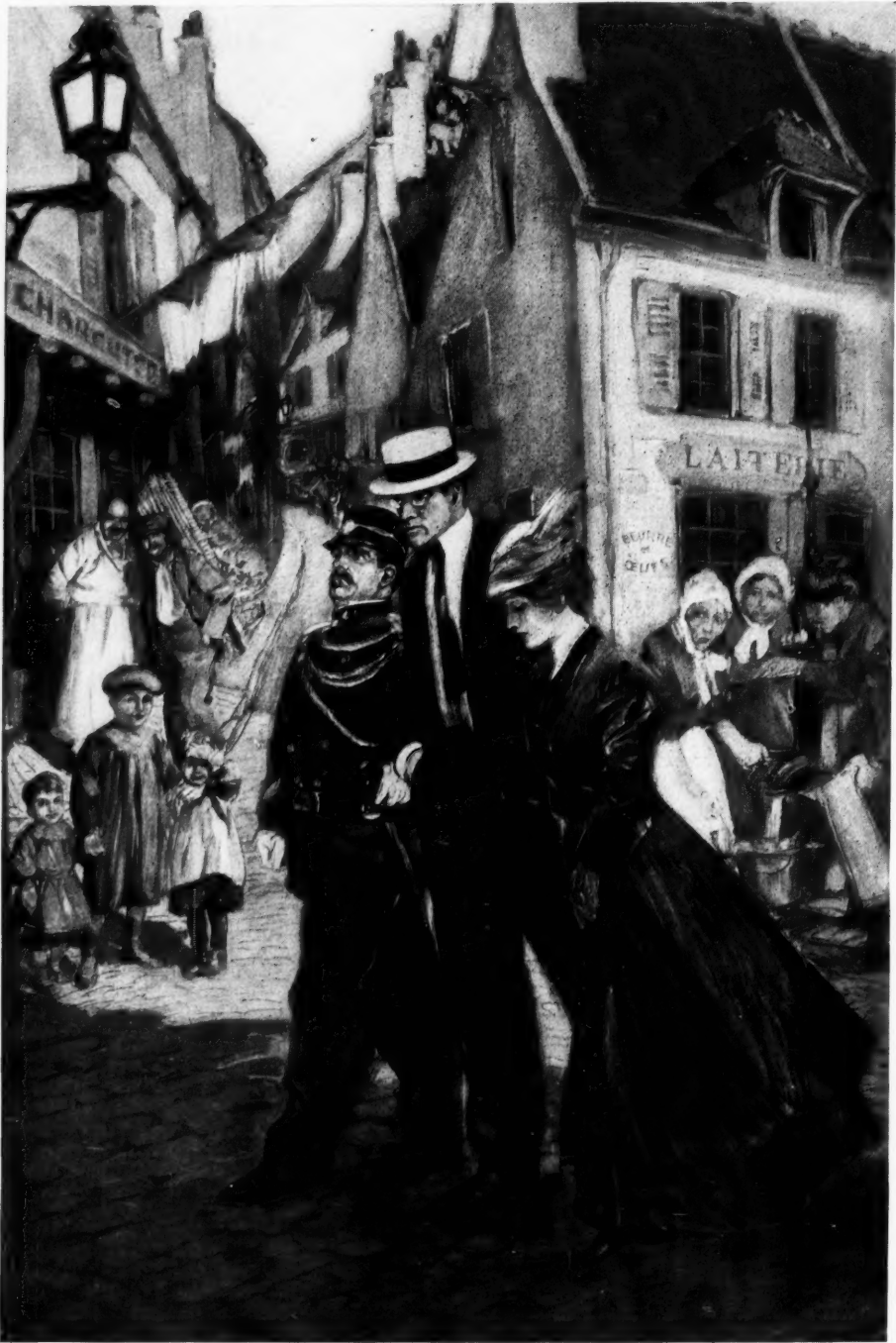
"Never mind," said his wife hopefully. "Every great person has to go through this experience. Think of Wordsworth, how he had to live on one slice of bread for three days—or was it Shelley? or Burns? It was some genius, anyway."

There was a moment of gloomy silence. The assistant professor strolled to the window, and stood looking out in somber meditation; the assistant professor's wife, concentrating her mind so vigorously that her pretty lips were pursed into a little red button, tried to calculate how much her engagement-ring would bring. The clock ticked with loud and melancholy insistence. Suddenly, with a start, the man of learning leaned from the window.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Genevieve, come and look at this!"

His wife flitted across the room and stood beside him. He was looking with sparkling eyes at a sign on the other side of the street.

"Look there, honey!" he said.



THE STREETS OF ST.-VALÉRY-À-CÔTE SAW THE ASTONISHING SPECTACLE OF AN ASSISTANT
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND HIS WIFE BEING
CONDUCTED TO CUSTODY

"Doesn't that suggest something to your mind?"

"What is it?" said his wife. "Oh, Tom! You *aren't* thinking of working in a restaurant!"

"No, no—look, beside it, there on the next doorway! '*Grande Loterie pour le Sanatorium de St.-Valery-à-Côte, pour Enfants Tuberculeux. Gros lot de Deux Cent Cinquante Mille Francs. Tirage 14 Septembre. Un Franc le Billet.*' Think of that, Mrs. Thurston! A chance to make fifty thousand dollars through an expenditure of one franc! By Jupiter!"

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in a voice of horror. "You wouldn't think of such a thing! Why, it's a *lottery*!"

"Licensed by the government, Jinny. Perfectly respectable. All the first families approve of it."

"But, Tom, it's dishonest!" remonstrated Mrs. Thurston. "It's wicked! Why, to take fifty thousand dollars from somebody and only give one franc for it—why, it's no better than stealing! You mustn't—you *mustn't*!" Her cheeks flushed very red as she spoke, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

The assistant professor sat down, and took his wife on his lap.

"Now, listen to me," he said impressively. "This is a perfectly legitimate deal, no more immoral than a church bazaar. It's just about like giving Christmas presents to your friends; you put something in, and get something out—sometimes more than you put in, sometimes less, and frequently a blank. Nobody loses any more than the franc or so he invests, which he knows perfectly well he is likely to lose, and which I am as likely to lose as any one else. And then it's for such a good cause! Think of the poor tubercular infants—poor little beggars, coughing and whooping all around the lot, wondering why in thunder somebody doesn't chip in and build them a sanatorium! Why, the mere thought that I was contemplating buying a ticket in this lottery would bring tears to the eyes of those poor innocents, if they could know it. It's a charity, Genevieve; it's a noble deed: the man who buys a ticket in this lottery is doing something to benefit the human race!"

Mrs. Thurston's eyes grew rounder and rounder. She listened with bated breath and awestruck countenance.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed. "Is it really such a noble thing as that?"

"Licensed by the state," said her husband conclusively; "under the patronage of the Church; for the furtherance of a noble object."

"And the big prize is fifty thousand dollars?" continued Mrs. Thurston thoughtfully.

"Fifty thousand dollars *minus* one franc," said the assistant professor. "Forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and eighty cents, in other words. We could make up the one franc by not going to church for a couple of Sundays."

"Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money," murmured his wife. "It would buy—"

"Ten years in Europe," said her husband, "an LL.D. for me, a diamond tiara for you, and contentment for us both. I'd found a chair of Early English at Oxford and sit in it the rest of my life. You should have forty thousand *lingerie* waists and ten million hats, crowns and brims and all; the poor would come and live on our door-step; we would send all our relatives for a trip round the world, and found several hospitals and orphan asylums; and everybody would live happily ever after."

"Well," said Mrs. Thurston thoughtfully, "since it's such a good cause—and such a lot of money—I believe—I'll let you—do it."

"That's the talk!" cried her husband, catching her up and executing an ecstatic *pas seul* around the apartment. "Hurrah for the *gros lot*, and the rich and happy Thurstons, and the future president of Harvard!"

II

"Tom," said Mrs. Thurston, "you don't seem happy lately. I've noticed it for several weeks. What is the matter?"

Her husband looked up with a clouded brow and gloomy mien from his newspaper.

"Look at the calendar," he said darkly.

"It's the 7th of September," said Mrs. Thurston, glancing at the wall. "Well, what of that?"

"In one week from date," announced her husband in a sepulchral voice, "the drawing of the lottery for the sanatorium for tubercular infants takes place. *Now* how do you feel?"

Mrs. Thurston looked at her spouse perplexedly.

"Why, what a question!" she said. "When we're almost down to our last cent! I feel awfully glad, of course."

"You do!" said her husband. "Genevieve, has it ever occurred to you—has the terrible thought ever crossed your mind—that we might win the *gros lot*?"

"Why, Thomas Thurston!" exclaimed the lady. "Of course it has! It's all I've thought of for ever so long. We've got just enough to pay the landlady until the middle of the month, and no more. It will be an awful thing if we don't draw anything."

Her husband puffed at his pipe, frowning.

"Of course, I shouldn't object to drawing *something*," he said. "There are five lots of a thousand dollars each, any one of which would come in mighty handy. We are about strapped, as you say. But the dread possibility—the ghastly chance—of our winning the *gros lot*—why, Genevieve, it sits on my eyelids day and night!"

Mrs. Thurston fixed her wide, blue gaze upon him in bewilderment.

"You funny boy!" she said. "Why in the world is that?"

"Why, don't you see?—don't you see?" exclaimed the assistant professor.

"Here I am, a pillar of a university, an instructor of the unformed mind, a model for the young. I stand in the place of parent, guardian, and pattern to the lambs placed under my care. What university would employ in such a capacity a man who had made a fortune in a lottery? What parent would entrust the morals of his innocent child to such tuition? Why, the college presidents would hold their noses as I passed by. I would be a marked man, an outcast, a pariah. I'd be no more nor less than an abandoned, profligate gambler!"

Mrs. Thurston gasped.

"But Tom," she said, "you *told* me it was for the tubercular infants!"

"And what if it was?" replied her

husband. "Could a whole sanatoriumful of tubercular infants sanctify a dishonest deed?"

"But you just said," persisted Mrs. Thurston, "that you wouldn't object to winning a prize of a thousand dollars. You know you did."

"Oh, Genevieve!" said her lord impatiently, "can't you see that the principle is wholly different?"

Mrs. Thurston sighed, and gave up. Her husband smoked a while in gloomy silence.

"However," he said presently, "with four million tickets, and only one *gros lot*, of course the danger isn't very great. We're pretty sure to draw an innocent blank, or a comfortable thousand, and keep our morals unspotted. But if we *should*—oh, it's an awful, awful thought!"

Mrs. Thurston wiped a frightened tear from her bewildered blue eyes.

III

"THE day has come," murmured the assistant professor at the breakfast-table. "In a few hours we shall know whether we remain innocent, obscure, and clear of conscience, or become wealthy, bloated, and corrupt. We shall know whether—"

"We shall know," interrupted his practical wife, "whether we've got enough to pay the landlady or not. If she doesn't take off anything for those times we went out to dinner, I think we're coming two francs short."

"What's two francs," inquired the assistant professor recklessly, "when either way our ruin—moral or material—is assured to-day? For two cents, Genevieve, I'd throw all our remaining money into the Seine and sing while I watched it float away, as Nero fiddled in the face of burning Rome!"

"It's all silver; it wouldn't float," said his wife hastily; "and you can't sing anyway, Tom, so don't do it. It's much better to go honestly as far as we can. We'll pay the landlady with what we've got left, and trust to Providence for the future." Her lips trembled as she spoke.

"You're a blessed little angel, Genevieve," said her husband, kissing her fervently. "Don't you worry; we've been in lots of holes before, and we always

came out all right. When this suspense is over, I'll find something to do—teach English in the Berlitz School, or sell shoe-strings on the Boul' Miche', or turn somersaults on the roof of Notre Dame to amuse the clergy. Cheer up, peaches-and-cream. We're young and vigorous, and we've got each other. What do we care?"

"We don't care a bit for anything," said little Mrs. Thurston, blinking valiantly. "You're so wise, Tom, and so strong and sensible, that there's nothing you can't manage. I don't believe there's any one in the world like you."

"Probably not," said her husband solemnly. "And if there is, I know he hasn't got such a plucky little brick of a wife as I have. Now put your mind on the weather, dearie, or the political situation until twelve o'clock; and then I'll come home and tell you our fate. Good-by; I'm going to the Bibliothèque to work. Don't worry."

"I won't," promised Mrs. Thurston. "But you've muddled me so that I don't know *what* to think, or what to hope for."

"No more do I," rejoined her spouse. "Hope for the best; that's all I can say."

At twelve o'clock the door burst open and the assistant professor dashed wildly into the room.

"Genevieve," he demanded breathlessly, "what was our number?"

"Three million one hundred and thirty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-one," recited his wife glibly.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I said it every night in my prayers until you told me it would be wicked to win."

"Then it *is* true. I couldn't believe my eyes," said her husband, sinking down limply in a chair. "Mrs. Thomas Hallowell Thurston, we have won the *gros lot*!"

"Oh, my goodness me!" said Mrs. Thomas Hallowell Thurston. There was a moment of palpitating silence. Then she inquired, in an awestruck voice: "What are we going to do about it?"

"Do?" said her husband grandly, rising and thrusting his hand into the bosom of his waistcoat. "Do, Mrs. Thurston? We will go and claim our

own! We will hold our heads proudly in the air, and march with a bold step and triumphant mien to St.-Valery-à-Côte, giving place to no one! This is no time to hesitate, Mrs. Thurston. We are conquerors; we are supreme. Let the loud trumpets sound!"

"But you said—" protested Mrs. Thurston.

"Hang what I said!" rejoined the assistant professor. "Go don the habiliments of joy, and let's catch the next train. The *gros lot* is ours!"

On the train the man of learning outlined his plan of action. They would not stop long enough to be seen, he said; they would go hastily to the place of drawing, present their ticket, get their money, and come away again. No one would recognize them, and they would get the next train back to Paris.

"But," interrupted Mrs. Thurston, "we haven't got anything to buy a ticket back to Paris with. It took all that the landlady allowed us for the dinners, and my pocket-piece, and that bad penny that no one else would take, to get out here—even coming third class."

"My child," said the assistant professor, "what nonsense you talk! We have fifty thousand dollars to get back to Paris with. We can take a whole coach, or ride on the cowcatcher, or buy the train and run it ourselves. Third class, indeed! Anybody would think you were not used to handling large sums of money. Why, my dear, we are rich. We could have the whole tubercular sanatorium put on wheels and ride back in it, if we desired."

Mrs. Thurston caught her breath. Her rosy, astonished mouth opened into a round exclamation-point.

IV

THE town of St.-Valery-à-Côte presented a scene of some animation. A great occasion was pending, when the famous prize of two hundred and fifty thousand francs was to be delivered, and admiring strangers were expected to pour in from all sides. The streets were gay with decorations, the shops brave with their best display. Around the railway station were tremendous hurry and bustle of movement, a great cracking of whips, a great shouting of cab-drivers.

The wealthy winners of the *gros lot* left the station—for reasons of their own—on foot and very unostentatiously. They inquired of a passer-by the way to the headquarters of the projected sanatorium; and thither they turned their steps as speedily as possible. There was little conversation by the way, for their minds were occupied by conflicting emotions. Anon the man of letters smiled, anon he groaned in deep depression; now he murmured, "Good for us!" and again, "Blast it!" As for his wife, she said nothing at all. Her delicate eyebrows were knitted in a perpetual frown of hopeless bewilderment.

They were not long in arriving at the office of the sanatorium. A polite official stopped them at the door and inquired their business.

"I have the winning number of the lottery," said the assistant professor in an offhand manner which he had been practising by the way; "and I would like to draw the money at once, if you please, and go directly back to Paris. I have—er—important affairs to call me there."

The official was all smiles and deferential bows. He was a dapper little person with polished nails and an imperial the size of a shoe-button.

"*M'sieu'* is to be congratulated," said he. "One in four million! But as to drawing the money at once, I fear it is impossible. *M'sieu'* must remember that this is a great occasion, a great fête, and cannot be hurried. His serenity the archbishop is to award the prizes at the laying of the corner-stone, and all will be done with ceremony."

"When is this performance to be?" inquired the winner dubiously.

"On Thursday next, *m'sieu'*," answered the little man. "It is now Tuesday; that is not too long to wait for two hundred and fifty thousand francs, *hein? Hé! hé!* many a poor devil has to wait much longer than that, *n'est-ce pas?*" He smiled so benevolently that his curled mustache rose like a boat on the crest of a wave.

"Well, if it is necessary, I will wait," said the philosophical man of letters. "One might as well be here as in Paris, since one has to live somewhere. Can you recommend me to a good hotel?"

"But yes, *m'sieu'*, certainly. If *m'sieu'* will first have the kindness to give me his name in full? The award has to be made out in proper form: here is the blank. Be so good as to write the place of residence as well."

The assistant professor's face fell.

"By Jove, Genevieve!" he said. "I never thought of that! Before to-morrow my name will be published all over Paris, and by the next day every trustee of every university in America will hear of it. I shall smell to heaven, Genevieve! What in blazes shall I do?"

Mrs. Thurston frowned very hard. Then she rose to the occasion.

"Couldn't you put in some other name?" she said. "Smith, you know, or Jones, or something like that? It's often done."

"The very thing!" exclaimed her husband. "I'll put in—let me see, I'll put in Hollowell, my mother's name. Yes, old girl, I'll make it Hollowell; that's the time you saved the situation."

"You've got to have a first name, too," suggested Mrs. Thurston, glowing with pride.

"Right again. What shall I make it? I'll tell you!" cried her spouse with a sudden inspiration, "I'll put in Stephen—Stephen Hollowell, of Ottawa—there! That's my cousin," he added, chuckling, as he delivered the completed form to the bowing official—"old Steve, who spent all the family money and ran away from home. It'll be only one more crime on his list, if it ever gets found out, and my character will keep its virgin purity. Old Steve would be much obliged to me if he knew; this is the most distinguished thing he ever did."

"You're so clever," murmured his wife.

"You're the brilliant little malefactor that thought up this scheme," remarked Thurston. "You're my accomplice in crime. I forgot to ask that fellow again about a hotel; let's go in here; it looks a decent place."

"You'll have to sign your new name, won't you?" said Mrs. Thurston.

"By Jove, yes!—so I will!" exclaimed her husband thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought of that. Well, come on in. It can't be helped now."

"Anyway, it's a nice name," said Mrs. Thurston.

"Well, what shall we do now?" inquired Thurston as they established themselves in their new quarters. "We've got to vegetate in this confounded town two days, with nothing to occupy our minds. We can't walk the streets all the time; and I haven't got any books or any paper. Thunder!"

"We haven't any luggage," said his wife, "and that's much worse. A person can get along a great deal better without Early English manuscripts than without those. We haven't even money enough to buy a tooth-brush!"

"That's a fact," said Thurston. "If we were in America they'd have made us pay in advance before they let us stay. I'm glad they're more charitable here. It would be deuced awkward for the winner of fifty thousand dollars to have to own up that he hadn't a cent."

"We've always got the lottery ticket," remarked Mrs. Thurston consolingly.

"Yes, we've got that," said her husband without enthusiasm. "Well, I guess I'll write to Paris to have my mail forwarded, anyway. That'll help some."

"Oh, but you can't!" Mrs. Thurston reminded him. "Don't you know, your letters come in your own name, and you've changed your name to get the *gros lot*."

"So I have," said Thurston. "*Confound the gros lot!*"

A pause followed this iconoclastic remark. It was broken by Mrs. Thurston, who ventured: "You've got some letters now, you know. They came just before we left Paris, and you put them in your pocket because you were in a hurry. Don't you want to read those?"

"No," said her husband gloomily. "No. What business has a forger, an outcast, a man cut off from the reputable world, with letters from home and dentist's bills and other reminders of his happy past? Let them remain unread, Genevieve; and when I rot in a dungeon for forging my cousin's name let the rats gnaw them; when I swing on a scaffold for manslaughter let the birds of the air—"

"Oh, Tom!" said his wife in horror. "Don't say such terrible things! They won't put you in a dungeon; I won't let

them. And you won't slaughter anybody, or get hung. And if you did, they'd have to hang me, too. They—"

A sudden loud knocking at the door interrupted her protests. Both their hearts gave a guilty, frightened jump.

"*Pardon, m'sieu' et m'dame,*" said a voice outside, "but is M'sieu' Ste-phan 'Allow-ell within?"

"*W-w-oui,*" stammered Thurston in a shaking voice.

"Then," announced the voice outside, "I am compelled to enter and arrest you in the name of the law!" The door opened as these rolling syllables forced their way in, and revealed a gold-braided official standing in solemn state upon the threshold.

"Good Lord!" said Thurston. "What have I done?"

"You are wanted in Marseilles," said the officer, reading from a paper, "for chipping the nose off a statue in the public park and taking it away for a souvenir. You are wanted in Valence for pouring a pitcher of water out of the window on the head of the prefect of police as he passed in full uniform. You are wanted in Lyons for leaving the Grand Hotel without paying your bill."

Thurston sank in a wilted heap upon a chair.

"Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!" he said. "My sins have found me out!"

"Will you be so good," inquired the official, "as to accompany me to the police station? Time presses."

"If I must, I must, I suppose," responded Thurston with a groan. "All right; I'm ready. Farewell, my wife; write it down in your annals that this day saw your husband dragged from your arms to the jug!"

But here an obstacle presented itself. Mrs. Thurston, who had just begun to grasp the situation, turned to the official with flashing eyes.

"You sha'n't arrest my husband!" she said. "I won't allow it!"

"I assure *madame*," said the official politely, "that it is absolutely necessary. In consequence of the crimes he has committed, his name is telegraphed to every city in France, and it is the duty of every official who has the good fortune to meet him to see that he is put in custody."

"That's true," Genevieve, said her

husband. "In taking another person's name, I make myself responsible for the actions of the real owner, whatever they are. Steve has played me a good many mean tricks," he added gloomily, "but this is the worst yet!"

"Well," said Mrs. Thurston, resuming her French, "you may take him, then; but if you do, you've got to take me, too."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the guardian of the law. "It cannot be thought of!"

"I tell you, you must," said Mrs. Thurston firmly. "You can't take him without me."

"But *madame* has not done anything!" said the official. "There is nothing about her in the *signalement*."

"Well, I'll do something, then," said Mrs. Thurston determinedly. She looked around her for a second; then, seizing a large purple vase full of cabbage-roses, she dashed it through the open window into the street.

"There!" she said triumphantly.

"But, *madame*!" exclaimed the scandalized official. "You are destroying property and disturbing the peace!"

"Arrest me, then!" said this Napoleon among women, her blue eyes flashing fiercely.

V

ACCORDINGLY the streets of St.-Valéry-à-Côte soon saw the astonishing spectacle of an assistant professor of English literature, pillar of an American university, writer of a treatise on the origin of the Arthurian legends, winner of the *gros lot*, bearer of a false name—and his wife, a highly respectable and very pretty citizen of the United States of America, being conducted to custody. The ceremonies at the police station were short. They had no friends to go bail for them, and no money to deposit as security. The captain shook his head, the sub-prefect shrugged his shoulders; and in five minutes the criminals sat upon two rush-bottomed chairs in a small whitewashed room, and looked at each other.

"Well, Charlotte Corday!" said the collegian. "How do you feel now?"

"Glad I came!" answered the valiant little malefactor.

"From the presidency of Harvard to the lockup," said her husband, with a groan. "From the Hall of Fame to the gallows. That's going some, isn't it?"

"It didn't do us much good to win the *gros lot*, did it?" sighed Mrs. Thurston.

"The *gros lot*?" said her husband.

"I wish the *gros lot* was in—"

"Tom!" said Mrs. Thurston.

"Well," said the instructor of youth, "however things turn out, *my* hash is settled. If I remain Stephen Hallowell, I am a statue-smasher, a board-jumper, and a prefect-douser. If I reveal myself as Thomas Thurston, I become a forger, a gambler, and a moral leper. That being the case, I may as well commit suicide at once. Have you a knife about you? If not, you might show me how to do it with a hairpin."

"Read your letters," suggested his wife, attempting consolation even in this desperate strait. "They'll help to take your mind off your troubles."

"That's so," he said; "I ought to set my affairs in order before I leave this world. Let me see; here are four. This one's the dentist's bill; well, never mind about that; I'll leave it for my heirs to settle. And this is from Aunt Sophia; we'll cut that out too; we've enough to bear now. And this—Great Scott! Why, Genevieve! By George! This is from *MacLeod's Monthly Magazine*!"

There was a breathless silence while he tore open the envelope. The other criminal looked over his shoulder as he read the few words of the letter, and then clutched his hand tightly as he unfolded the check it contained. Then she sank back in her chair, and they stared at each other with pallid countenances.

"Two—hundred—dollars!" gasped Thurston. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"Oh, my goodness me!" breathed his wife.

"Did you ever hear that sweet, sad song," inquired Thurston, "about 'The Pardon That Came Too Late'? That's our case. Rolling in wealth, and penniless; starving in the midst of plenty; dying of thirst in a cellar full of champagne. Can the history of the world name a parallel?"

"Read the other," said Mrs. Thurston, finding her voice.

"No, no," said her lord. "All my literary training has taught me to look with horror on an anticlimax."

"But read it," persisted she. "I feel a sort of a—*feeling* that there's something in it."

"Well, a dying man can afford to be obliging," said her spouse. "I would walk on the end of my nose to leave you a pleasant memory of me. Here goes."

The paper crackled while he read the letter. Mrs. Thurston was too weak to assist. As he finished, the man of learning looked at his wife with a tragic mien.

"All the infernal powers are in league against us!" he said. "Colburn's got typhoid fever and can't come back; and the secretary writes that that position is still open to me, if I will come at once. Did you ever hear anything like it? If this offer had come yesterday, when I was young, innocent, and happy; if that check had come before my moral ruin was completed—ah, Genevieve, this world is an apple of Sodom! We've got money enough to get back to America on, and a place to go to when we get there; and here we sit, enchained in *durance vile*."

"If we could only get rid of the *gros lot*!" sighed Mrs. Thurston. "Couldn't we give it away? Couldn't we—"

"By chowder!" exclaimed her husband. He leaped from his seat, dashed to the door and thumped on it violently with his fists.

An astonished official came hurrying. He was not accustomed to having his lodgers behave in so noisy a manner.

"Look here!" said the assistant professor, as soon as the door was opened. "I've changed my mind about staying at your hotel. I don't like it. What's the damage? I mean, what are we held here for?"

"Six thousand five hundred francs," stammered the amazed official. "Five thousand for you, fifteen hundred for *madame*."

"Well," said the man of knowledge, "here's a slip of paper worth two hundred and fifty thousand. Would you take it for our security?"

The man's eyes bulged. He inspected the paper carefully.

"The *gros lot*!" he said. "*Mais oui, m'sieu!*"

"Well," said the assistant professor, "as my stock seems to have gone up with you, I will venture to ask a further favor. My wife and I have come away without our tooth-brushes, and I find myself momentarily out of small change. Could you lend me a few sous, until to-morrow?"

The man plunged his hand into his pocket, and brought out a handful of silver.

"*Mais oui, m'sieu!*" he said.

"Thank you," said the assistant professor, blandly pocketing the handful. "And now, as the weather is fine, and our health is already suffering from lack of exercise, I suppose you will permit us to wish you a very good day!"

"*Mais oui, m'sieu!*" said the official.

With as little ceremony as had accompanied their entrance, the distinguished visitors departed from the scene of their captivity. They scurried at a rapid pace through the adjacent streets; then, in a sequestered spot, the instructor of youth called his party to a halt and examined his ill-gotten gains.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Twenty-six francs! That'll take us to Havre; there we reassume our name and our respectability, and get our check cashed; and the Bretagne sails from there for New York to-morrow. Come on, Jinny; we've got to dust!"

"But what about that man's money?" asked Mrs. Thurston breathlessly, as her husband pulled her across the street.

"I guess that man can stand it," said her husband. "Between what I owed him and what I gave him there's a difference of about two hundred and forty-four thousand francs; and he can keep the change."

"And what about the *gros lot*?" panted Mrs. Thurston.

The assistant professor made a lofty gesture with his umbrella, as he bumped his breathless wife into a stout passer-by.

"I leave the *gros lot* as my legacy to France," he said. "I never did approve of gambling, anyway."

"Oh, my goodness me!" gasped Mrs. Thurston.

STORIETTES

In Dead Man's Gulch

FIRST there was Peggy.

Peggy was twenty and ambitious. Her worldly possessions consisted chiefly of a most bewitching curl over her left ear, a tiny opal ring, a diploma on which the ink was hardly dry, and—Bub.

Now, Bub sat in a front seat and devoted his time impartially to the clandestine consumption of hunks of soggy bread glued together with slices of salt pork, all extracted from the tin pail under his desk; and to the most shameless and open-mouthed adoration of Teacher. He came on a loose-jointed, devil-may-care sort of horse every morning from somewhere over in Dead Man's Gulch. At night he was the last to depart, returning many times on pretext of a drink, a much-chewed pencil, or to say good night for the hundredth time to Peggy—to Teacher, I mean.

Then, too, there was Tom. His possessions were a father who owned railroads and such things and got nasty things said about him in the newspapers, a pair of brown arms with hard bumps and ridges, and quantities of good nature. Every one liked Tom—that is, every one but Peggy. She didn't—she said so herself. She said it not once, but dozens of times—right to his face, too. Sometimes she stamped her foot when she said it. Once she got so excited about it that she cried, and Tom was compelled to—

Oh, pshaw! No use telling. He promised never to do it again.

Now, Peggy's papa didn't own railroads. He had taken old Brindle to market in order to get the wherewithal to purchase the aforementioned opal ring for Margaret's graduation gift—for Peggy was Margaret in the family Bible. She looked like Margaret now, as she spoke with eyes ablaze in answer to Tom's halting request for a loan of that ring.

"Give you the ring daddy gave me?"

—this with a scorn hot enough to sizzle asphalt. "When I do, you'll know I'm willing to give him up for you!"

Very naughty men who spur horses and chew tobacco, when in a mood like Margaret's, say they'll do the thing in question when a certain nether locality freezes over.

But all this was before the days when Peggy tied on a tantalizing little lace apron and explained long division at the blackboard with smudges of crayon on her nose; before she listened all through supper to wild stories of Tracy lately escaped from the "pen" on the Seattle side, and later in the night to the coyotes in the gulch near the spring.

It was also before the memorable evening when Bub returned for the tenth time and called out timidly but tersely:

"Bill's gone lame."

Alas, poor William's days of dash and bravado were over. One leg doubled backward, and he whinnied with pain.

Peggy closed the register, hung the doll's apron behind her desk, got her own pony from the bit of shade behind the schoolhouse, locked the door, and started off with Bub before her in the saddle. It was a good five miles over to Dead Man's, and it was after five o'clock when they started. Once she gave the little boy a convulsive hug and cried: "Oh, Bubby, dear, maybe it'll be dark"; whereupon that gallant gentleman assured her: "Don't be skeered; ain't I here?"

A woman in a sagging calico wrapper came to the door with a fat sticky baby in her arms.

"Thank you kindly, Miss Teacher, for totin' Bub home. Bub ain't never been right smart since he had the fever in Missouri. Jake, you get a bucket of water fer Teacher's hoss. Come in, ma'am."

In the west an ominous gray hung over the edge of the world; even then there came a little forked flash of light. So Peggy said: "No, thank you," with

a smile that made Bubby's heart jump wildly. The fat baby kicked ecstatically, and Peggy and her pony disappeared in a cloud of alkali dust.

Really there isn't any up or down in the great wheat belt of eastern Washington. It's all brown-gray stubble, and flat—flat right off to the clouds. The western horizon glittered in the weird light that comes from somewhere out in the Pacific before a bad storm. The little pony loped bravely along, but Peggy's heart was heavy.

About three miles from Dead Man's she heard, coming toward her from across the fields at breakneck gallop, the thud of a big horse urged on by spurs. All the supper-table tales came rushing to her memory; tales of hold-ups by a desperate ex-convict. Her heart stood still; she knew it was Tracy—Tracy, robber, convict, murderer!

She leaned over her pony's neck and whispered to him to save her; and then, before you could say Jack Robinson, it was all over.

The little cayuse plunged head over heels; Peggy landed in a heap within an arm's length of the ever-present barb-wire fence, and down came the rain and the night. Not nice polite Eastern rain that plays lullabies on the window-panes and sings you to sleep, but a fierce torrent, with a sting that lashes your face like a quirt—the storm that heralds the rainy season east of the Cascades.

And all the time, dimly through the roar of the storm, Peggy felt rather than heard the swift run of the big horse at breakneck speed. She tried to stand, steadying herself by a fence-post, but something went wrong in her head, and she toppled over on her pony. The rain, cold and sharp as sleet, drenched the thin white waist. With an unusually bright flash of light she saw a big black horse crossing the wheat-field at a terrific rate.

What was the use of resisting? She slipped her chain from her neck and the little opal ring from her finger. She heard the slush of feet as a man dismounted and came toward her. Fear choked her; she held out to him her little store of jewelry. Oh, would he take it and go?

Just then a pair of strong arms—they were brown and ridged arms, too—

gathered her up, and she felt the swift movement of a horse. And then? Why, it was just like a story.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on a couch, and Tom—Tom—was holding her hands and saying very wise, very foolish things. Also he was trying to explain—this incidentally—how he had just come in from Spokane, and had ridden across the fields to meet her.

"And did you see him?" she whispered.

"See who?" Tom was a Harvard man, and didn't bother about English.

"Why, the robber; he took my watch and my ring—my ring that daddy gave me."

Then Tom broke that promise; and when she had wiped away the tears he held out the missing ring.

"Peggy, sweetheart, you said that when you gave me this ring I might come again. Last night you gave it to me—freely, without even my asking, you gave it to me."

Peggy gave a little gasp; then buried her face in the dogwood-blossoms that Bub had ridden five miles to bring to her.

When she looked up, in the place of the little opal there was a new ring with a shining white stone. Peggy—well, she cried a little; a nice comfortable cry, you know, and, when she thought Tom wasn't looking, she kissed the third finger of her left hand.

And Bubby brought to the wedding great white boughs, heavy with dogwood-blossoms, from Dead Man's Gulch.

Florence Moloso Riis

The Plumber's Daughter

THE steady hum of conversation stopped with a guilty abruptness as I pushed open the door of the kitchen, but the scrubwoman turned unabashed to greet me, her cleaning cloth dangling from an idle hand.

"I know it, Miss Ellen," she said cheerfully. "There's not one that can come up to me in tonguiness—but, my faith! 'tis a gift like any other, an' 'a talent unused turns to poison in your heart.'"

She laughed infectiously at this, so that even the conscience-stricken cook could not but join in.

"That reminds me of my brother Tim and my niece Katy. You know that story, sure? 'Tis such an old one, you must have heard it—no? Did I niver tell you about my niece Katy Donohue, and how she got around her father when he wouldn't let her be a play-actress? By the powers above! I supposed everybody that knew me knew that tale, for it is one to remember."

She swung herself up comfortably on the corner of the stationary tubs, fixed me with an hypnotic eye, and began streamingly:

"Why, my brother Tim is a plumber, and as high and mighty as most of that profession are. Maybe you think that plumbers take it all out on their customers. Not at all! Wait till you're married to one! They're as much kings in their own homes as they are in your bath-rooms. 'Tis as though they got so used to being emperors in other folks' houses they carry it on in their own."

"Tim's wife is the clingin' vine you read about; and the childer—well, the President of the United States is nothin' to 'what poppa says.' So when Katy took up with the idea of bein' a play-actress (from watchin' the folks come an' go from the stage entrance to the People's Theayter that's right next the house their flat is in), though she was fair crazy about it before Tim found it out, she just curled up like a dhry leaf when her father said he'd have none of such foolishness in his family, and she was to think no more about it or he'd smack her face, if she *was* seventeen and big for her age. Katy she just moped and moped and watched the stage entrance, and went to the theayter every chanst she got. It's the ten, twenty, and thirty cent kind, and it doesn't take long for a rich plumber's daughter to save up enough for matinsays."

"Well, things went on so-like, and Tim he'd clean forgot about the whole business, but Katy had *not*. One evenin' in Lent, Tim got persuaded by the parish priest to go to a mission lecture, what would ha' been a revival meeting if we'd been Protestants, and he came home with that word I spoke to you in the beginnin'—'A talent unused turns to poison in your heart.'"

"He had been lookin' for a club for

his son Johnny, to make him take his schoolin' more serious-like. Johnny was one of those bright boys that can play hooky and be impident to the teacher an' never study a word and come out at the head of his class. That kind is madness to their folks. Tim was always telling him if he could do that well without tryin', *what* a wonder he'd be if he put his mind to it. So here was the new weapon ready to his hand, an' 'a talent unused turns to poison in your heart,' said he to Johnny day in and day out, with Katy sittin' still, but openin' her ears wide as the doors to church on Easter days.

"One evenin' the family was goin' out to a party at St. Michael Hall. Tim had to work overtime and was to meet them later on. When he got home to wash up and put on a clean collar for the party he found Katy stretched out on the sofy in the parlor, her eyes rolled back in her head, and her very toes stiff with awfulness."

"Tim, he told me afterward, he niver was so scared in his life. He dropped down on his knees, implorin' her to speak and say what was the matter. She turned her head the least little bit of a squinch toward him, as though it was the last thing she'd ever do in *this* world, and she said, in a tone of voice ghastly enough to raise the dead: 'Good-by my darlin' poppa. I've been poisoned. I et some canned fish after the folks went away, and ye've just come in time to get my dyin' blessin'. She kind of gurgled up at this and shook all over, so the sofy-casters rattled on the floor like chattering teeth. Tim says the hair on his head rose right up under his hat and crawled."

"'Katy, darling—Katy, *acushla!*' he cried out, leapin' for the door, 'hold on—just a minute—for the love of the saints—hold on till I can get the doctor across the way. I'll be back before you can wink.' An' with that he went boilin' across the street, into the doctor's office, snatched him by the scruff of the neck, and wrestled him back into his own flat before the doctor could draw breath even to swear."

"The sound of sweet music greeted his astonished ears, and there was Katy, rosy and smiling, sitting at the melodeon

playin' 'Waltz me around again, Willie,' or whatever it was that iverybody was playin' then.

"'Hello, poppa,' says she. 'What's the matter with you?'

"Tim, he niver told me what he said, nor I ain't niver been able to imagine it; but it didn't scare Katy, not so's to bat an eyelash.

"'My goodness, poppa,' she said, as cheerful as you please, 'did you think that was real? That was just an attack of talent you happened to surprise me in. I suddenly felt that I could do a dyin'-scene as well as the leadin' lady next door, an' I was just obeyin' my darlin' poppa. "A talent unused turns to poison in the heart."' She said it back to him just as natural, and then she heaved a sigh. 'You're right, too, dear poppa. I niver realized what a grand thing it is to have it off your mind—something you can do like that. I feel better than for weeks. Only I'm sorry you were so scared. Of course, I couldn't interrupt myself to tell you what I was doin'; an' now there's Mr. Maginnis come to take me to the party. Don't be late, dear poppa.'

"Say, can you see my brother Tim? Because I can *not*. I niver knew how he lived through it, anyhow, without suffocatin' with rage.

"Well, things went on so-like some more, Tim niver takin' his eyes off Katy, an' Katy bein' such a dutiful daughter 'twould fair set your teeth on edge to see it. Tim he actually got thin and he couldn't keep a helper more than three days, he had such small control over his temper.

"Margaret was wild—the clingin'-vine variety wild—which meant cryin' round the house all day an' bein' unnatural cheerful in the evenin's.

"By an' by Katy asked her mother if she didn't think 'twould cheer her father up if they give him a little party, an' Margaret she fell in with the idea in a minute, she was so crazy to do something to change the state of things. So they give Tim a surprise-party. When he came in from an errand one evenin' he found the Malones and the Raffertys and Matt Cullen, and Henry Morrissey an' his two girls, and even Father Burke himself. They was all ready for a good

time, an' they give it to the rest of us; an' no mistake.

"We played games and we guessed riddles, an' we sang songs an' cracked jokes. Tim was seemin' more like his old self than since before Katy took up with that talent notion. When Margaret got out the refreshments Tim jumped up to help her hand them around, and as he passed the cakes to Father Burke he says, 'You'll find the chocolate-covered ones better than the pink ones,' says he.

"Katy was sittin' by Father Burke, an' at that she let out such a laugh that we all stopped talkin' to find out what was the joke. I never see anybody in my life laugh the way Katy did. It would have made a stone image split his sides to see her. 'Oh, poppa, poppa!' she gasped out. 'How awfully witty of you!' she says. 'Oh, Father Burke, did you hear the joke my poppa made?'

"At this she couldn't say any more, but just screamed with laughin', catchin' her breath an' wipin' her eyes an' wavin' her hands at her father, as though to say: 'No, go away! How *could* you be so funny? You'll be the death of me!'

"Father Burke never waited any when there was a chanst to laugh; an' the look of Katy was, as I told you, enough to make an undertaker have the hysterics. So all of a sudden he exploded in one of his monstrous great guffaws that fair made the chandelier ring.

"At this we all crowded around—most of us laughin' already, but askin' what the fun was. Katy she tried to tell us between fits and chokes, but so soon as she'd get as far as 'chocolate' she'd have to stop and just yell like a hyena. Say, 'twas the funniest thing I ever saw. It wasn't more than a minute before we were all just holdin' our sides an' screechin'.

"Tim, too, he looked kind o' lost-like, but he kept tellin' everybody, kind o' foolish an' proud at the same time, what it was he'd said—pokin' the men in the ribs an' chokin' up so he sputtered like a candle in the rain—but sayin' over an' over an' over: 'Say, did you hear what I said to Father Burke? I said—ha! ha!—"father, you'll find"—ha! ha!—"the chocolate-covered ones bet-

ter"—oh, *ha! ha! ha!*—"than the pink ones"—I says—just like that."

"He looked so foolish, an' we couldn't make out quite what he said, an' the whole thing was so like a crazy cock-a-hoop dream—an' Katy was cacklin' an' shoutin' an' laughin' so many different ways at once—I dunno—I never *did* know what was the matter with us—but anyhow we were all fair ready to burst. Tim walked around and around with the plate of cakes still in his hand, waggin' his head an' chucklin', an' kept thryin' to tell what it was he'd said. Not if I live to be a million will I ever see anythin' as comical as that evenin'!"

"And then without a whiffle of warnin' Katy stopped laughin' short—like that one, two, three!—and looked so deathly serious we were all staggered into being quiet. She gazed meditative-like up to the ceilin', an' in the still she says, half to herself: 'Yes, I think I could do a laughin' part. I niver knew before'—an' with that she turns to us starin' at her with our mouths open an' she says: 'Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for laughin' so when there was nothin' at all to laugh at, but I wanted to see if I could act a laughin' character; an' my dear poppa doesn't approve of my usin' my talent on the stage, so I have to use it when I can.'

"Tim was standin' in the middle of the floor holdin' the plate of cakes, right in front of the lookin'-glass over the mantel. All of a sudden he got a look at himself—the foolish, flat expression frozen tight to his face, an' his mouth still droppin' in a grin like an idiot's.

"Just at that moment Katy she sighed an' she said, 'Poppa says a talent unused turns—' Tim he give one war-whoop an' he started for Katy. He grabbed her by the wrist an' he fair drug her out of the room an' out of the house—we all followin' on behind, for fear he'd kill her. But he just stampeded up the sidewalk to the theayter, an' he tore open the door of the stage-entrance an' he shot Katy in as though he was a gun an' she the bullet; an' bless Heaven! if he wasn't laughin' again when he turned around. 'Ain't she the divil?' he says, as proud as Punch."

Mrs. Moriarty descended from the

stationary tub and looked at the clock in a dramatic surprise. "By the powers above, Miss Ellen! here I've stayed gassin' it to you till it's time to go, an' the laundry floor not scrubbed yet. I'll just have to lave it go till next week."

Recklessly I set the unwashed laundry against the end of the story. "But what became of Katy?" I queried.

"'Tis plain ye don't know about the theayter much, or you wouldn't ask. She's the Kathryn Dan A'Hugh that's playin' the leadin' part in 'Lily White, or the Tragic History of a Good Girl of the People.' *She's* gittin' fifty dollars per."

Stanley Crenshaw

An Object-Lesson in Love

"DO you know of any reason," he said, "why we shouldn't get married?"

"None whatever," she replied, "except—"

"Except what?"

"Well, we might not be suited to each other."

They were sitting under a large umbrella, looking out at the sea—all alone. The waves swashed rhythmically at their feet. He smiled confidently.

"Of course, dear," he said, "if we're going to look into all the reasons, why, we never would get married. But if men and women always stopped to do that, nothing would ever be done. Is it well to depend upon reasons? Isn't the fact that we love each other enough?"

"No."

Her eyes dilated with keen intelligence as she looked at him. She was an extremely pretty girl, but by no means a doll. College had put logical lines into her features.

"Not necessarily," she went on. "It is well, of course, to be the blind instruments of impulse up to a certain point. But then, one must exercise one's common sense. Is married life the best for us both? Is it, in the long run, conducive to the best results? I should say this was doubtful."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, my dear fellow, look about you at people who are married. Of

course, many of them stick to it from force of habit. But would they really do it over again? And doesn't the romance fade away? Let us be practical."

"Never," he exclaimed in reply. "I don't believe it. And what is more, I think I can prove it otherwise."

"All right. If you can give me a single instance—"

She looked at him full in the face. She put her hand on his arm.

"Believe me, dearest," she said, "it isn't because I don't love you. I only want to be sure we are right."

He met her gaze with a triumphant smile.

"I understand, sweetheart," he said. "Well, now, let me reassure you. I do know of a case, and so do you. It's right over there."

He waved his hand in the direction of a mass of rocks, down the beach, in the opposite direction from the hotel.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"That little lady whom we both like so much—Mrs. Spencer—and her husband. I saw them stroll out there a few minutes ago. They are sitting behind that rock. You know what an ideal couple they are, and they've been married ten years. Every one in the hotel has been remarking on their devotion. Don't you know how she has missed him during the week-days when he has been in town?"

"There may be nothing in it. Perhaps—"

"Exactly. But it is easy to find out."

She looked at him curiously. He had risen and was shaking the sand out of his coat.

"What do you propose to do?" she asked.

"Let us creep up behind that rock. It is a perfectly justifiable proceeding, considering that the happiness of two lives depends upon it. Let us hear what these two—husband and wife for ten years, and outwardly so happy—have to say to each other. Could there be any better test? If all the romance has indeed faded out of their lives, if they are in reality acting a part, then isn't it better to find it out now? What do you say?"

He held out his hand to help her up. She gave him hers.

"You are right," she exclaimed. "It is a splendid opportunity, and, as you say, perfectly justifiable."

Slowly and stealthily they crept up to the rocks where the married couple were concealed. Their rubber-soled shoes made no noise.

They sank down behind a rock not five feet away from their quarry, whose every word could be distinctly heard.

Mr. Spencer was smoking a cigar. The faint, blue line of smoke rose above the rocks, until the afternoon breeze caught it and blew it away into thin air.

"The fact of the matter is," he was saying, "that we are diametrically opposed on every subject, and always have been. But certainly a woman ought to yield occasionally."

Mrs. Spencer apparently tossed her head.

"That's a particularly pleasant thing to say to me," she said, "when I've done nothing but yield all my life, when I might have been something if I hadn't been kept down by household work."

"Ha!" Mr. Spencer laughed derisively. "That's great!" he exclaimed. "I like that. You a household drudge. Ha! What are you doing now but enjoying yourself, and me paying thirty a week for your board while I swelter in town!"

"Didn't my health demand it? And why did I need the change? Just because you, sir, made so many demands upon me."

Mr. Spencer's voice did not rise. It had evidently been trained through years of experience.

"That's a fine argument," he exclaimed, "when you play bridge, I wouldn't dare say how many afternoons a week. And who does the worrying for the family but me? Who has to pay the bills? If you would only look at things from *my* standpoint occasionally, perhaps you'd view things differently."

At this sally, Mrs. Spencer apparently raised her eyebrows significantly, and then smiled her most satirical smile.

"Oh, how I would like to have some of those people at the hotel who think you are such an angel just see you now," she replied. "You didn't talk this way before we were married. You were glad enough then to—"

They did not stop to hear any more. By mutual consent they crept back to their old trysting-place. Silently he put up the umbrella, and silently they sank down. Then he turned to her.

"There you are," he said at last. "There's a before-and-after for us. Are you convinced?"

She looked at him solemnly.

"Are you?" she asked.

He put out his hand and took hers.

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Of what?"

He raised his head proudly.

"I'm convinced that man is an ass. He deserves to be unhappy. I would never make a mistake like that. Now, what do *you* think?"

She smiled scornfully.

"I was thinking the same about that woman," she said. "What an awful hypocrite! And certainly she hasn't the remotest idea of how to manage *him*!"

He drew her over toward him and put his arms about her.

"Now I *know* it's all right," he said, "because we *never* could make a mistake like that."

And she raised her pretty face to his, calmly and confidently.

"Never!" she exclaimed.

Thomas L. Masson

The Golden Eagles

FIVE twenty-dollar gold pieces!

You may say what you will, but five twenty-dollar gold pieces represent much more money than a mere check for one hundred dollars "payable to bearer," however ornate it may be.

There's pleasant music in five twenty-dollar gold pieces. It is delightful to poise one on one's thumb and then gently tap it with another. The coins sing of the joys that may be bought with them.

So, coming back through Thirty-Fourth Street, from my evening at the Goschens', where I had read to the Omar Khayyam Club from the immortal work of Fitzgerald, I foolishly jingled my five pretty coins with which they had recompensed me, and thought of congenial ways in which I would make the eagles fly.

The street through which I was passing was well known and well lighted, and I had no more thought of thugs

than would a worshiper at vesper services in Grace Church. Dreaming of the pleasures that were in store for me, I paid no attention to the footfall behind me until a strong pair of hands grasped my throat and a voice whispered in my ear: "Give 'em up!"

So well attuned to the music of money was the ear of the man who had been following me that he recognized the jingle as no mere Mother Goose rime of blackbirds and sixpences but a jingle of double-eagles.

I had no pistol, no knife, no chance. Jiu-jitsu is not for me; and when you are collared from behind by a man who knows his business you are checkmated unless you possess the sinuosity of an eel.

I could feel my eyes swelling. I remembered that my grandfather had died of apoplexy, and all thought of saving my money vanished from my mind.

"All ri'! Ta' th'! I' m' pock'," I said thickly, my tongue refusing adequate service in my extremity—and then a ray of light from an electric lamp falling on the face of the thief I recognized him just as his hand approached my pocket.

I must have lost consciousness for the fraction of a minute, and then I opened my eyes and was assured that the face above me—for I had half fallen—was the face of a schoolfellow of mine in the old days when I went to Number Fifteen.

"Ed A'ms!" I said, and the articulation surprised him into releasing his choking hold on my windpipe, thus enabling me to say distinctly, "Edwin Adams! Ned!"

In plays, when men meet in after years and one is eminently respectable while the other belongs to the "under world," the unfortunate one always says in answer to the recognition: "My *God*, Percy, is it you? You who used to be a little saint to have discovered that Nat, who was never more than a 'cut-up' at the very worst, has become a thief, hounded by the authorities, forced to live like a rat by his wits! My *God*, Percy, forgive the playmate of your innocent youth!"

That is always the way it is in plays. And then Percy, rising to his full height and a benignant smile playing around

under his thick mustache where no one would ever discover it if it didn't run out to his ears every once in a while, says:

"Nat! Nat Blackley, you here, and in this disguise? Here, my boy, take all I have and go and reform. Take up the ministerial work you had intended going in for. Remember that while I live there is one who still trusts you."

And Percy carelessly saunters out to where the limelight will perform its perfect work and glorify his angelic expression, and Nat, sobbing and contrite, goes to the nearest theological seminary and asks to be examined at once.

But Ned did not attempt any heroics at all. He did release me, however, and said:

"Charlie Brown, or I'll eat my hat!"

"Charles Edwin Brownell it is now, for professional reasons," said I, rubbing my neck solicitously.

"Alias, eh?"

"Well, I never expected you'd try to choke me to death," said I, my windpipe still feeling as if it had dents in it. But I thanked my stars that the only thug who had ever thugged me had turned out to be a friend.

I felt that it behooved me to rebuke him a little, and I said:

"I hardly expected to find you adding to New York's bad name."

"Same old prig as ever!" laughed Ned. "What form of graft do *you* expect that you need an alias?"

"I think I can truthfully say," answered I, "that all the money I have made has come to me in honest ways."

"Which way are you going?" said Ned cheerfully.

"Am I not still at your mercy?" said I. "I *was* going home."

"Well, I won't hinder you, Charlie; but you haven't yet told me how you work it? You look prosperous, you know. It sticks out all over you, and if I remember right, your folks were poor."

"Ned," said I, appealing to old associations, "do you remember the imitation tobacco we used to chew at recess made out of shreds of licorice root and slippery elm?"

"Yes, I remember. But we're here now in 1906, and you haven't yet answered my question. How do you get it?"

"I'm a professional reader," said I, with becoming dignity.

"And get more for doing it than the people did for their works. I thought so. Graft! You're all right. Respectable graft! Well, what are you going to do for me? We're not going to part, leaving the unsuccessful schoolfellow still stranded?"

I am not at all sentimental, but I admit that I was touched—in its original sense. After all, we had been desk-mates, and I had liked droll Ned Adams in the old days.

"Let's have something to eat and talk over old times," said I.

"Ah, that's it! That's got the right ring. I'll go you. I don't always care for supper at night, but it's a long time since we met."

"Let's try that French one below Twenty-Eighth Street."

We walked down to the well-known restaurant, jostling and being jostled by the theater-crowds that were making their way to the elevated stations, and a few minutes later we were seated in a corner of the café.

"Your collar needs changing," said Ned, smiling.

"So does my windpipe. If I hadn't recognized you, I'd have been one more disappearance by now."

"Not as bad as that. I've stopped short of murder so far."

"Risky work," said I in a grave tone that I hoped would affect him. "Do you care for snails?"

"Very fond of 'em, but I am like the Philadelphians."

"How's that?"

"Can't catch 'em. That's an old one."

And so we had snails and other concomitants of a good supper, not forgetting the wine, and the more I drank—although we both drank moderately—the more I felt that I was returning good for evil in dining and wining a man who had done his best to rob me.

Ned proved to be as entertaining as of old, and gave me cold-blooded but amusing accounts of his various hold-ups. He had never done time for any of his evil work, and his continued immunity had emboldened him, or he would not have attempted robbery in so frequented a street as Thirty-Fourth.

"Aren't you ever troubled with remorse, Ned?"

"Are you?" laughed he.

He really seemed to think that I belonged to the under world, because I was enabled to get good prices for an evening's work. He forgot the years of study and expense that had been necessary to enable me to command my present prices.

"I interpret the works of great masters and bring out the hidden meanings to people who could never see them for themselves," said I; "but what return do you give for the money you take?"

"I'm not bothering about making returns, my friend. I earn all the money I get, because I risk my liberty every time I steal up behind some prosperous guy and relieve him of all worries of investing the money he happens to have on him. That's the return I make—relieving prosperous guys of worry."

"You're incorrigible, Ned," said I. "Why don't you give up this sort of work, and do—"

"Do what? Learn to read Tennyson in the original and dope people with poetry at so much per. Nah, nah. Don't be a prig, Charlie. Most people that I walk up behind have more money than is good for them, and I simply do a little blood-letting. You really didn't need the money I was going to take from you. Last night you didn't have it and, if you hadn't been able to work this date, you never *would* have had it, and yet you would have been just as happy."

I couldn't help smiling at his philosophy—especially as he had not relieved me of my money; and I resolved to be generous to the poor chap. I had in my waistcoat a ten-dollar bill, with which I would pay for the supper and give him what was left, and then I should enjoy my golden eagles all the more.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket. There was nothing there. It may be a careless place to carry paper money, but I had never lost any before.

"You were not the only man out to-night," said I. "I had a ten-dollar bill in my pocket when I went to the Goschens'."

"What sort of reputation have they?"

"Who?"

"The Goschens."

"Well, it's no joke if a man can't go out at evening in New York without losing money," said I ruefully.

"Ought to see the police about it," said Ned easily.

I suddenly realized that I had not been conscious of jingling coin for some time. I put my hand in my trousers pocket. The five golden brothers were gone.

That left me without a cent and not even a Subway ticket.

"You don't know how to take care of yourself, Charlie," said Ned, pushing into his own pocket. Then he laughed. "I've heard of things like this before, but I don't really suspect you."

"Suspect me of what?" said I, mystified.

"Of asking me in to supper when you hadn't a cent in your clothes. I think you meant to act on the square, Charlie, honor bright, I do, and so I'm going to do the handsome thing. This supper is on me. Here, waiter!"

"We came through the theater-crowd, you know," said Ned.

"What do you mean?"

"Charlie, you're a little thick. In crowds, look out."

"Also when alone," said I, not without bitterness.

The waiter now presented the bill, and Ned handed him a double-eagle, smiling cheerfully at me as he did so. When the change came he gave the fellow a dollar for his tip.

My feelings were mixed.

We made our way to the street, myself perfectly silent.

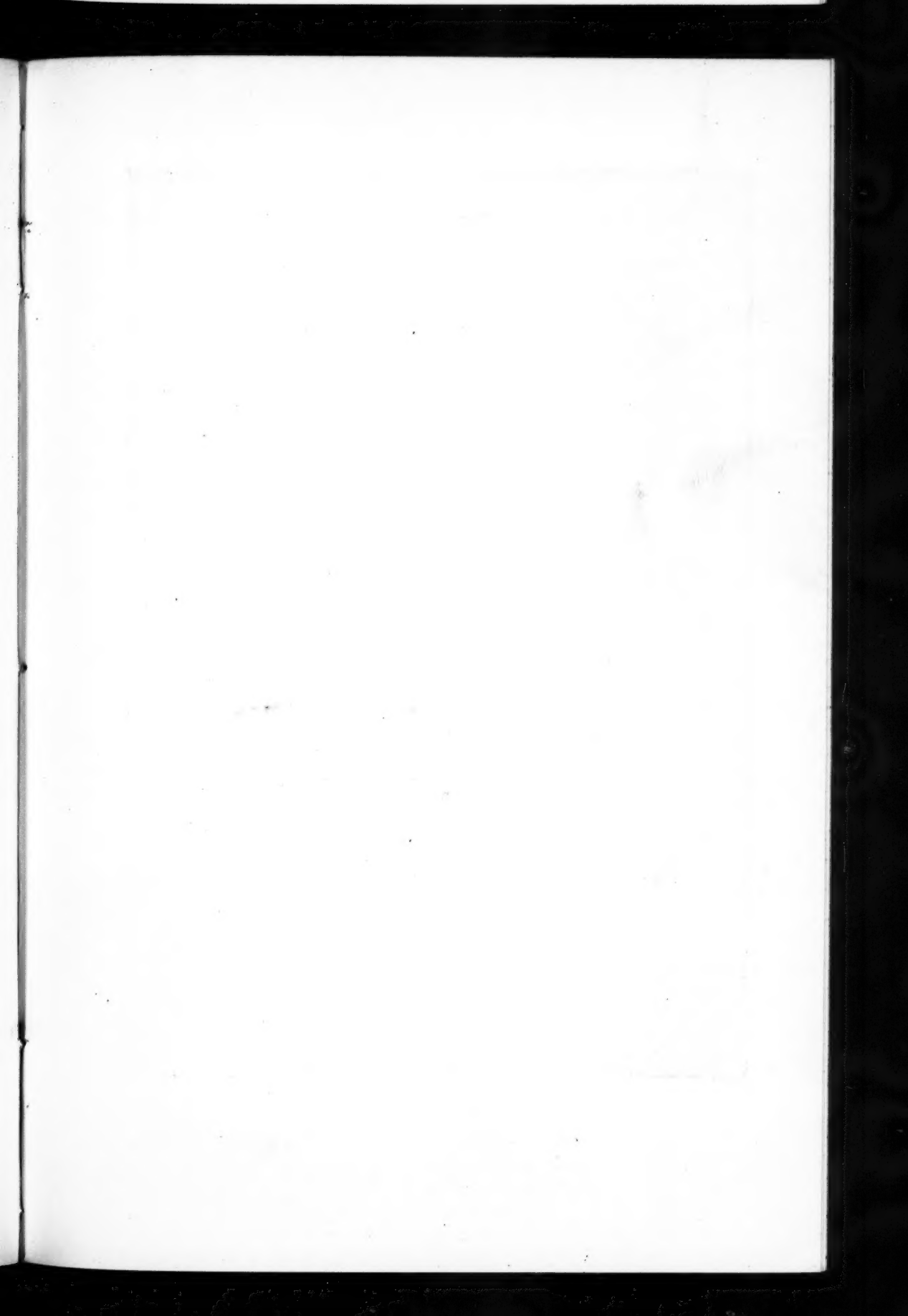
"Can I let you have cab-fare?" asked Ned, offering me at the same time a cigar, which I refused.

"Thanks, no, I'll walk," answered I as he lit up.

"Keep out of the side streets," said he, as one comrade would speak to another. "Well, Charlie, it was pleasant for us two schoolfellows to have supper together, if I did have to pay the score. You really"—here he paused and laughed good-naturedly—"you really ought to wear a money-belt and go home before dark. So long!"

And as he went up the street he jingled the gold that was in his pocket.

Charles Battell Loomis





YOUTH AND PLEASURE

NAY, Chloe, let the golden sprite flit by
On brilliant wings beneath the summer sky;
Grasp it, and lo, within your eager hand
A sorry pinch of lifeless dust 't will lie!

Douglas Hemingway